dd and M. To Miss Goddard. Boston.

Boston 15th May '48.

My dear Friend

When I came home from New York the other day, I was much surprised at finding a beautiful purse on my desk – the work of your hands. I intended before this to tell you how much I am obliged to you for your kindness, and now only write what I meant to say. Accept my thanks for your beautiful handiwork and believe me

Sincerely your Friend

Miss Goddard. Theo. Parker.

To the Same.

[West Roxbury Sept 1848]

My dear Friend,

My wife will come in to town and see the young woman at your house Tomorrow afternoon between IV and V. if you will be kind enough to let the woman know of it. But if it storms tomorrow she will not come in. She is so much obliged to you and so fearful of troubling you that I will leave her to tell you that.

Yours truly

T. P.

Goddard M. To the Same.

My dear Friend

I feel like "one of the wicked", always receiving pretty things and only giving back again <u>good wishes</u>—. well I beg you and your Mother to accept my thanks along with my wishes, and I hope that you will not only have Doves in your house— but the Holy Ghost also— and the "Forget-me-nots of the angels" over your heads.

truly your Friend

L. P.

To the Same. at Dale Spring. Northampton. Mass.

West-Newton Sept 19/52.

My dear Matilda,

You don't know how much we all miss you, not only on Sundays but other days as well. I wish I could hear from you that you were getting better— getting <u>well</u>. I do hear from your Mother and from Caroline Thayer a little about you; but nothing in much detail. Pray write and tell me how you are; what you do; what you read; whom you see; how you pass your Sundays &c. I hope you find some of the beautiful fringed Gentians which used to be so abundant in the meadows of Northampton.

We are still at West-Newton and delightfully situated— only Hannah is not with us. My wife was never so well, never so fleshy, never so <u>handsome</u> as now. I find in my leisure hours abundance

d M.

of beautiful flowers. Girardias — three kinds of them, Gentians of both species, Shamrocks and Asters and Solidagos by the quantity. The Birds have left us long ago — but they used to fill the morning with their "sweet jargoning." The Mays have been with us all summer long, — delightful companions too. We go to town about October.

Do you know that Bother Spear — not Brother Spear — looks very much like a man that is looking for something that he cannot find?

I hope you will write me soon, and soon let us all see you and oblige

faithfully yours
Theo. Parker

To Miss Matilda Goddard [2 Florence Street. Boston.]

Boston 23d Ap. 55.

My dear Matilda,

How shall I thank you and yours for all the pretty pieces of handiwork which come from your house! I will not try, you know without my telling how much I value them, and also what doubles their value in my eyes; the watch-cases hang up holding L's watch and mine, and now this beautiful reticule for a man lies here beside me. Well when I am as venerable as the maker of it, perhaps I shall be also skilful with my hands and make nice little things for my friends. But now I can only make books, one of which I meant to send you this day — but the Binder keeps it in his lap till Monday next, when I hope to drop it in to yours — —

It is a little curious that the first time I have been asked to any ecclesiastical gathering since the Ordination at South Boston in 1841, should

Goddard M.

be on the 19th of May- "Progressive Friends" too think of that! Quakers going a-head like new George Foxes! It is worth going to Pennsylvania to see a live Quaker, a new Quaker with an inner light which is not Darkness. I hope to bring you back good news and find your Mother and your Sister and yourself as fresh as the Apple blossoms which will also appear about these times.

ever yours

Theo. Parker.

To the Same. 2 Florence Street. Mrs Hinsley.

[2 May]

Dear Matilda,

This is to introduce Mrs Hinsley to you. She is full of all manner of Kindlings and Benevolence, and I think you and She will be mutually pleased to know each other.

Yours

Theo Parker.

2 May.

begin

To the Same. (No 2 Florence Street) Boston Mass.

Combe Varin, pres Brot-Dessus. Canton de Neuchâtel,
Suisse. Augt 16th 1859

To my Dear Saint Mathilda and all the other Saints that be in the House at No 2 Florence Street, this goeth (and I hope also cometh) greeting. Most welcome was your letter which came but a few days ago and brought us good tidings of your mother – I am glad to hear she has so much freedom from pain, and comes out and enjoys the delicious Sunshine in the Streets, "walks as far as Decatur Street" sounds quite cheery. That is the way we go, once the proud mother carried her in Arms; then trailed her along gently by the hand; next let her run a little here and there, then the mature woman walks over to Charlestown and back again, nay much farther and is not aweary. Then we reverse this process, and come back again to the original feebleness; and as we were born into this World Babies, so Babies we go out of it – to be caught by some Motherly Arms at the next birth as at this. Such is the Contrivance of the dear Infinite Perfection who is Father and Mother to old and young. Once George Combe could work in his Study 10 or 12 hours a day; by and by 8 or 10; then 6 or 8; 5 or 6; 4 or 5; 3 or 4; 2 or 3; 1 or 2 –; then only now & then a little – when the Sun broke through the Clouds for a few minutes, then was sick. At last it was all over: he had gone to his (unknown) work the other side. A happy life has your mother's been – yet more from the internal tranquillity and trustfulness of her character than from even its outward events. How many bitter drops are poured into the Cup of Human Communion! So is it best. Who could do without his hardships – his misfortunes? Not you – not I – not mortal man. God provides wisely the Conditions of human existence. Even for the Carolinian Slave there must be a compensation somewhere.

Goddard M.

A Mr Kirchler had been staying here with Mr Desor for a little while— a noble man, one of the distinguished democratic Patriots of the Nation not such democrats as they at home who think there can be no Republic without the white man can "walkup his Niggar",— who had done large service to the cause of Humanity and the Progress of Mankind. He left us one morning and died of apoplexy in the afternoon on his way home to his wife and children at Heidelberg, his body was buried where he died. He was a distinguished Lawyer at Heidelberg, and one of the leaders of the Free Church there— a sort of 28th Congregational Society,— in which he preached in the absence of the Minister. As he fell dead in a strange place his body was carried to the house of one who esteemed him highly, and who was a Boss— Cabinet Maker. It was mentioned as a pleasant Circumstance, quite grateful to his friends and family— because his father was also a Boss Cabinet Maker, and in his Youth he himself had worked in his father's Shop. This shows the simplicity of the German Character. If Nehemiah Adams should fall dead at Provincetown and his body be carried to a Cabinet-Maker and thence home to burial, no Yankee would think it a pleasing Circumstance because Nehemiah Adams' father had been a master in that Craft; the American who becomes distinguished or rich is commonly ashamed of his hard working relations— not so the German. But of course (we are the most democratic people in the world and own 4000,000 Slaves!

You "don't often go to meeting". It is a great misfortune that the 28th has no minister who feels some responsibility towards the people— only a lecturer from week to week. A Minister— with any sort of Soul in him, would feel bound to use the various events of the time to convey some sort of lesson— if not of guidance, then

at least of warning. Now it is not so, the Intellect is the chief faculty addressed even by Emerson - who never appeals directly to the Conscience, still less to the religious faculty in man. Most of the others are perhaps less conscientious, certainly less able than he. Besides I love the Custom of public prayer - and have taken more delight in praying with like-hearted people, than ever in preaching to like-minded or otherwise-minded; yet I think few men love preaching so well. I wish you might (soon) find some one permanently to fill my place. It is bad to live from hand to mouth - spiritually or materially.

The Hunts and Hathorns are well and happy, the little Willie is quite a remarkable Boy - with Genius in him. I hope we may all make one household this winter - at Rome. I was going in my last to Mr Manley to ask him to step in and give my kind regards to Mrs Linton - thank her heartily for me, and give her my love - and also to her children. - Remember me to your Brother and his wife. (I hope Mr Miner continues well, he is a good man.) - Love to all the household - especially the dear venerable Mother.

Faithfully yours.

Theodore Parker.

Can I tell you how dear you all are to me! I shall not try.

Goddard M. To Miss Matilda Goddard.

Rome 11 Nov. 1859.

Dear St Matilda, with the other Saints at Florence Street.
Your welcome letter came yesterday in Mr Manley's with one of Caroline's and another of Leighton's. It gives me much sorrow to find your Mother must die a Martyr after having lived a Saint but "He ordereth all things well", tho' we can't always see how it is to come out right. It is very painful to stand by and look on the pain you cannot end or even lessen. I am glad that Mesmerism can bring sleep into the worn and wornied limbs- it is such a comfort. Miss Cushman here says she can't sleep unless her bed is in a meridian line, and she lies with her head to the North! Perhaps it is only a whim. but our lives are yet often controlled by forces so subtle that we perceive them not while they get shape our weal or woe.— Amid all your private griefs and daughterly cares, it is fortunate you have some public duties to demand your attention and keep you from that Atheism of Mourning you find in some women. I know those who hug their affliction and try to think of it all the time making a natural sorrow an endless misery. It almost broke my heart to write the letter of resignation which Manley read to the 28th: it cost me tears of blood. But I could do no otherwise- Duty pointed that way so clear. Yet it was pleasant to find they cherished a hope which I could not quite share (that I might one day speak to them again) and so would not let me off. If I had been the 28th perhaps I should have done the same. I shall try with all my might to get well. My friends say- "if you line your lungs with Roman air it shall go well with you!" I will do my possible. In fine weather I shall live out of doors most

dard M.

of the time walking (moderately) among the ancient monuments of the most interesting city of the world; and in foul weather and at night shall do up a deal of easy reading, my old habit of intellectual activity (once excessive, perhaps,) has passed off and I find it easy to be still and dull. Here is no lack of pleasant people: not only are the Hunts under our roof but the Storys are within a stone's throw. Miss Cushman and her "Jolly Bachelors" - two American Maidens - are not far off, the Westons are here and Dr Appleton and his wife - very kind they have been too - and others are yet to come. Edward E. Hale came a few days ago, and flies back to London in a week - and thence home. Frothingham will soon be here, - full of kindness and sympathy I found him in Switzerland. The winter looks promising - you may judge of the weather by the Orange trees now full of half ripe fruit, and the Palms and Agaves which also grow in the Open Air. We shall have a spell of cold weather in December and January about two or three weeks they say, then I shall scud off to Naples, perhaps, with Mr Desor, - but that is uncertain. Miss S. is well - but not happy - and scampers about all the time hunting up the curiosities - few persons are so well fitted to study Rome as she. My wife thinks about nothing but her husband - and her face is a good measure of my condition - Never had mortal man a more devoted wife, or one more minutely attentive to all the little needs of a sick husband: it is painful to me to be the source of such anxiety to one so dear. Just now she has a bad face - ache Le occasioned by sitting in a draught of air; but it is getting better now. She is quite cheerful and happy - and I think enjoys this visit to Europe more than the first one. I don't feel sorry that we let Egypt go - it is a good place for a well man; bad I think for a sick one.

Goddard M.

I could not live on mere fine weather; I tried that at Santa Cruz. I have seen so many strong-minded women I can afford to let the Sphinx go by unseen. Here I have more of what is essential to me than I could find elsewhere – Congenial occupation, and friendly faces at the time.

I am sorry to hear that Deacon May has been ill again – he will say – "and if they be four score years yet is their strength labour and sorrow" &c. Dear me great age is not desirable –

"From Marlborough's eyes see tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a Show."

I hope I may never long survive my power to be useful, yet a healthy old age has its exceeding beauty which I reverence much. But somehow we live badly and our sun goes down often in Clouds – It is not natural: I think it will not always be so, but that in better days an old man will die as "an apple, waxing over mellow, drops in some autumn night." You know you have the heartiest sympathies of us all, and that our Spirits are with you still.

Faithfully yours

Theodore Parker.

ard. Th.

To Mrs Goddard. with a Book.

No date

Dear Mrs Goddard

Here is the last Book I shall print this year, which please accept from

Yours affectionately

Theo. Parker.

To the Same. Florence Street.

Boston Jan 1. 1852.

My dear Mrs Goddard,

I take pleasure in sending you the two volumes of miscellaneous matter which accompany this note. Please accept them with the hearty good wishes of

Your friend

Theo. Parker.

Goddard. R. To the Same

Boston 1. Feb '59

My dear Mrs Goddard,

I had hoped to take you by the hand again before I go. But I fear that pleasure is denied me: yet I cannot depart without thanking you for all the kindness you and your family have shewn me. I trust that I shall return and find you still happy and useful, and shedding a benignant light around you. Your calm and venerable face has seemed often to give a benediction to my Sunday work. May the blessings of Heaven still shine around your head for many a year. So hopes and prays

Yours faithfully

Theodore Parker.

dard R. st. 3 M. To the Misses Goddard. No 2 Florence Street. Boston.

Astor House New York 5 Feb. 1859.

To the two dear Women who watch over their Mother at No 2 Florence Street.

This is to say farewell for a time: but still more to hint my thanks for all the kindness and affection I have received from you both. I have not now the power to speak all that I feel on this matter, but you will understand it without many words.

One of you has selected for her lot and labor of life the protection of those Innocents whom a worse than Herod would else massacre; and she daily prints the Streets with her Gospel of Beneficence; the other attends to the duties of Home and makes it possible for her sister to Shelter the Babes of Misfortune. So are you both engaged in the same Charity, and the same well-spring of Love fills the two Sister fountains - one standing in public sunlight, the other in private shade. How have your faces cheered me at meeting on Sunday, and other days, in your house and mine! What is joy for the moment is joy also for the memory. Remember me kindly to your Mother, to your Brother and his wife, and believe me

Faithfully & affectionately yours
Theodore Parker.

Goddard. R. I. 4th. To the Same.

Rome, Saturday 26th Nov. 1859.

My dear Rebecca & Matilda,

So the long-suffering Mother went to keep her Thanksgiving in the Kingdom of Heaven! well it was a blessed relief from the pain and torment of the much enduring flesh. Strange that a frame so slight should hold out so long in such a Storm! But so it was: and as you say, it was doubtless all right. So we must trust. It is all over now — the voyage ended, the Soul secure in its new harbor. How curious it is. — Such are not lost to us but gone before!

"The Saints on earth and those above
But one Communion make;
All join in God, the Crucial Love,
And of his Life partake."

Their Memory sweetens the earth, while their actual presence is in their own Heaven unapproached and unapproachable save to immortal feet. When I left home I knew too well that I should never see her again: it was highly doubtful that I should set my eyes on her Children. But I hoped for her a quiet discharge from the warfare of life, and did not dream that so gentle a Bird must take flight in such a dreadful winter. I am glad you will not hide your faces in hideous black; I hate the mourning of dress. It is to sorrow what flogging in School is to correction. Still let such wear it as like: It is fashionable, and the Genius of Fashion which so rules the living may appropriately sit on the coffin and beat it with his heels. I am glad you have cares enough to take up your thoughts and divert them from over much dwelling on

and R. A. S. M.

the past. Work is the Salvation of mankind — to the afflicted Soul not less than to the Body which should eat bread won by the sweat of its brow. But I wish you could take a little run off to some other place for a few weeks — with your Brother and his wife — all the remaining family of you, say to Washington, or Charleston. Change of place is often a great relief to sense and soul. Sometimes we are the worst companions for ourselves — and should get into other society. I have seen from your letter how much the watching, the anxiety and the sympathy have worn upon you, — for the actual self always writes its condition between the lines, and we tell what we would not. — I wrote you the other part of this letter long ago, and thought I sent it, but it remained hidden at home, and came up but yesterday after the receipt of yours to us and to Sarah Hunt. — What a terrible affliction has befallen Mrs Eddy — this loss of her first-born son. I wrote her some words of endearment if not of consolation. But it is a heavy Cross that has been laid on the noble woman. I don't think it quite just to impute Captain Brown's conduct to a desire to take vengeance for the murder of his Sons: if that were the motive he would have sought a cheap and easy revenge on the actual transgressors in Missouri; but if I am rightly informed he has cherished this scheme of liberating the Slaves in Virginia for more than 30 years, and laid his plans when he was a land-surveyor in that very neighborhood where his gallows (I suppose) has since grown. This is in accordance with his whole character and life. — I am much grieved to find Caroline is yet so ill. but trust better days are before her. Remember me tenderly to Mrs Flint and Mrs Whiting — as well as the great-hearted Doctor. You know how much our sympathies have all along been with you. Now good bye.

Faithfully Theodore Parker

Clock

Letter relating to the presentation of a Clock to Mr & Mrs Parker.

Jan. 1/38

Dear Friends,

A few of the many who know and love you, wish me to ask you to give a place in your house to a lonely stranger, whose open "face" promises to be truthful, and whose "hands" will faithfully serve you by night and by day, asking neither food nor raiment, but answering with truth your inquiring glances at the very "nick of time".

With many wishes for your happiness the coming and all future years,

Very truly yr. friend

R. Anne Nichols on behalf of

Mrs Sam. Carter
Mr. Amos Cummings
Mrs. Henry Curtis
Mr. D. F. Child
Mr. & Mrs. E. G. Dudley
" Holmes Hinckley
Mrs. Rebecca Goddard
Miss Matilda "
" Rebecca A. "
Mr. Thomas "
" Francis Jackson
Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Manley
Mrs. Mary May
" Joanna Merriam
" Martha J. Pearson
" Caroline Severance

Mrs. Susan F. Thayer
Miss Caroline C. "
" Eliza M. "
Mr Peter Trott
Miss A. L. Tucker
" J. L. "
Mrs. Littlestale

Reply

Boston Jan. 1/58

To Mrs. R. A. Nichols and the other kind Friends associated with her.

Dear Friends,

Heartily do we thank you for the venerable stranger who came with your friendly letter of introduction — Dr. Johnson says, "a good face is the best recommendation," and he certainly has it. We have long known of your friendship for us but this if not a new is a striking evidence of it. We will try to regulate our household by his counsels, and trust that hereafter all its affairs will go on as regular as an eight day clock. Though we endeavor always to pray as we go, yet who can control all things! One article in the house is sure to be on tic. Tho' not a very gay family, there will yet be a Bell among us, whose face and hands will remind us of you till the last hour is struck, and there shall be time no more. But even then when our Bodies are run down, our

Spirits shall be wound up, and our Pendulum swing to and fro as it hangs from the Infinite Supporter. Then we trust to enjoy a perpetual Happy New Year, and to be Friends in all Charity.

Believe us ever

Gratefully dear Friends

Theodore Parker

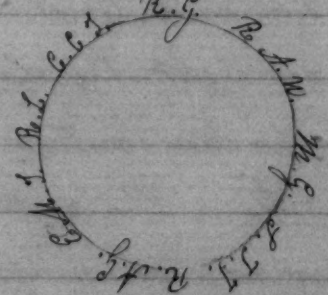
Lydia D. Parker

Note with Tête-à-tête Set sent T. P- & L. D. P.

To "our Minister" & his Loved Wife.

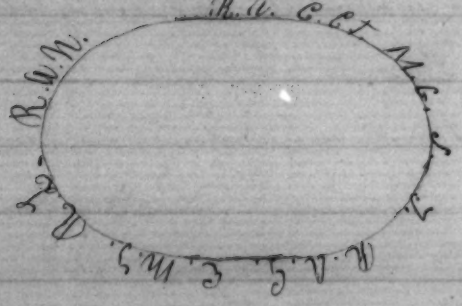
Sure that the "Cup" can not "cheer" when taken "Sole & alone" and having had a hint from kind, busy, chatty Old St Claus-(always peeping down chimneys, or thro' Soap-Stone Stoves) that there were "disorganized fragments" (even after all the preaching there's been about them) who observed the "unitary System" at their meals- the undersigned beg respectfully to offer to their "Minister" and his wife- this waste of the potter- asking them to transform it into "vessels of honor" and use-

Lovingly & respectfully




Dec 25- / 58.

Reply.




Dear Initials cirenlarly and benevolently disposed. It is plain you are at least organized in a ring and combined for a very kind purpose, which each of you likewise singly has been generously engaged in and that for a long time— accept the hearty thanks of the minister and his wife. If St Claus this morning at 7 1/2 had looked down the chimney and through the Soapstone Stove he would have seen his gift made a vessel of use as before it had been brought with Honor for them who received it—

Dear Initials, long may you combine and organize for kind works, and the Christmas Ring of Providence at last find you in Eternal Life—

25th. 12th. 1858.

g Com.ee Letter to the Standing Committee of the 2d Congregational Society

Boston, 22d. Jan. 1859

My very dear Mr Manley,

I dont like to trust mysely to write you this letter, which I have attempted several times; but I must and will. I dont know how to express my gratitude for the kindness of the Society towards me — it is much more than I deserve, but I will try to merit it for the future. I dont like to be indebted to mankind, — but now I am constrained to it, yet if I get well, I will cancel the obligation; and if I do not, my friends must seek their recompense in their own conciousness, and in the feeble expression of my deep gratitude for their many favors —

The sum which the Society and the Fraternity have placed at my disposal, with my own means will abundantly suffice for a longer time than you refer to. A few months will determine my fate, and I shall know just where I stand — whether I am to recover entirely or partially or pass quietly away. Trust me I shall do every thing in my power to recover entirely and resume my former functions.

If I have any power of mind, any power of prudence and of will, depend upon it, all shall be devoted to that one end. My chance of recovery is not more than one in ten. But I do not despair at that state of things, for all the chief things I have done in my life, have been accomplished against yet greater odds. Hope will encourage me but not blind or cheat; I have always walked in difficult places, and am not scared at

a new one now.

I had laid out a great long series of sermons for this Winter, on important and attractive themes, all these must wait. I meant to write out and publish the sermon I did not preach, and also to write a long letter to the Society before I leave Boston. But I cant do both, I fear I may not be able to do either until I reach the West Indies. You will all excuse me if I omit both for the present. "a man can but do his best," and it were wicked to injure my chances of recovery by attempting now what can be done safely a few weeks hence.

But if I can write the farewell letter, I will. It will be 14 years, on the 16th. February since I first preached to the Society. I knew I was entering on another "30 years war," and so wrote it in my journal; but I did not think we should have so many victories in the first half of it. If it turns out, that I can serve no more in this warfare, the cause will not suffer. Some one quite different from me, but better, will yet for the great principles of Religious Freedom take my place. Humanity is so rich in ability, that the man of greatest genius for the highest function, is never missed by the race of man. There is never a break in the continuous march of mankind - leaders fall, and armies perish but mankind goes on.

Please show this to the Standing Committee, and with my hearty thanks, my firm resolve to recover if possible, and my earnest prayer for the success of our common cause,

Faithfully yours,
Theodore Parker.

To the Ladies who assisted in sewing

Boston, 31 Jan. /59

My dear Caroline,

Paul wrote to one of his coadjutors to bring the garment that this Apostle to the Gentiles had left behind him. I write to beg you to thank the ladies who have so handsomely made garments for me when about to go among the Gentiles. There seems to have been a whole Dorcas-Society making garments! Please thank them all from me accepting also your own share of the praise. 'I shall remember this kindness among those with which "my cup runneth over." I will try to repay you all. God bless you all.

Faithfully Yours
Theodore Parker.

Sermon

Extract from Sermon No 707.

The art of Happiness. — This passage supposed to allude to John A
preached June 26/53.

The happiest man I have ever known, the man who has the largest figure in each of these various columns which represent the modes of human happiness, is a man far enough from rich, in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it: he lives amongst rich men: his calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind well filled: he reads, and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning, and then rides sundry miles by rail, does his ten hours work in the town, whence he returns happy and succeeds with his own smile, he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand, and a great one hanging out of his heart. He runs over with charity as a cloud with rain, and it is with him as with the cloud, which, charitably giving rain to the meadows is at the same time marked with a rainbow of glories. The happiness of the affections, fills up the good man, he is full of love, connubial, parental, filial, friendly too, and philanthropic beside: his life is a perpetual "trap to catch a sunbeam," and it always springs and takes it in. I know no man, who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is, he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich and learned men, and if there is genius in America, I know the men who have genius, but a happier man than this, I have never seen, though possessed of genius, money, learning, rank, social position, and all the outward things which art can accumulate.

Extract from Sermon No 760
Of the Power of Human Will over or under adverse Circumstances
preached October 8– 1854. ——

Here is a woman who sits spell-bound in her chair. Her feet are fettered by disease, which long ago froze every joint and limb: her arms are bound by the malady, and embrace and caress are figures of speech, no facts, to her. A foreign hand must feed her mouth, or wipe a tear away. But how large a soul is perched upon that spray, and in that sickly nest finds room enough to rear a family of virtues large enough to people a whole Kingdom with innocence, faith, and wisdom and love.

Sermon

Extract from Sermon N° 808
of the Immediate & Ultimate Consequences, to the Individual
and to Mankind, of the Performance of Duty and the Claim of Ri
preached Dec 23d 1855

Here is a woman in Massachusetts who has travelled all over the North, laboring for woman's cause. She bore the burden in the heat of the day; she was an outcast from society; other women hated, and men insulted her, when defended only by her own nobleness and virtue. Every vulgar editor threw a stone at her, pitched out of the mud. Many a minister laid sore stripes on her with the epistolary whips of Hebrew Paul. The noble woman bore it with no complaint, only now and then in private the great heart of Abby Kelley filled her eyes with tears; but she never allowed tears to blind her eyes, nor quench the light shedding its radiance along a steep and barricaded path. But when the cause of woman had won something of respectability, and a great convention of women and their friends was summoned in the heart of this commonwealth, they who controlled the matter thought it would not do for their stoutest champion to sit on the platform; she must sit beneath the platform, lest it hurt the cause and peril the rights of woman, to have woman's champion sit in woman's honored place.

Prayer

Prayer at the Music Hall, March 2/56.
The Statue of Beethoven had been unveiled the night before.

Oh Thou Infinite Spirit who fillest the air that is about us, and the ground underneath our feet, and the heavens above our head, and who Thyself art the Spirit whereby, wherein, we live and move, and have our being, we would draw near unto Thee who art never withdrawn from us, and feeling Thine Infinite presence in our heart and soul, would worship with our morning prayer, that we may serve Thee in our daily, nightly, long-continued flight.

Oh Thou, who art the life of all things that live, and the being of whatsoever are, we pray Thee, that Thine Infinite soul may stir us in our poor prayer, and quickened by Thine Infinite life, may reascend in our aspiring flight to higher and higher flights of nobleness and human growth.

Oh Lord, we bless thee for Thy Providence which broods over the world, and blesses it with Thy fourfold year. We bless thee for the Summers and Autumns that have gone by; for the Winter whose brilliant garment of resplendent snow, has been so broadly spread across the shoulders of the Continent. Yea, Lord for all the providence whereby in Winter Thou preparest for Spring and makest Summer to be the porch and entrance for harvests, autumns full of beauty, and abounding in fruit.

Oh, Lord, Father and Mother of the ground, the heavens, and

Prayer

all things that be, we bless Thee for Thy loving-kindness and Thy tender mercy. We thank Thee, that Thou art kind and large in Thy providence to every created thing: that from Thy hand we take our daily bread, and from Thy cup Thou pourest out to us all things whereby we live and are blessed. We thank Thee, that Thou watchest over us in our prosperity, in our distress, and followest the exile from his native land, to every home, giving the wanderer Thy blessing. When despair comes to Thy children's heart that Thou who knowest their weakness, takest them home to Thyself, and blessest every wanderer with Thine Infinite peace where no soul shall ever be exiled long.

Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for noble men Thou raisest up in the world. For those great souls who proclaim Truth to mankind; for those who reveal Justice to the earth enacting it into laws and institutions, building up Thy righteousness, Thine ever living truth.

We thank Thee for those great souls to whom Thou confidest the precious charge of Genius, blessing them with lofty gifts. We thank Thee for the Sons of Song who make sweet music in the hearts of men, and when their own body crumbles to the poor ground, that their breathe still surrounds the world with an ever new morning of melody giving to highest and lowest, and blending all into one magnificent family of souls who are lifted up by the sweet strains of art.

Oh, Lord, we thank Thee also, for those sons of Genius who with kindred power stretch out their plastic hand over the hard elements of earth which become pliant at their plastic touch. Father, we thank Thee for the creative genius of the Sculptor which holds a kindred genius in brazen, swaddling bands, and so hands down form and lineament all glorified by art, from age to age.

Oh, Lord, we bless Thee for another power, which is music and

Prayer

sculpture to other faculties; for the Poets' kindling eye, whose wide embracing heart is vision and faculty divine, whereby to listening crowds he anticipates the spontaneous feelings of our hearts, and makes perpetual in speech the transient feeling of an hour.

Oh, Lord, while we thank Thee for those whom Thou hast blessed with creative genius, in the intellectual sphere and moral, still more do we bless Thee for those whom Thou hast gifted with genius for loving-kindness and tender mercy, whose art is the art to love, and in affection who embalm such as are near and dear, and put great, all-embracing arms about the universe of men, lifting up the fallen, reviving the low, raising those that are drooped down, and encouraging the sons of men.

Oh, Father, while we bless Thee for the sons of poetry, the children of song, and those great geniuses born for creative art, still more do we bless Thee for the dear fathers and loving mothers, the great philanthropists of the world, who have blessed us with more than music, and make perpetual Thy thought which shall endure when the marble shall perish, and brass exhale as the vapor unseen and forgotten to the sky.

Oh, Thou who possessest manifold gifts, we would ask of Thee a double portion of the spirit of love, that while we serve Thee with our hands, while we honor with our mind, while we serve Thee with our Consicence, that we may serve Thee more nobly still with the sweet service of love. May we so love Thee, oh Lord, that we feel Thy perfections in us, Thy truth making us free, Thy law a lamp to our feet, a staff to our hands, and the love which Thou bearest to every mute, and every living thing, a great, moral inspiration in our souls, bringing down every vain thing which unduly exalts

Prayer

itself, making us of clearer eyes than to behold with love iniquity, and setting our affections on things divine.

Oh Lord, help us to love our brethren everywhere: not those alone who love us with answering touch of joy, but those who evil entreat, and persecute, and defame us. So we may be like Thyself causing Thy Sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and raining Thy rain on the just and on the unjust.

Oh, Father, we ask Thee for that gift all divine which is righteousness, and mercy, and love in our hearts. May we chastise ourselves for every mean and wicked thing, set our soul in tune to the music of Thine own spheres, and so hand in hand accordant journey round the world, blessing without with toilsome hands, and inwardly blessed by the spirit Thou puttest in our souls.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. May thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us each day our daily bread. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from its evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

Extracts from Sermon N° 817.

Of the Culture of the Affections.

preached March 2. 1856.

(the day after the inauguration of the Statue of Beethoven, at the Music Hall.)

I honour great power of thought, & perhaps more so. I reverence with great esteem a man of genius for art, poetry, science, practical life, with executive power to plan and build, to organize matter or men into forms of use and beauty. When I meet such an one, spite of me, down go the stiff knees of my veneration. And most spontaneously do I bow to a man of great justice, one of the pillars of righteousness. I know several such, whom the good God has set up here and there in great towns and little, and I take off my hat thereto, with an inward relish of the homage that I pay them — and I shudder a little with delight, as a poetic-minded New-Englander needs must when he sees for the first time a great antique temple of Grecian or Roman art, or when he stands for the first time before the Statue of Apollo, which enchants the world, or Olympian Jove,

— "which young Phidias wrought,
Not from a vain and shallow thought,"

or when he stands before this majestic figure (Beethoven) wherein one great American artist, cradled in poverty, has incarnated the lofty lineaments of another great artist, also cradled in poverty, who beforehand had builded for himself a monument more

lasting than brass, who had carved out of the unseen air a figure of himself which will endure when this brass shall have dissolved itself into gases, and escaped into the sky.

I say when I meet one of these great pillars of justice, I take off my hat, not without a shudder of that awe wherewith all men must contemplate the great of life or the great of art. But if I could have one, and only one of these three gifts, intellectual, moral, or affectional, I would take the latter.

What delights of affection there are — Love is the great idealizer of man's life. There are many such, Beauty is one, in nature and art. There is Music, a common and sweet idealizer; and the magic harp of David soothes the haunted heart of Saul. There is also the plastic art; and these two are great idealizers, fellow-workers with men in the cause of humanity.

Here, my friends, stands a new colleague, whom I welcome to the work of philanthropy and piety. He is ordained as colleague, pastor with myself. It is a great honor, that I, prosy man as I am, stand at the feet of that incarnation alike of music and poetry; and when I am silent, that majestic brow will speak to you, those eyes turned upward and inward, will disclose to you the vision through his faculty divine, and when my hand writes not, that still will be to you emblematic of higher thoughts than I can set to music or poetry, in speech. That I say is one great idealizer; there is a dearer, and that is the <u>love</u> which his song represents, and which the Sculptor's art would fail to portray.

Sermons

Francis, deeply loving his kith and kin, and his immediate friends, like-minded men and women has yet a great, robust, broad-footed heart which travels out beyond individual persons, leaps over the Atlantic Ocean even, and loves men of diverse tongue, other color, varying religion, distinctive race, loves even the wicked men who persecute him, and casts the garment of sely-denying charity on the shoulders of men who hate him the more abundantly that he loves them.

Extract from Sermon No 818.
Of the Education of the religious Faculties.
preached March 9. 1856

How great is the power of education in the sout of man, and how strongly is he influenced by the circumstances in which he is placed! The cradle is the place whereon we stand to move the world, and education is the Archimedes for that universal lift. Take a single example. Look at the history of the Warren Street Chapel in this town for the last five and twenty years. A quarter of a century ago, perhaps less, some nine men made a sacrifice, and by sweet sely-denial, they built up a little Conservatory

Sermon

wherein they might take and shelter the precious plants which they found in the mire of the streets. How many hundreds, how many thousands, are now honorable, noble, heavenly minded men and women, simply because they were transferred from the cold, bleak atmosphere of the street, where temptation lay in wait to destroy them, and were set in this green-house of souls, and blossomed into fragrant flowers.

Extract from Sermon No 855.
Of the Dangers and Duties of Young women
preached Jan 7-18. 1857.

C

O, young woman, cultivate your mind, shun frivolous reading, poor, weak, silly books, sentimental books. Read for knowledge, some hard book which demands attention, memory, thought; master one good book, no matter what — geography, arithmetic, astronomy, history, what you will; but study it and know it well, understand one thing certain. Read also for beauty — what feeds the imagination, fills it with handsome shapes, and warms noble thoughts. There are poets, our own or those abroad, who can do this, some of the present generation, some long passed by. Read also for the reason — what gives you general laws, universal views; read for inspiration. You may be poor and have little time, or rich and have much; still there is one humanity, and

Sermon

one womanhood in the idle and the active, in the rich and the poor,
and the same noble Look will speak to each and to all; and so
is America favored and blessed that the poorest, the activest,
can find the book and the time also to read it, if she will.

[redacted] your own moral instincts; ask your con-
[redacted] as well as your heart, Is it Kind! Man is
[redacted] through self-love, you through the opposite
[redacted] ideality sacred; surrender that not to
[redacted] father, nor mother, nor lover, nor child.
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[redacted] to "soothe and heal and bless,"—
[redacted] soothe, where she cannot heal,
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[redacted] result.

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[redacted] love reverence for God — not the God of Calvi-
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heart, uttering parable, prophecy, and beatitude. Develop a great
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further your human affections, spreading it from mother, father,
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Sermon

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Extract from Sermon No 855.
Of the Dangers and Duties of Young women
preached Jan 4 18. 1857.

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preached Jan$^{y}$ 18. 1857.

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Sermon

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wherein they might take and shelter the precious plants which they found in the mire of the streets. How many hundreds, how many thousands, are now honorable, noble, heavenly minded men and women, simply because they were transferred from the cold, bleak atmosphere of the street, where temptation lay in wait to destroy them, and were set in this green-house of truth, and blossomed into fragrant flowers.

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one womanhood in the idle and the active, in the rich and the poor, and the same noble book will speak to each and to all; and so is America favored and blessed that the poorest, the activest, can find the book and the time also to read it, if she will.

Next, reverence your own moral instincts; ask your conscience, Is it right! as well as your heart, Is it Kind! Man is more likely to go astray through self-love, you through the opposite path. Keep your individuality sacred; surrender that not to priest, nor husband, nor father, nor mother, nor lover, nor child. Look to your own moral sense for approbation, not to man nor to woman; but

"As that pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much praise in heaven expect your meed."

Be faithful to yourself! Are you single — "come into port greatly, or sail the seas alone with God." Are you wedded — it will be a part of woman's domestic function to "soothe and heal and bless," — ay, she will often be called upon to soothe, where she cannot heal, and where she is not suffered to bless; and the self-denial for the sake of soothing will heal others and bless you, when neither you nor they asked for such result.

Cultivate the religious faculty; develop the instinctive religious feelings, have reverence for God — not the God of Calvinism — I cannot ask any one to reverence that — but the dear God who made the heavens and the earth, who speaks in your heart, uttering parable, prophecy, and beatitude. Develop a great piety in yourself, and let this be the central fire to warm still further your human affection, spreading it from mother, father, husband, child, clear round to neighborhood, kinsfolk, all the

world. Let it light your conscience, and give you a general moral rule whereby to find your path. Let it beautify your intellect, and stimulate your understanding, imagination, reason. Let it convert that poor temptation to frivolity, peevishness, vanity, discontent.

Remember that all the little every day duties of woman's life are just as much means to help you as the rougher discipline of man is to aid him in his course. The little cares, sorrows and joys, the vexations of the household lot, the perplexities of those careful and troubled about many things, these are the elements to help form the noble woman; only she must have a noble ideal, a noble will. So the artist takes the little chips of many-colored stone and constructs his grand mosaic of creative skill - a queen, a madonna, an angel; and the dead stone becomes a living oracle, a moral prophecy of nobleness to come. Grandeur of character is not easy to young women or men; God be thanked, it is possible to both! and one noble woman, she is parent of many more; in her spiritual image and likeness she shall create women and men to the end of time; aye, people eternity with noble souls, beautiful in their life, and welcome unto God!

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Extract from Sermon No 862.
Of Gratitude and Ingratitude. c
preached March 8. 1857.

There is to be a future of the benevolent emotions, when what is prophecy today, instinct in your heart and mine, shall become fact and institutions through all the land. Now, in the walled garden a single handful of snowdrops comes out of the ground and looks up and welcomes the sweet sunshine of March. Every where else the ground is dry and frozen, and the trees are leafless and bare. These are a prophecy as well as a beauty, and ere long the snow has run off from all the hills, the frost has come out of the ground, the trees shake down their odorous flowers, the Spring is every where, summer is coming, and the harvest is not far away.

Extract from Sermon No 873. c
Of the Ultimate Purpose of Human Life for the Individual and the Race. preached Sept 13. 1857.

Now the power of Moral Good in the world is destined to overcome the power of evil. I mean, the constant tendency towards the right, the just, and the true, on the part of man, will overcome all the gene-

-sal evil attendant on the experience of human life. God has so created the nature of men that instinctively they long for this triumph of good, pray for it, and presently will with reflection devise means, and put their shoulders to the wheel, and so work in conformity with their internal desire, and bring that result to pass. This triumph of good is just as certain as the infinite perfection of God's character. Sure of Him, you are sure that everywhere good will triumph over evil, truth over falsehood, justice over wrong, love over hate, and holiness over all uncleanness — for God's nature is endorsed as security and lodged as collateral, for the fulfilment of every holy desire that enters into the heart of man.

This triumph of good is for the individual, and for each individual. It comes partly here, for the individual's course begins here; it comes partly hereafter, for that course ends unseen above. There is no man to whom existence on the whole will not be ultimately a blessing, a triumph of those faculties which lead to good, over such as contingently tend to evil. There is no earthly life that can be altogether a fortune, wholly a misfortune. You shall take the worst woman in Boston, foul and loathsome with long-continued wickedness: — yet before her there is a future development in all the grand virtues of humanity. You and I in our weakness, cannot but loathe her; we treat her as the world's vermin. Not so the Infinite God, who will never shirk his responsibility. In this poor wretch likewise lie the powers of good — for she too is human — and though they sleep they are not dead, and the Father and Mother of the universe has so arranged the world of here and hereafter that some event or some person shall come to her as a savior, take her by the hand, and say to her, "I say unto thee, arise! take up thy bed and walk!" — and the humanity of the wretch shall cast off its filthy garments, and stand on its feet clean and erect. I feel sure that her life here,

however mean and abominable it may be, is no complete failure; it is a step towards triumph, a step which she might not have done without.

Look at this fact — in the world of matter, no atom is lost, in all the busy changes thereof, of growth and dissolution. No straw, no particle of dust ever flies off from the world's swift wheels. In all that world of starry motion yonder, there is not a movement in vain; all is planned beforehand, and made subject to the scheme of the universe, in the vast designs of God, which hover over it, and penetrate it through. This being so — so much care taken of man's material house — do you believe that God who made it for man's abode, will take less care of you and me! will save the cradle and spill the baby out! When that material universe is so wisely planned, do you think He will allow a whole human life to be a failure, even that of the wickedest of wicked women?

There are men whose early lives have been spent in the meanest, humblest and most loathsome toil, who yet rise to great eminence of wealth and station, and though they crept into social life through the lowest hole, yet go proudly out through its golden gate. So I doubt not that from the jail, the brothel, the gallows, from the murderer's den, from the kidnapper's office, from the hypocrite's pulpit, by many a long and winding slope the soul shall go up into God's highest Heaven; for though human charity fail, there is one whose love knows no beginning and no end, — O Infinite Father and Mother, it is thou!

Suffering is a merciful angel here, which scourges us to virtue. You and I are thankful for many a stripe in kindness laid on us. Our Father provides the best teachers, and is sure to give us the best

education. In what men call hell, Swedenborg tells us the murderer writhes in his dream of murder, and the covetous in his dream of covetousness. Be sure that the suffering which is before us is only the sinner's plunge into heaven, a means to an end.

This triumph is for the race, and of course a great part of it must take place here. The life of individuals is short, that of humanity knows no end. These are fluctuations of people and nations; Egypt, Judea, Chaldea, Syria, were and are not; but though the populous waves rise and fall, the ocean of humanity continues steadfast, and on that great deep the spirit of God moves continually, bringing light out of darkness, changing chaos into creation. As you look on the sum of human history and on the present condition of men, and see the amount of wickedness in the world, you cannot fail to ask if mankind could not have been created on a little higher plane, with less animal grossness and ferocity, and so human history be not so writ in blood. But presently you remember it is the work of the Infinite Creator and Providence, who from his very nature could only do the best of possible things, and you recall the thought, and you content you with human nature as He gave it, looking with joy at the signs of past growth, and future prosperity, justice and humanity, and you toil for the progress of mankind with earnest efforts, which you know shall not fail. This triumph of the individual and the race is part of the divine plan and divine providence of God, which underlies all human affairs, which directs Columbus, Franklin, Moses, Jesus, Paul, you and me, to ends we know not of. But it will be brought about also partly by human consciousness, looking before and after, and working for a definite purpose of good. It is the destination of mankind on earth to develop the higher powers, and in such sort that

the moral and religious faculties shall control and guide all the rest; then shall the power of evil prove only an instrument of good. You and I, in our short life, are here to achieve this triumph, and mankind collectively, in its immense duration; you and I with conscious individualism. This is our work.

My life is valuable to me, just as I use my talents and opportunities for the development of my highest faculties, and no more. Simply to have large talents shall avail me nothing; to have small shall be no hindrance. As growth in the highest human qualities is the purpose of life, and all lines providentially converge to this central point, so the question to be asked of each man's life is — How faithfully have you used your talents and opportunities! not, How great was your gift! Money is the pecuniary end of business, office of ambition, knowledge and power the aim of study, and the delight of self or the tickling of others eyes is the aim of many a beautiful dress or other ornament; but while these are ends to individuals, as traders, office-seekers, scholars, and fops, to them as men and women they are only means and helps to manhood and womanhood, no more. If she will, this young woman's showy dress may be worth as much to her as John Rogers's garment of fagots was to him; if she will not, it is worth to her less than the leafy girdle of a savage woman at Nootka Sound. I deny not the local, temporary value of ornament, of knowledge, power and fame, but after all their chief value is moral. That is not the best business which gives the most money, nor the best policy which affords the highest office, nor the best school which teaches you the most knowledge; but that which affords the highest development for your highest faculty is the best business, policy, or school. He is the most fortunate

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who lives up the most character, of the noblest kind. If he does it in the sunshine of honor or riches, well; if in the dark nocturnal storm of disgrace and ruin, still well; it is the line of sweet character that is the end, not the toil by day or night. By this test we must try fortune and misfortune, forms of government and religion, and ask what men and women they bring forth and rear up. That is not the best farm which gives us the best cotton and sugar, not the best manufactory which best weaves the one into muslin, or changes the other best and cheapest into candy; but that is the best farm or manufactory that raises us the noblest men and women. In the vast variety of human occupations from that of the naked hunter of New Holland to the astronomer of Cambridge, in the vast variety of human fortunes, God has provided the best circumstances he knew how to provide, for the training up of his children. If we use them ill, there comes smart and harm, and loss, and inward woe, which scourge the nation or the man. If we use them well, then eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived the magnificent welfare, and the grand progress which there is before the individual, the nation, the race; and that Infinite Father and Mother, who broods over the world, who breathed it from his love, and warms it with that same breath, has so tempered human nature and human circumstances that at last this result shall be brought about for the whole of mankind, for each nation, for each individual however wicked. Trusting in that wickedness, there is heaven over us, and God leading us!

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Extract from Sermon No 908. c

Of the Practical Consequence of the Idea of God as Infinite Perfection

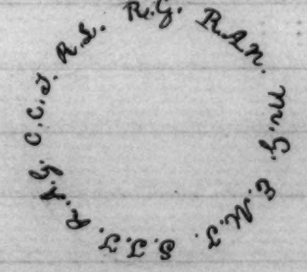
preached June 13, 1858.

A thousand years ago your and my Saxon fathers, living in mean hovels, for their favorite sport had mimic battles, wherein with quarter-staves, or spears, or swords, men laid at each other in their savage joy, and were often hurt and sometimes slain. Looking on that howling wilderness of amusement, who could have foreseen the time when in another land, peopled by other Saxons, in Boston, two thousand Christian men and women should come together in a theatre, paying large prices, to see a great scene of ambitious human life, done into magnificent language by an old English Saxon poet, the chiefest of his tribe, and that grand poetry enacted into a great drama by a New-England Saxon woman, who transfigured his thought to life — teaching how the justice of God comes and torments the murderer, and her who excited the murder, walking in such ghastly sleep! Who, a thousand years ago, in the rough sports of our Saxon fathers could have imagined a Boston audience, thrilled with esthetic and religious delight at seeing Macbeth fitly enacted by fitting men and women!

The "Initials" to their much beloved friend & minister

The blessed Saints have been much with us of late. Hardly had St. Claus gone, ere St. Valentine came as jealous as any of his sex (tho' he is a Saint) and pour foolish blind Saint that he is, dont see we needed not his bidding to do what our own hearts prompted. But he would'nt be denied — So to pacify him please accept this trifle by the hands of your loving "Initials" and use it for the love you bear the O. F's and U. F's — thus happily joined in a Ring of Gratitude and Love.

Ever Faithfully Yrs




St. Valentine's Eve / 59.

Thayer. C.C.

To Miss Caroline C Thayer 111 Harrison Avenue Boston

Havana 20. Feb. 1859.

To.

My dear First Letter,

It was with great surprise that I found your sweet little letter and beautiful escritoire on the day when St Valentine, it is said, pairs off the Unpaired, praying – the kind soul – that there may be no Fragments unorganized in his world. But as the St can't quite bring it to pass he prepares a nicer place in the Kingdom of Heaven for such as that not sufficiently nestled here in this, and flings in to their nature an additional amount of kindness, and so makes things more than even.

Please accept my hearty thanks for your friendly remembrance. I could not answer your note that day, for we lay in the Harbor of Nassau till noon and then sailed its rough seas, and I can never write on Shipboard.

But – I have just visited the Shrine of a much greater St than Valentine, to wit, the tomb of Columbus who added to civilization the continent of America – a fragment of the world not organized into the Progress of Mankind before.

Thayer. C. C.

while you at the Music Hall wrapped in woollens and furs, and shod with India Rubbers, were listening to the voice (and nothing else) of _____ (!) perhaps- I have been joining in that Prayer with you which is <u>Aspiration</u> for the <u>Perfect</u> in <u>Character</u> and <u>the Useful</u> in <u>Life</u>. So will I keep unbroken the ring of Sundays which has so long joined us all together. Here the Thermometer at sunrise was 76° and I buy enormous Havana Oranges for one or two cents a piece, and luxuriate in the handsome fruit,— not without longings for the snows of Boston. But the tossings of the Ship are not quite out of my head yet and I must not write more. So please accept my heartiest thanks, and also my best wishes for the kind offices of St Valentine to all who need his special benediction. God bless you

Theodore Parker.

## To the Same

Saturday Night 23 April. 1859
(Day before Easter!)
West End Santa Cruz.

My dear Caroline

What a nice letter you wrote my wife (who rejoices in the name of <u>Bess</u>,) which we all rejoiced in last Sunday. We had no letters for a month (Santa Cruz is a dreadful dog place for letters,) and Sunday

Thayer. C.C.

Morning (Palm Sunday too) there came thirty. Didn't we de=
=light that day — we read 'em low and then read 'em loud.

You ask what kind o' letters we want — take your pen and let her drive — that is the kind of letters. Besides I want all sorts of Parish news — who is sick, and who will be so no more, who is in trouble and what U Fs "become human" as you say! Tell me all the news — one wants gossip when away from home — just as sick men pick up crumbs of bread when they do not dare eat a mouthful. — Snips from the papers will be more welcome than ever; thank you for the Alphabetic location of Mr _____, is it "that d-d Mr _____" or "that Mr _____ D. D.?". I wish I knew who would preach tomorrow at Music Hall — Ah. I wish it was I. But a little vile cough sticks in my throat and will stay I fear till I have consulted King Pharaoh and seen his and questioned the Sphinx: a dose of mummy may be good for a minister.

But I am not going to write you a letter — only a little note, and send a flower; it comes from a tree called Woman's tongues which bears a pod that hangs profusely on the tree and rattles all the time day and night, (I wonder whence the name came). I would send you one if I could make an envelope long enough. The flower looks quite handsome now and here, how it will look at Boston I know not. Here are no young men — white ones I mean, and many young women: we had fifteen of them here one night this week and but one young man. H. canon=
=ically asked the Rev Dubois, who looks after their pres=

Thayer. C. C.

=ent and eternal welfare, (and is one of the best of men working for the blacks also) "where are the young men who are to marry all these virgins"? He said "Oh we supply the St Thomas Market with that article. Young women go over there and stay a few months and if they come home not engaged we call them "a protested Bill." He is very satirical. Remember me (and us) to all the Family at 111 at South Boston, at Roxbury and at Pawtucket. Thank kind St Matilda for her nice letter.

God bless you. J P.

Tell Mr Ayres that Captain Finney of the Anna Hinckley saw me today and can report the condition of my craft.

Montreux, Canton de Vaud, Suisse
8th July 1859.

My very dear Caroline Thayer,

What a shame that you should have the Rheumatic Fever, and write a line — which came day before yesterday — with swollen fingers! I hardly dare look at the handsome watch guard which the paper enfolded lest that should have been woven as well as sent, with a painful hand. First Mr Manley's letter frightened us with sad stories; then St Matilda's, of the same date, made it appear not so bad. Now we see what it is.

Horrible sufferings that fever always brings I am told. Do tell me what treatment you had, and how it affected you — what brilliant letters you write us — you with you, full of news and comments upon news! The clippings were invaluable, we brought them from London to this sweet little spot, for we only read in parts in that great noisy Babel where they found us. But they will be the last — for on the continent the postage is enormous, a letter may weigh 1/4 of an oz, or 7 1/2 French grammes and be single; 1/2 an oz is double and so on. Of Paper like this with an envelope it takes 5 sheets to make 1/2 an oz. 2 go for a single letter — July 6th we had letters from G. C. C. and St Matilda up to June 15 — no they came last week, one from S. P. Andrews, and several for H.E.S came the 6th — date 18th June. You say your Mother is not interested (that was not the word) by the advent of a new grandchild into the family by adoption! Would not she be interested by the other kind of advent, not adoption. I wish I could step in to 111 Harrison Avenue, and find them all at home, all that belong there — some of whom have been there too long as you told your mother! — (it is hard to put the blame on her) —. I think you would have many things to tell me — Here let me mention several people I wish to be remembered unto — lest I find no room at the end — very kindly to Mrs L. B. Merram. She and her nice good Boy will be gone into the country before this reaches you. I hope he keeps in good health; all the family eggs in one basket is a misfortune. To all the Curtises — I don't mean the Kidnapped but Henry C — his wife and what is thence

derived. Nobody has written me a word about Connie dear good creature that she is – or her Husband a generous and true man. I heard about Bessie not long ago – tho' only in general. She is at Conway I guess – then there are the Cummingses – Mr and Mrs and their dear boy of a Charley – he is a man now with a Moustache, but tho' he build houses, and write Articles in the North American – he will always be Charley to me, tho I salute him as "Mister Cummings" Then there is Mrs Hagar – the smart black eyed mother giving her life to the next generation (what is the number now!) – the two Misses Stuyvesant – & – Stop – I should fill up the whole sheet – so instead of the Garrisons and the Jacksons – all the Families of them – and the Mays and Mrs Bridge and Mrs Clarke (I suppose that never should have been) and Betton – I shall just write – "and the rest of mankind, especially womankind". – What is Wendell Phillips doing this summer and where! Your Brother Lowell is busy as ever, and his Family as happy and happy-making! that famous Boy – he is a Bo-boy now I take it – "is the finest child that ever was in this world!" So his aunt Caroline says – "'cause he is a Boy!" – Ask his father, I drank the last drop of his Bourbon whiskey – there were two bottles – yesterday. I think it held out like the widow's oil two bottles in 5½ months.

The Doctors at Paris recommended Red wine – of which I take daily, about ½ a bottle: it is good claret, and costs (of the grocers) about 8 or 10 cents a bottle – of the innkeepers 2 or 3 times as much of course. If our people had this

Thayer. E. C.

we should need no Maine liquor law - and the Charities of Boston would not have to take care of the miserable relics of drunkenness which now disgrace our civilization — we are all very happy here, the place is beautiful - a little mite of a town stuck on to the side of a Mountain, — our Hotel, or Boarding House, is just on the edge of the lake - in a charming place. The air is dry as in Upton Place - thermometer for 10 days, from X to IV, 80° in the shade - nights moderate. Beauty all round us, and our old friends in the house - their Boy also "is a famous Boy" - bright as a Mother could wish her only child. all their eggs in one basket with a frail handle too! Ah me what a world it would be if there were not another above it, beyond it and embracing it all with good loving arms! I wonder how people contrive to get on in this world who have no faith in the next. — I could not live a day - I should so fear some mischief would pounce down on one of my chick-a-biddies. But I wont preach just now. — What a great place that Little Peddlington is which we call Boston. How full it is of great men: to trust the Transcript - or the Courier or the Tizer or the Post it contains enough to save the world if "the Rest of mankind" were wicked as Sodom and Gomorrah. No doubt the number is too great to be counted. But it seems to me there is little work for them to do just now, or they would not have condensed all this greatness into a dinner to a successful Ohio player. I suppose they had placed the Webster Statue, and the Winthrop Statue, had wept over Prescott and Humboldt, had seen the ancient and Honble Artillery, had heard the great and Thursday Lecture, and taken ices at

Thayer. C. C.

the proper place – and decided that Mr Agassiz was "the only suc-
-cessor of bon Humboldt"; and even then, after all this, their activity
still cried for more work and they had nothing to do but make
it out that Morphy was greater than Prescott, or Humboldt or
perhaps even Agassiz – who does not play chess! Great is Little
Peddlington and its great men are greater yet! All here send
love: specially Sarah. Get well as fast as you can – My love to
all that ever did belong to 111 Harrison Avenue or ever will

Yours T. P.

Combe barin près Brot-Dessus, Canton
de Neuchâtel, Suisse. Aug 16. 1859.

My Saint Caroline,

This new pen wont do to write with – that
is clear as this muddy ink, so here goes with the old gold
one which has done great service for years. What a train of
troubles you have had; a horrible ailment is the rheumatic
fever and the old mode of treating with great doses of Colchicum
often left another disease and an incurable – an affection of the
heart. Here, and in France, Colchicum is used with great
caution and only in small doses. But you had only Homoe-
-opathic treatment – which certainly is as good as none at all –
and so have not to recover from the effects of the medecine.
I don't find Homoeopathy has made much mark in Europe
or has the confidence of scientific men. But they bear it

Thayer. E.C.

this testimony. (1) It is the best in old chronic disorders, (2) it is also (decidedly) the best for young ladies. Besides, in general the Homœopathic Doctors attend so well to the dietetic and climactic, and other hygienic remedies that they often effect cures when others fail. In Paris Homœopathy is the favorite scheme with the poorer people — because they have to pay only the Doctor, not also the Apothecary — whose business is "organized robbery". (So indeed I find it — for at Paris I paid ₣1.10 for some medecine which the 'Potecary here only charges me 16 cents for!) There is a Homœopathic hospital at Vienna which I hear well spoken of for discharging its patients in a good condition — But that may be very unscientific. It seems to me the Paris Doctors care little about curing the sick. — — We have a nice time up here. Do you remember my German friend Mr Desor? I made his acquaintance in 1847; it soon became an intimacy. He left Boston in 1852 — I always write him on my Birth-day, he me on his; besides, many other letters come and go. When I came to Europe he asked me to come and stay with him at his Summer home in the Mountains — for he is now a "gentleman of Property and Standing" with ₣125,000, or 150,000 — a prodigious sum in Francs of Five to the ₤ — For a couple of months, I was afraid of "crowding the mourners", so only came for a week — Lyman and I; but after staying a fortnight I sent for the women-kind and shall not return till the 25th inst. His house is full of visitors ten or a dozen lodging here at a time. Scientific men mostly with their ladies. "It is a pity you

Thayer. C C.

have no wife"- I said. "Ugh!" was the answer- "I think I'm better off without. Do you think I could leave all these women here if I had a wife! Ugh!" Amongst others a Doctor Moleschott has been here, a man of great genius a chemist and Professor of Physiology at Zurich, the first philosophical anatomist in Germany- as well as a practising physician. He made a microscopic examination and decided that there is no softening of the tubercles and no laceration of my lungs as yet- and therefore the circumstances are still favorable for the action of medecine and climate. Dr Cabot- dear good sensible fellow- that he is- says I need nutritious food, air, sun and reasonable exercise, with but moderate medecines. So says Dr M. so Dr Bigelow at Paris- so all. Here in fair weather I am out of doors 8 or 10 hours a day- the mornings and evenings are too cold and damp; I work in the woods, chopping, pruning the trees &c, of course moderately, and get a kind of exercise which is most delightful to me. I think I have done no imprudent thing since I came to the Continent- But enough about myself--- Mrs_____ letter was, as you say, (too) Mannish; but it was not true in its spirit or its details- only funny. What if Lyman should write his Trip to Europe in that style and make merry over his companion's sickness in such a sort! I think I see him doing it.-- Here the women work out of doors "from morn till dewy eve", and look as rough as the horses they drive. It is a curious fact that woman deteriorates, and rapidly grows old when much exposed to the elements

Hayes. C.C.

and constrained to great physical labour. It is against her Nature. The same result appears in the Tropics - at Santa Cruz, and the temperate zone - at Switzerland: 1 the degradation of what is specifically feminine, 2 the degradation of what is generically human. She approximates to the male type of humanity, then to that of the inferior animals.

Naturâ Duce is an admirable motto in all matters. But our New England women do not work enough in the fields, a good deal of gardening might advantageously be done by their little nimble fingers; the raising of poultry and young cattle would be profitable to the cheeks of our farmers' daughters - as well as their fathers' purses. Just now the New England women in general tend to abhor all manual labor. They must be L a d i e s (- a Lady is a Female animal of the human Species who wont work, that is the vulgar definition) and so despise the details of housekeeping; they cant make bread, nor cook a dinner, nor cut out and make a Shirt for a possible (or impossible) husband, not even for a Baby. A deal of misery comes from this shameful mistake - involuntary celibacy of men who cant afford to keep a Lady in the house, and of maidens who would fain marry, but not work. We have not seen the end of this mischief - nor shall not in any haste. When a boy I learned to do all kinds of work done in my neighborhood, from the blacksmith to the clockmaker's, and I thank God I can work with my hands. (I have ground up all Mr Deson's axes and hatchets, and actually finished a Hogs-trough.) Y D

Thayer. C. C

had a family of daughters and were never so sick, they should all learn thoroughly all the details of good housekeeping, and not only know how each thing should be done, but also how to do it- the proces as well as the result-- But I did not mean to draw such a long bow and preach a sermon to an (invisible) Audience 3000, or 4000 miles off. I wish you could have seen some of the Specimens of "Our Family Bread" sent me last Autumn after a certain Sermon in which I showed how the New England women broke the staff of Life over their husbands heads - and the heads along with it. You would have said a woman was worth several (a dozen). But I need not say this to you, who with all your family, know how to do all sorts of things - and with such admirable skill that Mr Pierpont said of each "She hath done what She could"!

What could show the moral degradation of Boston more fully than the funeral honors paid to poor Choate. The town which fired 100 cannons to honor the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which kidnapped Simms and Burns, and whose "respectability" fraternized with the assasins of Charles Sumner - ought logically so to honor the great advocate of Rogues and Solicitor General for Scoundrels, who called the Self evident Truths of our revolu=tionary Fathers only "glittering generalities" and a "noisy abstrac=tion." * I am glad I was spared the pain of making a post-mortem examination of such a man. Even Everett - who seems but remotely akin to the Truth and often to be inspired by the Father of Lies - did not say - he was an honest Lawyer

* Such a demonstration is more demoralizing than a Bull-fight in Havana.

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or a tolerably good man. No amount of talent, none of genius, or of good humor can atone for a life which was a long public treason to that Justice which the State and Church are built to preserve. He was a traitor to Humanity. Let him slide. But I suppose he too must have a Statue in the State House Yard; and as D-W. is looking at Park-Street to see what _____ is turning up his nose at, so Choate had better fix his eyes on the Jingko tree to see that it ne aliquid detrimenti capiat.

Hearty love to all the Household at 111- the out-lying as well as the in-lying members thereof.

Keep well now. Faithfully S. P.

Charles Sumner has so much Back bone again that he can swim. He is at Bains Frascati near Havre, in fine spirits.

My wife says "all Caroline's Saints are MEn!" "I didn't" she says. Remember me to all the Saints and Saintesses too.

Thayer. C. C.

Monterey 2 Oct. 1859.

My dear Caroline,

This little note is intended for all the members (inlying and outlying) of the household at No 111; but as you are the ailing one and as sick people are always treated like great Babies (witness myself), so I direct it to you in special hoping also that your eyes suffer neither with the rheumatism nor yet with the electric state of the atmosphere. It is Sunday P.M. IV o-clock and while I know not how many are listening to R. W. E. I sit out of doors on a shawl, with my back against an English walnut tree (the nuts are all gathered they were not many nor good this year), and my feet in the sun and write you this. The (miserable) Italians talk of their dolce far niente; I find it a piece of wretchedness which I try to be patient in bearing and suffering. However it is not like having the rheumatism at the same time: and if I must be idle, I thank the Divine Providence that I need not endure other pains at the same time. You wished I could have seen the aurora did you! So you did and sent it in your letter; I can believe you are electrified with not only wisdom but wit also. What a dangerous thing this same wit is thought to be! I find some one in the newspaper I think you sent me a slip of it charges me with it! Did you ever hear the like! He complaint that I bring my "unbeallowed wit into the pulpit." As he speaks only of the unbeallowed I suppose he does not object to the wit itself after it has been through that process, but he

Thayer. C. C.

thinks it awful as it is. Hallowed &c is used chiefly in the Bible — and not often there: I don't know exactly what it means, but suppose it is something very good, that it improves the thing hallowed; i.e. developes it after its kind and so enhances its function. If that be what it means then he had better not have my wit hallowed at all. For if he, the said plaintiff, has run with the footmen and they wearied him, then how will he contend with Horses, i.e. with wit mounted on a Hallowing. If the little stream of my wit when unhallowed is too much of a sprinkle for his ecclesiastical meadow and himself therein hay-making then what will he do in the swelling of a whole Jordan of hallowed wit! Really I am glad my wit is not hallowed after that sort, it would be too powerful; it would turn his rheumatism into gout, and "give him fits"! Better let well enough alone. "It is better to bear the ills he knows than fly to others that he recks not of."

I hear my poor Brother Burnap has gone the way he did not so soon expect to travel. He was a good man, sincere, earnest, with a little originality in him — so it is said: he wrote the best Book on Unitarianism which has yet appeared (so Doctor Lamson says. I never read it) and did the cause of Progress service in his earlier days! Alas, we can't always be young, and the hardiest sometimes get tired. Poor Burnap blocked the wheels of Unitarianism behind, so that they need not run back; but the same book blocked his own wheels before, and he could never get over the log he had laid in his own highway. "Oh that mine adversary had written a Book", says Job in the common version: I used to think

Thayer. C. C.

he wanted a chance to review it in the North American or the Daily Advertizer, or the Trumpet, or Watchman, or Zions Herald or New York Observer or some other "Zions" Sheet which hung flapping at his time; but no, I think now he was even more malicious: he wished to see his adversary (I believe it is enemy) try to swallow that book, and be choked in the attempt-!

Poor Job- I am afraid he had not "the christian spirit".

When I came to Europe in 1843 the University of Oxford gave Edward Everett a C.L.D (D.C.L. I believe the title runs); but- some objected on the ground that he had been a Unitarian Minister whereto the Ambassador replied that it was true, but it was in his extreme youth, in America; and since he had been in England, he had attended divine service in the Churches of the Establishment! Now he wishes his Son to be the first American who enters English Cambridge as a Unitarian! It is something to get the hang of the School House. Better late than never. - - - Had a muster at "Camp Massachusetts" Concord, did you? Well if I had been "Governor of Massachusetts" his "Every Executive officer," and "Commander in chief of the Forces raised and to be raised" I think I should not have suffered all that gambling and rowdying, and think I should have fitched something out of that "Bean"- not the "girls"- I would have sent them home- if homes the poor creatures had, but the sordid wretches who brought them there exploiting the woman's wretchedness- these I should have fitched into their proper place.

We have also had a deal of mustering here in Switzerland- camps in many places, for they had their Fall training all

Thayer. C. P.

over the country last month; the cars and steamboats were full of the citizen soldiers. I never saw finer looking bodies of young men, any where, no noise, no rowdyism, no drunkenness: all was decorous and orderly. Democratic Massachusetts has something yet to learn from the older Democracy of Switzerland.

St Matilda writes me that Miss (Dottie) Hunt has taken to preaching and been "handsomely received in 18 Universalist meeting Houses in Maine." I am glad of it and hope such a reception will do her good, and that she will go into the 19th much improved. I like handsome receptions for all strong minded women, and am glad the Universalists have the good sense to see what is appropriate, and to renounce the doctrine of eternal damnation even in this world. I hope all women lecturers will hereafter have a handsome reception every where: do ask Mr Slack to get the Fraternity to do their possible this winter. ---- I saw an admirable piece of Poetry from the Pen of brave old John Pierpont entitled "Not on the Battlefield". He never wrote, I think, an unpoetic verse, but I should like to know if at his age he has fire enough yet left to sing such a song as that. ---- I wish I could have been present at the wedding - and done my possible to make two lovers happy. But alas, that also is over - as well as my preaching days! Give my heartiest congratulations to the young people, and all the good wishes your aunty feelings will suggest. Of course you think the child Nattie would reconcile the Father to any thing! that is because he is a BOY. I remember you rejoiced at his birth. Lydia says "Caroline thinks the

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Thayer. C. C.

smallest streamlet of Boyhood is worth more than a whole Dead-Sea of Girls!" You know that nurses always treat Boys better than girls; even in that little red pulpy lump of new-born Humanity they recognize their future Lord and Master and so open their treasury and bring out the gold, the Frankincense and the myrrh of their instinctive homage! How true it was to nature when the Methodist minister in his pulpit told of the noble deed of some young man who saved a family from drowning, tho' at the peril of his own life, and then said "God be thanked for young men!" how true it was to nature that several women cried out Amen! glory to God! "Si Natura furcâ expellas tamen usque recurrit!"

Do tell me how C. A. Crowninshield came to die. He was doing well when I left home, - riding on horseback, and getting fat. But why do they sell his Books? such a Library should be given to the City, or the Historical Society. His Books almost all of them lie off my track; they are also costly editions - a rich man's collection more than a scholar's. Besides, what have I to do with buying more Books. "Thou fool, this night &c". I will ask your Kindness to look after only one work. No. 6 91. a Mexican Mss - I will give $10. for it. He did not give $3 buying it at Guild's sale several years ago, while some fooby was talking to me and I foolishly listened to him and not the auctioneer. It may go for much more; or it may for much less. I will give only $10, but don't expect to get it. Please keep all this secret - to yourself - till the proper time. Many thanks for sending me the Catalogue - Choate's library

Thayer. C. C.

must be a fine one.— if well I should pick a deal out of it; but now I shall let it slide. There is a time for buying books and a time to refrain from buying books. The latter is mine. ——— We shall start for Rome about the 13th or 20th — and reach it the 19th or 26th, going by Lyons, Marseilles and a (horrid) Steamboat— the latter occupies but 32 hours in the voyage. The Hunts and Apthorps go with us, and we hope to get lodgings near them. The Governor, good kind soul (as well as a wise one) left us the 8th Sept. and will sail from Brave for New York about the 18th inst. I shall send lots of letters by him. He will give the latest news of the lookes of us all. If Rome don't agree with me I shall pick up stakes and push off for Malta or some other place. But it is hard running away from Death— go where you will he is there before you. Rome promises me more than any other place: in Egypt I should have nothing but the climate and the monuments, (I have seen Sphinxes enough already and don't like the tribe, tho' one in stone may be better than those of flesh and blood) and one cannot live on weather and stone alones I have lots of out-door work to do in the fine weather, and reading for the soul. I can't talk (fortunate I am not a woman, you will say) and silence diminishes my comfort greatly. But I can read and write. I shall keep out of galleries and churches.

Tell Wendell Phillips, if he bring all malefactors to his anvil he must hammer Governor Banks for assisting in breaking the laws at Concord. He says he is "fighting with wild Beasts", he will have his hands full before he get through with them; then there are the tame Beast to deal with!

Give kindest remembrances to all the in- and out- lying members of the Households, also to the Goddards*. I hope the good

* I mean Thomas Goddard as well as the St. Mathilda Family.

Thayer. C. E.

old lady is in Heaven before now— the Mays and Jacksons and Garrisons. Please thank the Misses Baxter for their remembrances of me, and give them kind regards, also to Mrs Este and her household. (there is a little B_O_Y there too!) Remember me tenderly also to the excellent Mrs Merriam. You don't know Mrs Bancroft tho' your neighbor, if you did I would ask you to give her also again my sympathizing regards. Please remember me to Mrs Linton when you pass by, and to Mr Burnham. Yours ever T. P.

All the women send their Love— Please remember me to Mrs Bridge. Lyman will bring a letter for Susan. I am glad to hear such good things of the Hawkes: all 3 generations.

Leyons October 15th 1859.

My dear Caroline

My wife kindly leaves me a little place to write you a line and say how much we are all indebted to you for your instructive and brilliant letters, and also to add how much we have all been grieved to find that you still suffer greatly from that old enemy. We found at Neuchâtel a gentle= =man who has suffered from the gout and now wears a shirt made of vegetable flannel (Flanelle végétale); it is made partly from the bark of the Pine tree: he finds it better than any thing else for his complaints. We could not find it for sale: it is to be had in Berne. Perhaps you can get it at Boston where all

Greyer. C. P.

good things find their way. I have read Mr Everett's Oration on Webster - and wait for that on Boston. — Don't fear that any of us will be rash at Rome. I am the prudentest of men (or women) as the Governor will tell you and do nothing but take care of myself and suffer being taken care of. Even your sister C could not be a better nurse than I have in the shape of a Bear. — When you see the Flints remember us tenderly to them all - Mrs Whiting is still one of them I take it. I wish I could hear Wendell Phillips at the Fraternity. Love to all at 111 and the neighborhood. Yours faithfully

F. P.

Rome 10 Jan$^{y}$ 1860.

My dear Caroline,

I have long been writing a line to you and all the Household at (or of) N$^{o}$ 111 - but other things have kept it from actually getting written; now the pen drives away towards that goal. It is a queer world - on this side the water not less than the other. We had a quarrell here lately between two American women (Ladies is the Yankee word to describe these mammals), and one threw the other on the floor - a stone one, and dislocated her finger which has not yet (in six weeks) recovered. Both are unorganized Fragments and (perhaps) will always continue so: if not they will unite only by the element of Strife I fear; unite to quarrel. "Maids in their little nests agree" &c &c. If I were even

Thay &c.

to return to New-England and plead before the Legislature for woman-the emancipation of women &c, I should attend to what I omitted before (and did so out of mere "ignorance and unbelief") I should claim among woman's Rights the JUS DUELLIONIS, the Right of Private Battle. Men no longer need it in the Free States, (it is indispensable in the Slave States); but it seems requisite for the development of woman, the swiftest mode of ending quarrels and letting off Hate which else might lead to worse and more dangerous explosions. Think of having four or five Lady-Pens on the Common and eight or ten more in other parts of the city, under the jurisdiction of the Police, where the irate and implacable females might fight it out in fair battle, the constables looking on and keeping order, and preventing actual murder! there might be hair-shed and fracture of crinoline, may even blood-shed and yet no actual destruction of life. The ancient and Honorable Artillery might be there with their pieces to interfere if necessary, and make them stop short of death or mutilation of any thing but garments. Really if they could end their quarrels in this off hand way it would be better than to keep hatred forever smouldering in their (gentle) hearts, and ready to flame out at any time. I dont know whether my fair country women feel any more kindly towards each other now than before; but if the matter of the Maid-fights were regulated by law after the set-to was over, the high-quarrelling parties might be made to embrace one another, and give bonds not to make mouths at each other when they met; or to speak against each other "within ten miles of any human habitation." Bless me-since I left America I have been made

Sawyer. C. C.

acquainted with most extraordinary examples of feminine hatred, so that I have nearly concluded in the maxim Errare humanum est et semper odisse et contendere femineum! I wish I might do the meet creatures injustice.— I think you know one of these unamiable females who sit the other day, the other I think is a stranger to you tho" both were acquaintances of mine. Tantaene animis celestibus irae! Ah me the weakness of Woman is not in her head, but her temper. Mrs Howe and I sat together once to hear Mrs Dall lecture and when the fair Orator said "in the trial of a woman the Jury should be Women!" Mrs H said. "Then may God Almighty have mercy on her soul, for they won't on her body!" But let the irate females slide— — What a time you have had at home about the great invasion of the State of Virginia! one of the nicest things was the Union Meting at Faneuil Hall.— Mr Everett's speech was one of his most characteristic "utterances"— so selfish, so cold, so sophistical. C. K Whipple's criticism on part of it will damage Mr Everett more than a little; damage him as a Scholar, and I think it will make him "as happy as one of "Salyni's Negroes!" Poor Everett, he took for evidence the word of a man who had no more power, or intention of telling the truth than the Boston tories had who wrote from Halifax in 1776, 1777, & 1780! Everett knew this testimony was of no value— and he knew also the other side of the story— Now Whipple has shown it to other people. Mr Everett "defined his position"— I wish he had done it more thoroughly, and said. "(1) When I was Professor of Greek in Harvard College, I gave a course of lectures on the Civil Law— in which I defended Slavery in general and Roman Slavery in specific the Slavery of white men as well as black. (2) when Representative

Thayer. E. C.

of my own dear Middlesex! I made my maiden-speech in Congress, I offered to buckle on my knapsack and shoulder my musket and march to help down an insurrection of the Slaves - contending for personal freedom. (3) When Governor of Massachusetts I asked the Legislature to consider if it were not necessary to restrict freedom of the press and of speech on the matter of Slavery. (4) When Senator of United States I refused to present the petition of 3000 New England ministers asking the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill. (5) When writing the memoir of Mr Webster and editing his works I made no mention of his opposition to the spread of Slavery west of the Mississippi and his vote against the admission of every new slave state. (6) When I delivered my address on Washington I never told the noblest act of his life - his attempt to emancipate all the slaves of Virginia and his actual liberation of his own slaves on the death of his wife; and when at Chicago I was about to deliver the address and a gentleman informed me that some one on the platform would inquire of me "what Webster did with his own Slaves!" I sent for the Mayor of the city and begged him to detail a portion of the police to prevent the unwelcome question! (7) When the Slaveholders assaulted Sumner in the Senate and I was twice invited to attend the meeting at Faneuil Hall to express the indignation of the citizens I did twice refuse; and when I became so scared that I signed a paper expressing my own indignation - I publicly declared that I did it under the influence of an anodyne!" - Then he might have made a clean breast of it - especially if he had added that he was "up for the Presidency" and had nomi-

Washington

Thayer 6.6

=nated himself for that office! How admirably Phillips has behaved in all these trying times- his address at Brown's grave is one of the most touching things in all literature- what an admirable sermon he gave at the Music Hall Dec 18th. Dear, good, brave, beautiful Soul that he is- I thank God for such a man- I see through the conduct of the Representa=-tives in Congress- they won't say much against Slavery or Slaveholders till the Speaker is made sure of lest they "crowd the mourners" a little too much, and so lose their chance of power. We shall hear more by & by. If I were in the Senate and the Slaveholders charged the North with hatred, I would rise up and say; "Yes- I hate Slavery- hate it as I hate scarce any thing besides; hate it as the sum of all villanies. But that is not all; I don't merely hate Slavery in the abstract- I hate it in the concrete. I hate Slave-hunters, Slave-breeders, Slave-sellers, Slave-holders; hate them as such, not inasmuch as they are men but so far forth as they are Slave-hunters, Slave-=breeders, Slave-holders; hate them as I hate robbers, murderers and pirates, and shall seek to rid the world of such a nuisance as fast as I can. I can't answer for the People of the North, but I hope they may hate Slave-holders just as I do: I am sure they will, and I shall take pains that they may do it soon and effectually. I trust they will soon hate a Slave-holder as their Grandfathers used to hate a "Red Coat", a "Briton." Depend upon it such hatred will be imputed to the North, for righteousness. I hate Slavery and will never rest alive till it is driven out of every State in America,- peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. You talk of dissolving the Union- we won't let you do it- we'll

Thayer. C. C.

take you by the scrough of your neck - and give you the sound flogging you have itched for so long. Then you will know your place and behave yoursely accordingly. The Constitution guarantees "a Republican Form of Government to every State in this Union!" I shall keep the compromises of the Constitution and guarantee a Republican Form of Government to all the Slave states. If you want to live peaceable so much the better; but if not we have something in store for you!" - - In due time we shall hear from Sumner, and I expect brave words, I hope nine ones also. I fear those Statesmen who forget their Direction when they put on their Valor, as much as those who throw away their Valor when they buckle their Direction on. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.

I don't know that I have any Roman News to tell; you hear it as soon as I almost - for the Pope of Rome is no more free than that of Virginia and South Carolina. You need not fear war in this city - so long as there are 6000 or 10,000 red-legged French Soldiers here to keep the peace. There was a talk yesterday that the Pope had recalled his Nuncio from Paris - I believe he will think twice before he does this while the French Emperor holds the Papal City and can clap the Pope in jail at the snap of his imperial fingers! The poor old fellow is in sad want of money just now - "the Gintlemen at Cork" have a deal of sympathy for his Holiness, "and yet they don't pay down! And yet they don't pay down!" I look for the Congress yet to settle affairs, but well-informed men think it is all over. Napoleon has played his cards well, - with really a master's hand. I incline to think he has at heart the welfare of Italy. He is the only Sovereign

Thayer. 6. 6.

of Europe who entertains the ideas of the XIX^th century - of course as Emperor he must put them in a despotic form - which don't fit them at all, but it is something for an Emperor to develope them in any form. Perhaps Alexander of Russia has the same ideas. The Catholic Religion is a great Curse to the People of France; it is the Religion of Reaction, of Regression; and though the intel=ligent people have no respect for it still the Institution controls all their action - takes them as Babies in its iron arms, and suck=s them out of its poison teats, watches them all their life, sits as a night-mare on their death-bed, and howls and gibbers on their coffin! I wish the Pope had all the gintlemen from Cork (who like him) for his subjects. What a fine "Holy Pontifical State" they would make! Like Master, like Man! The Fire-eating Slaveholders might make a treaty with him at once and "the Irish Legion would protect them all at once-man by man"; the State would be rich in blarney, in devotion and dirt - what a goodly fellowship of ragged beggars there would be! - -
Sometimes I think I am better, sometimes worse, hence I con=clude I am neither one nor the other. We shall stay here till towards the end of April I suppose. - The Hunts and Apthorps are "well as usual" Mrs Hunt rolled out of bed a few weeks ago and sprained her wrist - she has suffered a good deal. S & E have "poor weak womanly bodies" and are ailing here and there most of the time. My wife is hearty and would be happy if she did not hear me cough; as it is I stand between her and the Sun.
_____ is quite unhappy and has no companions but my wife and me. - Wife sends you all sorts of love - so does H. To the other ladies - who cheer us much. Remember me to all the

Thayer. C. C.

Saints- Leightons Christmas Story is printed finely. Thank him for it. Good bye- it is Jan$^{y}$ 14$^{th}$ now- Nottingham is here, but few Americans or English.

Faithfully yours

Theodore Parker

Rome 2 March. 1860.

C

My dear Caroline

On the 24$^{th}$ Feb came John Ayres' letter with its enclosures of Jan$^{y}$ 31. and on the 28$^{th}$ Mr Manley's of Feb$^{y}$ 7$^{th}$- with its enclosures, also some day one from Eyman, "best of Men", and another from Wm. P. Atkinson. I had intended, O much suffering Caroline, to write you and yours a long letter, but other demands shorten it down to this one little sheet.— I am glad Mrs Howe has a new boy; the Doctor wrote me about it in due time. I think she has more poetic genius than any woman now alive tho' others have written better poems. The Doctor has great virtues- and I think him one of the most brave men I ever knew, yet he made an error in writing that letter last November or December, as it seems to me, and perhaps also in his flight to Canada- tho' that is less clear. I love both him and her- not because they have no faults, but in spite of them. I am sure the many good people who look with friendly eyes on me must do so in the same spirit

"The fondest, the truest the fairest that met

Thayer. C.C.

"Have still found the need to forgive and forget"

I see some one has written a paper on Thomas Paine in the Atlantic which excites the wrath of the men who were not worthy to stoop down and untie the latchet of his shoes, or to black his shoes, or even to bring them home to him from the shoe-blacks. Yet Paine was no man for my fancying - in the latter years of his life he was filthy in his personal habits, there seems to me a tinge of cowards about him. But it must not be denied that he seems to have had less than the average amount of personal selfishness or vanity; his instincts were humane and elevated, and his life mainly devoted to the great purposes of Humanity. His political writings fell into my hands in my early boyhood, and I still think they were of immense service to the country. His theological works I know less of, chiefly from his enemies; they are not always in good taste, nor does he always understand the Scriptures of Old Testament and New Testament he comments upon. But I think he did more to promote Piety and Morality amongst men, than a hundred ministers of that age in America - he did it by showing that Religion was not responsible for the absurd doctrines taught in its name. For this reason honest but bigotted ministers opposed him - they had a right to; but they misrepresented his doctrines, and told lies about him which they knew were lies and which their successors know to be such when they repeat them. I see "the Incarnation of the Religion of the Whigs" who "bears his great commission in his look" has uttered his Gospel upon Tom Paine. What do you suppose the men who bore the same relation to the 1st Century as he to the 19th - what do you think they said about the great Reformers of that

Thayer. C.C.

time! Imagine a course of lectures by the members of the "Jerusalem association" about A.D. 100 - one by _____ on **John the Baptist**; one by _____ on **Saul of Tarsus**, and one by _____ on **The Nazarene**. - think of the "tremendous applause" which followed the joke about John's head in a huge dish, and the "immense sensation" at the jeer made on Father forgive them &c and the "loud laughter" which followed the picture of Paul let down in a basket on the shady side of the wall in a moon-light night! — Huntington has gone over to orthodoxy, I always knew he must - it lay in the logic of his "first principles." He has many good things in him, which will always be good - which I respect and admire. But he is conceited, assuming and insolent; he has no solid education nor any good habits of either historical investigation of events, or philosophical of Principles; I think no Unitarian Minister has ever been so much overrated - not even Bellows. But now his old companions will turn against him, and condemn him for those qualities they once praised when directed against Non-Unitarians. He is insolent and saucy, but those qualities got him admiration once. "But what did I say said the Farmer! It is your Bull that has gored one of my Oxen! Indeed, said the Judge, that alters the case, &c." I make no doubt Huntington has been honest and single-hearted in his opinions always, and now he has changed them I respect him as much as before - tho' it is clear he has gone back not forward. — I am glad the brave old John Pierpont is to preach at the Music Hall - I think he did greatly wrong in expunging all Anti-

Thayer. C. C.

slavery matter from his School Books; but it was under great temptation, and who is there in a public life of more than 50 years that has made but a single error! He is a noble old man and never, so far as I know, gave a mean counsel in his public teaching! I wish he was rich and not poor. I often asked him to preach for me in the Melodeon, but he always refused.. How fortunate Mrs George Jackson was in her swift death! these long dyings are terrible- and unnat= =ural.— Dr Frothingham is here and very kind to me, coming to read me his new Poems in the evenings. Christopher Thayer has returned from Naples and is kind and attentive. But no stranger has done me such service as Dr Appleton- there is no end to his attention and kindness. Of course the Apthorps &c are full of kindness. So I do not speak of them. Mrs Stowe is here and makes a great Spread- she is the gayest woman in Rome and wears the biggest crinoline. She is a good, kind, odd soul. Now Love from me and mine "all around to the Neighbors, Neighbors, Neighbors" and believe me faithfully yours

Theodore Parker

Thayer. C C.

Rome [April 3?] St Richards Day A.S. 18[illegible]

My dear Caroline

It is a good while since I have written you but it will be a short line you get now. First of all let me beg to be remembered to the memorable whose names sometimes get crowded out at the end of the letter, to the inlying (that is not used in the sense which would be indicated by putting participle first) and outlying members of the Household at 111, to the excellent Mrs Cummings, Mrs L.B. Meriam (I had a letter from her last week) Mrs Pearson, Mrs Bridge, the Goddards, Mrs Flint and Mrs Whiting, and Mrs Hagar. — I wonder how the Hawkes are getting on? after all there is much good in them: I hope the young maidens turn out well. — I suppose you have seen Mrs Browning's new Poem before this time. She is here, but her Book is not allowed, so I have seen no line of it; she is a weird-looking woman 50 years old, would weigh (with her clothes) 70 to 80 pounds - one of the smallest pieces of mature Jemality that I remember ever to have seen. She has been sick all her life; sometimes for 4 years not crossing the threshhold of her chamber. She is a Spiritualist, and believes in Hume! She has one son a bright fantastically-dressed boy of 12, who seems likely to turn out like other sons of a genius and to be brought up as well as only sons commonly are. Browning is a fine hearty, hale Englishman with a little gray in his hair, full of literature, anecdote and fun. Here is also a Mr Newton the English Consul-

Thayer. C. C.

one of the pleasantest men I have met abroad – He was a good while at Halicarnassus and has unearthed the famous Mausoleum, one of the 7 wonders of the world. He is full of knowledge and culture, and is sent here, where he has little to do, that he may make explorations, I take it, for the cause of ancient art. He was for years connected with the British Museum. He is going to print a great Book on his discoveries in Asia Minor. – – –
Dr Appleton has been as kind to us as if he were my Brother – doing all sorts of service which I can never repay. Apthorp is the most tender of companions for a sick man – forbearing, gentle, kind and self-denying. So you see I do not lack protectors of the male sort more than of the female. Hannah leaves us Friday next, and goes alone in the diligence to Florence, where we think of meeting her by & by. She talks of sailing from Paris about May 1 – whether she will or not I cant say. She has seen Rome with great thoroughness, not knowing a word of the language too; few women know as much as she about what is best worth seeing here.

\+ + + + +

I wish I knew what the XXVIII did at the annual meeting last Sunday. They have had all the best talent that is lying loose in the Community. But I suppose 300 to 500 "educated" and wealthy persons attended the 9 lectures of R. W. E, and never paid a cent! Yet if Emerson had delivered these in 2 courses – they would proudly have paid $2. for each. Thus to leave poor

Thayer. C. C

men and women to bear the burthen is shameful – all the more considering the class of men who do it! But meanness is manifold. I feel under great obligations to the Fraternity for printing so many of my works; impotent in speech and in writing they make me powerful by the types. – – – Story is taking my Bust, now nearly done. I don't know that any of you would recognize me in the bearded figure – but I think it is T. P. in 1860, thin and emaciated and bearded, but the same man underneath. – I wonder if Thomas Goddard ever got my letter. Remember me to him and her –

Faithfully yours Theodore Parker, hoping also that the Rheumatism is ended and gone!

Jackson. G. To George Jackson Esq. Boston.

Rome 1 March 1860

My dear Mr Jackson

Mr Manley's last note of Feb 7th informed me that your wife's soul calmly and with no pain took flight for Heaven a little while before. I know that ties knit so tenderly as that between you and her, and which had joined the two so beautifully and so long cannot be broken however gently without a terrible shock to the survivor. But the good woman had reached a good old age- and seen her children and children's children about her growing up or grown, and then one night so serenely passed forward and ceased to be mortal! I need not speak of her character- least of all to you and yours-, but in the manner of her departure there is something quite cheering and consoling. Who would not wish for such a smooth sail out of this little sea and into the great wide Heaven we are all bound to: It seems to me your wife and Mr Charles Ellis were highly favored mortals- they had so quick and smooth a passage- while others are months and even years in getting across. Most men dread dying but not death. I cant think our present deaths are natural or to continue always: if something were not wrong in our mode of life we should all slide out of the world as gently as old Mr Bradlee or as your own wife: but we must bear the misfortunes which others entail upon

us. If it were Fate it could not be borne; but when we look on it as Providence the work of an Infinite Father and Mother who looks eternally before and eternally looks after and rules all things from Love as motive and for Blessedness as end— we can take almost any thing with a smile. I can't help the belief that we shall be joined to our dear ones in the next life, and this conviction sweetens many an hour else filled with bitterness. I don't know that we can pay any one a higher compliment than that of hoping to meet him in the Kingdom of Heaven. Our affections are so infinite in their desires, and yet the time to gratify them is so short, and interrupted so on earth— partly by our cares and in part by our defects of temper and other follies, that it seems as if there must be another world where the little plant of Love should become a great strong tree.— It is a beautiful arrangement of the world that we commonly forget the failings and wrong doings of those near to us soon after they are gone, while their excellencies come out like the stars at night and show us a whole Heaven of beauty we had not been conscious of before. It is in this way doubtless that your wife will live in your memory and your children's memory for many a year and grow more lovely as she is transfigured by the idealizing effect of the most elevated feelings of our nature. How fortunate you have been in the long continuance of your marriage,— nearly 46 years if I remember right— while

Jackson. S.

the average length of wedded life in our State of Massachu=
=setts is hardly ten! Happy in its length, happy in its
character, and happy in its close— so noiseless and without
pain to the departing one. The whole seems beautiful.
The ancients used to pray for what they called Euthana=
=sia— a beautiful dying— and it was not so foolish
as most prayers of old time or new. Your wife had
the blessing I suppose without asking for it. —— I hope
your daughters are well and resigned and cheerful—
such a state of feeling makes life so easy and delightful.

"If on our daily course our mind
We set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of costly price
God will provide for sacrifice:
Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Will dawn on every cross and care."

I have taken great pleasure in your daughters society
in days past and can only regret that my life has been
so shamefully busy that I had no more time for that
and similar entertainments. But I did not choose my
cares; they were forced upon me against my will; I
should have selected a little easier lot— but it is all over
now and too late to repent. Remember me kindly to
your Brothers— Francis I often hear from, good kind
soul that he is— and their families and believe me
with tenderest sympathy faithfully your friend. Theodore Parker.
My wife & Miss I send their hearty sympathy to you & yours.

Clarke. 1 L.S.

To Isaac and Sarah Clarke. Belmont. Mass.

London, (Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars)
June 8th 1859.

My dear Isaac and Sarah,

My friend Mr Lyman came here to take care of me on the 3d of June leaving Boston May 19th; he brought the news that your excellent Father had passed on from this world to a better. It did not much surprize me. Yet the last time I heard, he was quite well— had got his petition accepted, and cast the first vote in the new town of Belmont! I am glad he had that satisfaction. But at X C. what are we to expect! When I rode out to see him that last Sunday I spent in Massachusetts, I thought I should not see him again, but yet imagined that I should shake off the body before him, I dont know but he was of the same opinion;— a tear stood in his eye as I took him by the hand and said good bye!— Some letters told me the particulars of his passing away— gradually, calmly, quietly, what more could we ask! He came to a great age; he had lived a happy life; his latter years were particularly full of delight; and he died an easy death, and slipped into the other world without knowing it. We must shed some natural tears, but let us not mourn for him. It was only a blessed new birth to him, the mature soul drew near its time and must be borne into Heaven. He could not have lived many years; they must be

Clark 2 d S.

years of painful decline of all the senses— Let us not mourn that he has left the earth and gone to the blessed ones of his own family, who have ascended to Heaven before him. Let us rather rejoice that he lived so long and happy a life, achieved such an excellent character, and passed so pleasantly from time to Eternity. I wish I could have been with you at the time and could have spoken a word or two about the character I loved and esteemed so much. But that pleasure was denied me. — —

Now perhaps you will like to hear a word or two about myself. I hope I am better than when I left home in February. Certainly I am stronger, and can go about, 8 or 9 hours a day, walking, seeing sights, &c. But the cough still continues and gives me some anxiety (for it is worse in England than it was in the West-Indies but I hope it will abate when I get into a better air on the continent of Europe. —

We went from New York to Havana, stayed there three or four days, then went to St Thomas where we stopped two days; thence to Santa Cruz and stayed ten weeks. There we lived in a house which had no glass windows, no chimneys, no fire place. A House in the West Indies is a little piece of out-doors fenced off with a slender partition. I mean it is almost out of doors. So we lived in the open air when within the house. I used to ride on a little poney, who climbed the hills nicely; and bathe in the sea, that was my only exercise, for it was so hot nobody could walk with any comfort; there were no shade trees. During all the ten weeks we were there it was not cloudy three days; it did not rain an inch and a quarter! I saw a grave dug, six feet deep, and

Clark J. & C.

the cattle at the bottom was like asses, as dry as at the top. I wish I could describe the island to you. It is 23 miles long with an average breadth of not more than 4 or 5; the shores are coral-rock rising generally but 2 or 3 feet above the sea itself - tho' in one place there are cliffs 10 or 20 feet high. The sea has no tide - and is commonly still as Fresh-pond - tho' it flows a little at the shore. The whole island is but a cluster of hills, the highest about 1500 feet. The steepest part of Bellington Hill is nothing to the abruptness of these miniature mountains, yet they carry their cultivation to the very top - the steepest sides are planted with Sugar-cane; they throw the land into ridges about 3 or 4 feet apart, and 16 or 18 inches high. These parallels run round the hills nearly level; between them the Sugar-cane is planted, the plants are set about a foot apart. Paths making a zig-zag (thus Z) lead up to the top of the hill, in which the mules walk to carry up manure and to bring down the crop. For scenes of quiet rural beauty I have seen nothing equal to some of the best parts of the Island. But we were all quite glad at length to get away from it - for it became intolerably hot. There is no relief from the heat - a cool day does not come now and then as with us, and the nights are almost as hot as the days - 11th of May we went back to St. Thomas and staid till 16th, when at III P.M, we steamed off for England - 4 000 miles away. We reached Southampton June 1, at X A.M, and at VI P.M, were in London. Here I am as busy as a Nail-machine all day and get little rest, - there are so many friends. But I refuse all invitations to breakfast, dine & and Tea as

Clark 2d S.

quiet as I can - doing nothing rash. My wife and Miss S are both quite well - never better.

Sunday morning we mean to go to Paris, shall stay there a week or two, thence to Holland Germany and Switzerland where I have some friends waiting for me. I hope to pass all the time in Switzerland, from July 1 to Oct 1, then slip into Italy and get to Egypt before Dec 1. Beyond that all is uncertain, the war may make us alter our plans a little. Edith & Ted send their best love to you all - Please show this to my Brother - I shall write him soon, but I avoid letters as much as possible.

Believe me my dear Cousins - faithfully & affectionately yours

Theodore.

Radley's Hotel London June 2nd 1859.

Cobbe F. P. &
Carpenter. M.
Bristol England

To Miss Cobbe and Miss Carpenter with my very dear Friends,

Let me unite you both in one letter, the first I write on English soil while the tossings of the sea still keep my head and hand unsteady. Many thanks for your kind letters which reached me at Santa Cruz and the two which greeted me yesterday, on board the ship at Southampton; a boat came alongside and the boatman called out "Letter for Theodore Parker." Judge of the trembling joy with which a sick man read your words of kindly greeting. Thanks, many thanks, for your words of welcome.

I know you will wish to know what effect the residence in the West Indies has had; I cannot yet quite say for the critical symptoms have changed but little if at all. But I am a deal stronger, with a good appetite, and reasonable strength and spirits that if not hilarious as when well are never sad; indeed I am cheerful by temperament as well as by philosophy and from principle. In all my illness and it is now in its third year I have not had a single sad hour. I have not the average love of life by instinct and besides have such absolute confidence in the Infinite Love which creates and provides for the world and each individual in it that I am sure death is always a blessing, a step forward and upward to the person who dies. My place in the world will soon be filled by wiser and better men who may be guided by any wise word of mine and certainly will be warned by my errors. So my departure may be the best thing for the great cause of Humanity we all have so much at heart. The burden of sorrow in that case will fall on my intimates

and heaviest of all on my wife.—for to her I am all in all!—
But even such sorrows are blessed in the end they serve.

However I shall still hope for returning health and leave
no stone unturned to prolong life. I have many things
haly ready for the press which none beside me could print. In
special I have a short volume of Sermons on the Evidence
of God found in the world of Matter and of Mind; they were
preached in 1858. I like them better than any thing I have
done before. Each was about an hour & quarter in the
delivery and what was spoken could be recalled from the
notes of the Phonographer who daguerreotyped all my words.
But I did not preach more than half of what my brief
contained: the unpreached matter will be lost without me,
hard to write it out. Besides I have volumes more in
that state.

Dear friends do not think me rash to have wasted
my strength in this way for I must preach every week
and I had not time to write out fully all that related
to the matter I preached upon. Besides I must labour
in some other way to obtain the means to publish and
circulate my new works.—for I have been my own
Tract Society. Had I lived in England I should have
printed more and lectured less: in America I must do
as I did.

Your two letters, dear friends, are full of interesting matter
which I am not quite well enough to write on now. I hope
to do so when I return from the Continent next year.
Yes at Bristol itself. I wish it were possible now. But we

shall stay only a week or ten days in London. There I found letters dated Montreux Switzerland May 28. My friends are well and happy. I meant to visit Scandinavia with my friend Desor, but hear nothing from him. My American friend Lyman has not arrived so we are all alone in this great Babel of modern civilization. I have seen nobody but the Bankers Bates and Sturgis (Baring Brothers & Co) old acquaintances and genial kindly men. I hope to see Martineau, Newman and others of the noble sort, but must be prudent and not talk much with thoughtful men.

When I reached Santa Cruz I went, or rather crawled for I could hardly walk, to the grave yard and selected my place of rest if the angel of Death should say "Thus far no Body, but no further." It seemed odious to lay my bones in ground where the bottom of the grave was dry as the top and where no grass can grow but only abominable sedges six or eight feet high. Yet I found a sufficient place under a tamarind and a silk Cotton tree (Bombax Ceiba) though unlovely. But when I trod on English ground I felt that the clods of the valley would be sweet to the crumbling flesh. I would not object to laying my bones where, save six generations my fathers have left their ashes for eight hundred years. Yet I shall prefer to take home a sound body.

I shall send you a couple of little pamphlets now in press in America, soon as I receive them.— One is a letter to my Society at home, and written at Santa Cruz. But my hand and my spirit both fail me now. Please accept the grateful regards of Mrs P—

Carpenter M.

and Miss Stevenson who are both with me, and believe me both
thankfully and affectionately yours
Theodore Parker.

To Miss Mary Carpenter. Bristol England.

Montreux (Pension Kettner) Suisse—
June 23rd 1859

My dear Miss Carpenter

Your very kind note of the 12th instant was written the day we left London; it reached me at Paris after a little delay, but too late to be replied to there. The air of London irritated my lungs and made me cough. Blackfriars is not desirable for a sick man and so we fled away as soon as possible. Besides so many kind persons came to visit me, their conversation was so interesting and their very presence so welcome that I was in a state of excitement which prevented sleep and made me fall back every day. At Paris it was much the same only the air was better, and we were forced to quit that most attractive of cities after a few days. I found my friend Charles Sumner there, much better in health, and spent five or six hours with him every day. We passed a day at Dijon the old capital of Burgundy you know, and one of the quaintest old towns I ever saw; it is a piece of

the middle ages, pure and simple, full of historic associations. I found the nose and lips of both the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons in the Statues of Jean sans peur and Charles the Bold. We spent a day at Geneva and are now in one of the most romantic and healthy places in the world: already do I feel the change in the afflicted part.

I know that you will pardon me for writing so much about myself. It grieved me very much to find that I must leave London without seeing you or Miss Cobbe. Really it was too bad after all your very generous intentions. But when I return to England we will make amends for it and take our revenge. I need not tell you how much interest I take in your noble work at Bristol. Many things are called Christianity a name dear or hateful as you define it one way or another; often it means repeating a liturgy and attending Church or Chapel; sometimes it means burning men alive; in half of the United States of America it means kidnapping, enslaving men and women! The Christianity which your admirable Father loved, taught and lived was Piety and Morality, Love to God, Love to Man. The Keeping of the natural Laws God writes on sense and soul. It is this which I honour and love in you, especially as it takes the form of Humanity and loves the unlovely. The greatest heroism of our day spends itself in lanes and alleys, in the haunts of poverty and crime seeking to bless such as the institutions of the age can only curse. If Jesus of Nazareth were to come back and be the Jesus of London I think I know what (negative and positive) work

he would set about. He would be a new Revelation of Institutions applying his universal justice to the causes of Ill; but also an angel of Mercy, palliating the Effects of those causes which could not be at once removed or made well. You are doing this work, the work of Humanity: it seems to me you have a genius for it.

Accept my hearty thanks for all your kind intentions and believe me faithfully yours

Theodore Parker.

Drew. M. T.

To Miss Mary T. Drew. Boston.

Rome. 17 March 1860.

My dear Mary

This sheet is ruled as whosoever-saved as some women cut their bread; but I hope you will excuse it. I wonder what with interest you must in Rome! something that belongs to housekeeping no doubt. Here all the washing is done in cold water at great public stone fountains. The kitchens here would astonish you; I think five bushels of charcoal would last a decent family a year to do all their cooking with. They have no pot so large as our tea kettle at home: half a dozen copper stew-pans make up the battery as they call a set of kitchen tools. The people live chiefly on vegetables, like our sheep and look ill-fed and hungry. I have seen only one fat man in Rome and he came in the day before, and went off the next day. I have lost 15 to 20 pounds of flesh in the five months that I have been here and am by no means gaining now. Good nutritious food, in our sense of the word is not to be had in Rome for love or money. The weather has not been cold this winter; there has seldom been any ice in the fountains or streets. But the weather has been cloudy, rainy, windy, changeable and disagreeable. I have many times wished myself in my quiet study, where if I could not improve, I could at least do something and so be of some little use to Mankind. Here I get no letter and can do nothing. It grieved me a great deal to hear

Drew. Me. 7.

that you fell and sprained your wrist so badly! You have a whole siege of trouble, but I am glad to believe the worst of it is all over now. Mr Manley and Miss Thayer keep me informed about you. Please ask George when he writes to tell me if the Boy ever arrived from St. Thomas, and what condition the contents were in. There was a glass jar with a great flower in spirits of wine meant for John L. Russell of Salem— did he ever get it? G. is quite slack in giving me information about all such things as seem to belong to him to write about. But I suppose his head is so full of Latin that nothing else could be sifted in between them. — I hope you do not allow yourself to lack such help as a Doctor can give you— it is not much after all but it is something. Remember me kindly to all your friends. My wife and Miss S. send their kindest wishes to you; I need not say that I add mine. I know how much you took Mrs Tolles's death to heart— but she was fortu=nate to die so easy and so quick. Remember me to George and his companion, and believe me truly your friend,

Theodore Parker.

To the Shepherd and Shepherdess. C

This from the flock of Sheep and Lambs cometh greeting.

Forasmuch as we are left in this distant fold as sheep having no shepherd given up wholly to the light of nature and the guidance of reason - which all theologicians tell us is by no means sufficient unto us - bearing moreover that one of them who do revile our faith and go about seeking what straggler from the fold they may convert to their dark superstitions - even the Rev Nehemiah - is in our neighborhood and fearing that his wiles may be suffered to prevail unless our hearts and our hands be strengthened - we do pray to give us the light and comfort of your presence on some day this week - which may prove convenient and agreeable to yourselves. To the appointing of which time three considerations mainly move us - the impatient yearnings of our filial hearts after our Spiritual Father and Mother - the consideration that we shall be alone at home this week - and may wander next week - and still more that our roses are now in bloom and the grass about us wearing its freshest green. You shall sit upon our shady piazza and enjoy the distant view of the ocean or the blowing breezes, or you shall wander at will over rough rocks or green pastures and smooth beaches -

On these grounds we rest our petition trusting you will find an abler advocate in your kind hearts than in our feeble tongues, and in this hope we remain as ever

Most respectfully
your disciples and friends
of the tribe of Curtis and Littlehale.

Per
E. S Littlehale
Scribe pro tem.

Manatawny house
2d first day of the
month.

To the Tribe of Curtis and the Tribe of Littlehale their Friend sendeth Greeting,

It grieved me much, little flock to hear of the dangers which beset you on all hands, — the Perils of the Summer and the Perils of the Sea, and the Perils also of Nehe=miah going about seeking whom he may devour, even as Alexander of Boston — goeth about seeking what he may devour. My heart was moved to come and comfort you this very day — which is the fifth day of the week — but divers hindrances stood in the way, wherefore I am firmly resolved to visit and strengthen you on the third day of the next week, if it be possible so to do, and until then with all love for the dispersed among the Rocks of Marblehead I remain

? distressed

affectionately

Your Shepherd.

Theo. Parker.

The Shepherdess also hath the tenderest concern for the Mothers of the Flock and their Lambs, and hopes soon to see their faces and hear their bleat.

Cheney. E. D.

To Mrs Ednah. D. Cheney. South Manchester Conn.

Newton Corner. 1. July 1853.

My dear Ednah.

I cannot resist the invitation you have made. So I will make a little visit to South Manchester, and give you two lectures. I would start next week, but I have a little Book in the press, and I cannot leave my Baby yet. I will take the cars for Hartford on Monday morning, July the 11th, and lecture for you Monday night and Tuesday night and then return on Wednesday. It will give me pleasure to see Mrs Cheney who has delighted me so much under another name. With the kindest Regards to Mr Cheney

Yours faithfully
Theo Parker.

Cheney. E. D.

Boston July 18th 1854.

Dear Ednah,

I can't let you go off to Europe and not come and say "God be wi' ye" to you and Mr Cheney. So I think Z and I will just come and look in upon you next Tuesday. I think we will take the Express Train at IX A.M., that I think will set us down (with the Branch's help) at Manchester, where we can easily manage to get down to South Manchester. I may be wrong in my Geography, if so, please let me know.

Ah well. He is at Lee. with love to all.

Yours

S. P.

Boston 31 July 1854.

My dear Ednah,

What a long time it is since I have seen you! Yet now and then I hear a word from you — through the Shannons and perhaps some others. I need not say how much I sympathize with your noble Heart in all its Sufferings and Strivings: but I wish I could now and then step in to tell you so, and say a friendly word. So it cannot be, and I can only send a cold word. We were all glad to hear the more favorable report of Mr Cheney — some day when he is well enough give him the kindliest greeting from

Cheney. E. D.

Mrs P. and me. Little Babie we also both send a kiss to—

It must be a great comfort to you to have both your Mother and your Baby with you; so while you attend to one generation you also connect two generations more. Do you ever feel a little lonely in your position at Manchester; or do the manifold cares and sorrows and hopes of your duty as wife and mother so occupy your time that you have no moments left for yourself!

God bless you

Yours faithfully

Theo. Parker

Kindest Regards to your Mother and all the Families.

Boston 15. Sept. 1856.

My dear Edmah,

The flowers I brought from your brook— the Gentians I mean— stood on the pulpit yesterday morning and are now on the desk before me. You need not fear that you and your sorrows were forgotten from the sympathies of any of your friends— many kind and tender inquiries came, and gentlest expressions of fellow-feeling for your great sorrow.

I found in my pocket not $7. but $10. so I take the 3 of excess and put it in the Box for poor Kansas, and

Cheney. E. D.

shall consider that the arm of the dear man reaches out of the glories of Heaven and drops this last material benefaction into the hand of the neediest of the suffering.—

I send you also a little Sermon which you have heard and read before, but may yet once more like to see.

Believe me sympathizingly and faithfully yours

Theo Parker.

To the Same. Boston.

My dear Edmund,

Your gift has a two fold charm— one of its own for it is full of Beauty and Grandeur, one also from the Giver. For both I shall value it always.

Yours faithfully

Feb 15th 1857. Theo. Parker.

P. S. This is the twelfth Anniversary of the meeting of our Society.

Cheney. E. D.

New York Feb^y 5^th 1859.

I am sorry that I did not see you before I left Boston— But it can't be helped now. Accept my thanks for all the affection you have shown me in times past— and my hearty good wishes for your prosperity and happiness in the future. Remember me thankfully and kindly to your Mother and Sisters, and give little Day's Eye a kiss for me.

Affectionately & faithfully
Theodore Parker.

Montreux (Pension Letterer)
June 28^th 1859.

My dear Ednah,

I have not written you a single line since I fled off from Boston: what adds to the mischief I did not have the coveted opportunity to bid you good bye for I know not how long. Now I have a little breathing spell being quietly settled down for a few weeks perhaps, and so comes this letter— wholly of friendship and partly of thanks the latter being something more than the sum of all the parts which the metaphysicians say make up the whole.— I have written so much about myself lately— good news too since I came to this place— that I am the greatest bore in the world to myself, as bad as Abby Folsom or even Mr

Mellen to the Anti-slavery conventions;— no, worse than that, as bad as Mr ____ to the 28th Congregational. If somebody should announce "the Rev Theodore Parker" I think I should put on my shoes after I had taken him coldly by the hand, and tell him, "I am very sorry sir! but really sir, I have important business which takes me to Iowa— &c— I— I— I beg your pardon sir, but,— but,— but— I must bid you good morning sir!" so I should walk off 4 or 5 miles in the rain to escape the "devastator of the day", to such a degree has that Gentleman become wearisome to me.— What shall I tell you— there are so many things that I know not which to select. So I will take the people I saw at London. We had not been there 48 hours when an old gentleman was announced — a Mr R. H. Brabant 79 years old, who had come from Bath to pay me his respects. "You dont know me Sir," said he. It is only your name that is forgotten I said— I remember you very well!" Fifteen years ago he came from Devizes, 90 miles, to see me, and I dined with him at his son-in-law's House (Mr Hennell, now dead, was the son-in-law.) It did me good to see the Old Gentleman again, full of scholarship and humanity.— Mrs Shaen and Miss Winkworth came to see us and sat an hour or so, they are sisters, intelligent, cultivated and thoughtful women— full of literature, ideas and humanity. You know the Book of Hymns one of these talented sisters has translated from the German. We lunched at the Martineaus one day— the only time I have taken a meal abroad since I left home, (I wonder if some of my ancestors were not Hiberni-ans— for this is the second Hibernian in this letter!) then I saw-

Cheney E.D

Mrs Martineau; She and her husband had called on us before and her nice daughters, three of them,—the married one is with her husband growing hops in Kent. Pleasant people they all are, in whom the nice artifice of culture has not impaired or concealed the instincts of generous nature. I love such girls— Frank Shaw's daughters are admirable specimens— and Mr G W. Curtis has one of them for wife, the better part of that good man. Rev. Mr. Taylor, and several younger men were at the lunch interesting and instructive people all of them. Professor H D. Rogers, the kindly, was living at London for the summer— he "goes to Glasgow to teach and comes to London to learn," so he says. He and his wife came to see us twice— he, besides, every day we were in town: they kindly pressed us to come and live with them all the time we should stay in London, dear kind souls that they are.— One of the last persons who came to visit us the night before we went away was— Ellen Craft! I count that an honor. The last time I saw them before was the day of their flight from Boston— You remember George T. Curtis and his pack (of fellow creatures) had been basking at them for several weeks— seeking to send them to pieces. I married William and Ellen in solemn sort in a house on "Nigger Hill", and put a Bible and a Sword into his hands and bade him use both with all his might! I had given him a Pistol before.— It did me good to meet her again in Blackfriars, London, where the kidnapper would not be held in very high honor— I thought

Cheney. E D.

of the time when Hannah and John Parkman and I rode out to Brookline to bring Ellen into my house where I might keep her in safety. I took a hatchet along with me for defence — I afterwards had better fighting-tools — and borrowed a Pistol of Dr Bowditch as I returned. Poor thing, she feels better now than when she lived in my upper chamber, and we did not let the girls go to the street door to let any visitors in. I hope these times will not come again to Boston. — Do you remember Mr Cholmon-deley (Chumley, they call the name)? He came to see me — and offered to furnish me with money if I were in need of any! It was really touching, — for he was also delicate and generous in his offer — not the less welcome because not needed. Mr Seward was very polite to me — He is received with great enthusiasm by the city men in London — and is delighted with their kindness; they think, as I do — that they are attending to the next President of the United States. Mr Bright got us — Lyman and me — a place to attend the House of Commons — and we heard the great debate which led to the expulsion of the Derby Ministry. Bright made a fine speech — honest, sincere, manly and sufficiently eloquent for the House of Commons which laughs at sentiment. — How handsome the English women are! Fine large animals, they have good hair, good teeth, good eyes, and a noble complexion. (Mrs Bodichon, who offered us many attentions, is a good type). The Children I think must be the finest in the world — what a show

Cheney. E.D.

of them at Hyde Park, at Kensington gardens, and many other places in London— All our women-kind send their love to you— and all your Mother's family. My wife thanks Daisy for the flowers— as we all thank you for the handkerchiefs; the Hunts and Apthorps make us quite happy here: now good bye my dear child

Faithfully yours

Theodore Parker.

Rome 31 Dec. 1859.

a Happy new year to my dear Edna, and little Daisy and the rest of the family in Somerset Street, in Bowdoin Street, or wherever else. I have long since written you letters in fancy, but as it is not quite so easy to do it in fact leaning over a table, I think you have not received one of them this long time. We are quite happy here (all but——) with the Apthorps under the same roof with us and Willie growing up to be a great Boy with really extraordinary talents— moral as well as intellectual. When I was here in 1844 I often saw Mr Cheney— tho' he was quite ill even then. Now I am the sick one and he is at rest where the Body ceases from troubling the Soul that musteth on many things. Here are many American Artists— Terry whom Mr C knew very well I think, Paige, Wilde, Story, not to speak of the Sisters in the Arts. Miss

Cheney E.D.

Sibbins Hattie Hosmer and Miss Lander. Story has a fine genius— he has now finished a Judith which is quite remarkable. All the other Judiths I have seen are revolting; the artist takes her when the deed is done, and she is there in cold blood— with the gory head in her hand. You forget the motive of the deed and the provocation which caused it in your horror at the ghastly head and the cruel looking sword: You go off with a shudder, and dream dreadful dreams of some great black eyed bony woman coming to chop you to pieces. But Story sculptures the Heroine before her thought has become a deed: it is only a Purpose, a Will. She prays to Jehovah of Hosts to give courage to her womanly heart and strength to her maidenly arm to strike the blow. So she stands there, the sword half behind her, loosely held in the left hand while her uplifted right hand and devout face turned heavenward tell the prayer she puts up. It is a Jewish woman, large, determined and handsome. You would look at it often and always with pleasure. He has likewise a Hero holding up a torch and looking into the darkness for poor Leander. I like it very much but don't comprehend it yet so well as the Judith.

So far I wrote yesterday, when fatigue, occasioned by many interruptions overcame me and the hour of closing the mail drew near, and so the envelope must go to America with no word to you. It is now Jan.y 1. 1860— and while you are still asleep and hid by 3000 or 4000 miles of distance I wish you and yours a Happy New Year! How lightly we often say these words of common courtesy!——. Mr Story

Cheney E. D.

is at work on the statue of President Quincy for the Alumni of Harvard College, and I doubt not will make a fine thing out of it. The price offered ($7,500) is quite too small, even if the work were to be delivered in Rome, while I believe he is to deliver it in Cambridge; the block of marble delivered at his studio will cost $1000- and may have such a flaw in it that he must pay an additional $1000 for another! Quincy is a grand figure for a Statue and will look well in his Academic robes put into Stone. I am glad Story has the work even if he loses money by it. Bart Powers had $12,000 for his Webster tho' delivered at Munich! I hear some talk from America about a Statue to Mann and Miss Hosmer making it. She has fine talents, but I wonder if any woman ever made a tolerable Statue of any man. I should doubt that a New England virgin was quite fit to make a Statue of a full grown man; for she would faint if she should see only a man's leg without his pantaloons and boots. What a dreadful fuss-dery there is in these days! to demand female artists and then deny them the Opportunity to learn their Art! — Rome is a good place for a well man who is also a Scholar, but for an unsalted Yankee I should think it would be the most unsatisfactory spot in Europe- the Past is all, there is no Present but misery, and no Future but Decay and Destruction. It is a Fossil-City, the Pope is a Fossil-Ruler- mediaeval. It is as impossible that a Pope should be a progressive King and rule in the Spirit of the great

Cheney C D.

Idea of the XIX^th century as that a Sinner should be virtuous, or a thief just: there is a contradiction in the adjunct. It is delicious to see the bother the Pope and his Coadjutor are in just now. He owes $ 67,000,000, and runs behind hand $1,000,000 a year- at his best estate. Now the Legations will pay him no money! what shall he do? he will not dig, and to beg would be unprofitable. No Peter's Pence in these days for the Successor of St Peter- the great Apostle of the Circumcision!
The Romans are a handsome People- Homely women are in the minority here! well, as every woman has an unalienable Right to be handsome I rejoice that this demand of her Nature gets its supply. The Men are handsome, so are the boys,- the finest looking young fellows I have ever seen. Then they are so graceful. I have never seen a lubberly boy in all Rome. There are no Gawkies even in the country. They are not awkward- but use their limbs well: they stand well, and walk well. I think the men are handsomer, on the whole, than the women. I mean such as you see in the Streets- and indeed a Stranger sees no others. This may come from the fact that the women of the common people are more overworked than the men- and so do not attain their natural development so well. Woman needs finer material conditions than man. The most notice-able industry of Rome is devoted to the fine Arts- none of the coarse arts of usefulness prevail much here. But it is a curious fact that in ancient and modern times hardly any native of Rome has acquired any considerable distinction in Sculpture, Painting, Architecture or Music- the most

Cheney E.L.

sensuous of all. It is rare that a Roman born has been distinguished in any department of letters! Of course the Architecture of a city strikes a visitor first – he knows the outside look of the parts of the hive before he gets familiar with the character or the habits of the workers or the Drones who live in it. Of course the most illustrious buil= =dings are the Churches. "Heathen" Rome and "Christian" are alike in many things – the latter has the most Gods however; but in this they differ: the Heathen City did not go much into the Business of building temples for the Gods – what she had were quite small and generally no great things in point of cost or beauty I think; while the buildings for the use of men – Baths, Basilicas, Theatres and the like; and public Palaces for Kings – were of great size and beauty, as well as surprising in point of number. But the Xn (that means christian) City runs to Churches for the use of the Gods – i.e. for Christ, the virgin Mary, and the little Beasts of Saints who crowd the almanac with their names and the town with their Churches. It is amazing to see how Chunck- mad the Romans have been in times past – or if not the Romans, at least their Masters, – the Popes, Bishops, Cardinals &c. Generally these buildings are homely Structures on the outside – made of dingy brick, or of a ragged sort of stone (Travertine) which soon tarnish in this dampest of all moist cities, and looks homely forever. In the inside you are struck with the enormous wealth which the buildings cost – (St Peters took up over $ 58,000,000.-

(Sheney E.D.

and is by no means finished, only stuccoed where marble was both meant and required!) with the extraordinary beauty of the material, and the admirable workmanship expended on all the details from the Mosaic pavement of many colored and precious marbles up to the ceiling of the nave which is made of wood curiously carved and lavishly gilt. The Size also fills you with admiration in some of the greater Basilicas which cover from one to three acres of ground - St Peters I think covers about six acres. But there is not one which lifts you up with wonder, with admiration and with awe. Here is the inferiority of this Roman architecture com=pared with the Teutonic - which appear in many forms and is known by many names Gothic being the chief and most common. The Roman Basilica, even St. Peters, denotes Rest in the attained, no more, and disposes to quiet and slumber: Dormi dulce it seems to say. But the great Teutonic Meetinghouses for the People - as you find them in Germany and in the Teutonic parts of France - Bur=gundy, Normandy, Frankia; in Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and England - indicate a Longing after the Ideal and an Aspiration to attain it; they dispose to meditation, thought and heroic life, for they seem to say, Surge et labora dum Dies vocatur. Both Styles have grown out of the Heart of the People - and a great crop of Literature corresponding to the temples and Political and Social Institutions from the same dissimilar roots. - The Priests, the (French) Soldiers, and the Beggars are the most active people here, after those devoted to the land

Cheney, E.D.

necessities of life. The first are quite worthy of study. There are 37,000 in the Roman States in a Population of 3¼ millions. Here in Rome the secular clergy with the Regulars of the superior monastic orders, to judge from their looks and bearing, have come from the superior classes of the people — and bear about the same relation to Rome that the Graduates of Harvard College do to Massachusetts, both in respect to Birth and Education. They are well dressed, neat and clean, always decorous — such is the tone of the clerical class in all lands, except the Spanish american Provinces it may be — intelligent-looking, and kindly to Strangers. (Indeed all Italians are good mannered and gentlemanly). But in their faces there is a curious contradiction of feelings portrayed — namely a strong self-esteem, a Pride of Station, of Class and Function; and a sense of Humility, of Abasement, of Original Sin, of being the Offscouring of the world. One is natural, the other conventional; one comes from the great stream of Sacerdotal Power which sweeps throughout the land; the other is a reflection from the little eddies formed by its banks, and the slight roughness which "dusk and shiver" on its surface, as a puff of wind blows this way or that. It is quite curious to trace these two conflicting expressions in the sacerdotal face of Rome. They appear also in Papal literature. The Pope is the most arrogant Sovereign in Europe — the infallible; others represent Armies and threaten you with the gallows; he represents God, and menaces the rest of mankind with eternal Hell. But above of all Sovereigns he calls himself Servus Servorum, and dates his haughtiest mandates from Nostro Tugurio Vaticani

(our little hovel of the Vatican!) and seals it with Sigillo Piscatoris (the seal of a common Fisherman!). — But here is the end of my paper — much love to all your Family — ascending and descending. How I should like to sit down to tea with them all once more! only I cant talk — voice all gone. Dont forget to include Sissie Curtis and ask her to extend the salutation to her Family both in Charlestown and Brookline where that dear good Connie has gone. Remember me specially to St Mary of Newton Corner. My wife sends the kindest of good wishes to you and yours — (I would put in a Daisy if it would not make the letter over weight), Miss S and the Hunts add theirs.

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker

Please show this round to the Elect — Mr Manley will hand it to others.

About Roman Question is worth studying — pretty trustworthy.

Cabot. Geo. C.

To George. C. Cabot. Boston.

24. Augt 1858.

My dear Georgie.

Have not seen the old gentleman for a whole month! never away from him so long since 1848! I was quite sorry not to find you the last day I went in town- but was glad to hear such good things from my wife- Mr F. pays you a large salary- I hope you will be sure to earn and deserve it all. I have always made it a rule to earn a little more than I was paid for. But the difficulty with young men often is to keep and save what they actually receive. Have a good care of that. You know your fortune depends on your earning and saving. If I know you I think you are a very good young man. I dont know any immoral habit that you have- and hope I shall never hear of any- You have an excellent opportunity to acquire a reasonable fortune. If you conduct well and save your money, by the time you are five & twenty you will be able to marry some suitable young woman whom you love and who loves you.— I dont know who it is, perhaps you do not, yet, but will find out in due time.— — I am glad you are staying at Mr Thayers to take care of the house and the girls. I trust you will prove worthy of the confidence they place in you. Innocent young people can have a good time together when the unworthy must not be trusted— It is my birth-day. I am 48 years old! more than

Cabot. Geo. C.

twice as old as you; when you are as old I hope you will be a better and more useful man. I shall be at home next Thursday P. M. I think, but am not quite sure.

Affectionately yours T. P.

Mr Oldgentleman at Parker's. Boston

c

When he goes a galling
George wants a cane;—
Here's a little crooked one
To help him home again.

T. P.— L. D. P.

Jan. 1. 1859.

Cabot. Geo. C.

To George. C. Cabot. Boston.

West End St Croix 23 April. 1859.

My dear Georgie.

First a word of Business - for the Old Gentleman is a Merchant and must attend to Business before all things. So tell Mr F. that I drew on him for $800. 55/100 April 18th the merchants Koefoed, Whitmore & Co drew the Bills at sight and sent them from St Thomas for me to sign. I signed but asked them to make it 30 or 60 days. I shall draw about $150 more from St Thomas about May 16th. The next draft will be from London, say about the first of June, I think £100. I suppose it will cost me about $300 a month to live and travel in Europe. I name that as the basis of calculation. I shall make it less if possible.

I send by the Anna Hinckley, Schooner, (Capt Finney, master) which leaves here for Boston tomorrow, and is consigned to Cheney & Co Central wharf - a Box marked "T.P. No 618. keep dry." It contains all sorts of things: you had better open it, Mary will take charge of the clothes - you will put the "Notions" into a Box and set them in the wood room - so much for the business.

We had letters last Sunday (17th inst) from various persons, G. C. C amongst them. I am very sorry to hear that poor Mary has been so ill. I fear she did not keep the kitchen warm, any more than the entries: I trembled for her when I left home. — I am glad to find you have so

Entd. Geo. C.

good a time— I suppose you went to all the Balls you mention! Be a little careful not to overdo;— your natural tendency is more to frivolity than to earnestness, so it is wise to keep your eye out in the direction of pleasures and be sure you do not go too far! You have not written a word about the "gals"— not about one of them! Pray tell me how each one of them is, not forgetting those in Channey and Kneeland Streets. Tell me about the Fraternity, what it does, and what it means to do next Winter. Will they keep their annual Pic-nic this year? I suppose you have got the water back again: what a calamity to be cut off from Cochituate! You remember we have a little cistern under the floor of the wash-room, which I suppose is full of water that you can reach with the pump, if the aque=duct should fail again.

Remember me very kindly to Mr Fay and all his family, you must not forget how much you owe to him, and to Jacob also. We are all well— i.e except myself, and I think I am much better than a month ago; only the cough continues. We sail from St Thomas in the Persia May 17th or thereabout, and after June 1. shall often hear from home. The address at London will be Baring, Brothers &Co you know. Remem=ber me heartily to W. Sexton and give my love to Mary Drew— Help her all you can, and comfort her when she is sad hearted— and now dear Old Gentleman believe me

Yours affectionately

F. P.

Cabot. Geo. C.

I did not pay the freight on the Box. Remember me to Francis Jackson and his family not forgetting the grand daughter, to the Mays and Garrisons and Wolcotts. Do you stay till XI!

I got Captain Finney to look at me. You may go down and see him and he will tell you how I look; no Bostonian has seen me since Feb 21, when I left Dr Howe.

Take no notice of letters asking for "autographs" but let 'em slide.

To the Same.

St Thomas Sunday Night 15 May 185[illegible]

My dear George,

We have just received letters from S. C. C. from J. Manley, Jo. Lyman, and Caroline Thayer up to April 17, they came while I was writing the date of this. I shall not write much to the dear old Gentleman this time. He will see Aunt Lydia's letters to Mary and Caroline Thayer. Please mail the enclosed— keep an account of all you spend in postage stamps on my account— We shall steam in the Parana for Southampton tomorrow, I suppose, at XII M. I leave a Box here marked "Dexter Fay & Sons, Boston, for T. P." It may not reach Boston for three months; when it comes take out all the things and put them in a safe

Cabot. Geo. C.

place. If the glass vessel is not broken write and tell John L Russell you have a Night-blooming Cereus for him. Take the things out of the Shell, and if they are dry put them back again. Save the Books and Pamphlets. Kind regards to your chum, and the galls! Think of Lizzy M!. well, the Miss Wolcotts are left and 40 more. Love to Mary, good bye the dear old Gentleman. Remember me to Mr Fay and all the Fays.

Affectionately, yours S. P.

To Georgie

Radleys Hotel. Blackfriars
London, June 2 1859,

My dear Georgie,

Here we all are after a steam in the Paranà of 3800 miles in 15 days. H. suffered a good deal from sea-sickness, L. but little, I not much. I think I am better than when I left St Thomas 15 May, and believe I have not been so well any 4 days since I left home as the last 4. How does the Fraternity get on; or still more how do the galls behave! Remember me to them all. – how many are there! I hope you attend well to your business – I want you to be a thorough merchant familiar with all that belongs to your special business – and have not

Cabot. Geo. C.

said so much about that as I thought and felt for I saw you loved innocent pleasure, and, so long as it was innocent did not wish to mar the joy of Youth. But you must not always be a B O-o-oy. There is a time for all things when you are 24, or 23, it is time for serious devotion to business. I had to begin at 17, or even earlier. Please be kind and attentive to Mary, and remember me to her quite lovingly. Kind Regards to the Forgs.—

Lyman has not yet come. I found letters here from the Hunts, none from Detroit, or from home. Lyman will come Saturday or Sunday, and bring us lots of letters. Remember me to Willard, and many more.

affectionately

Uncle Theodore.

To the Same

Montreux, Canton de Vaud, Suisse

9 July 1859.

My dear Georgie.

Here we all are. All thriving and reasonably happy. I am better by far than any time since I left home. But Mr Lyman has written Mr Manley about that matter so I need say no more of myself — a gentleman I do not like to speak of. — The Hunts and Apthorps have changed

Robt Sea. C.

but little; only Willie has grown taller, more boyish and at the same time, more thoughtful. He studies about two hours a day, and plays (rather gently and like a girl) the rest of the time.

I supposed Mr Fay's trouble would throw you out of a place, and feared you would be sometime without one. But I have such confidence in your integrity, self-control and virtue that I have had but little anxiety lest you should fall into vicious habits in the mean time. You are rather a secretive young man, and I may not understand you, but I think you conscientious and without either vicious habits or any strong tendency to them. I have taken pains to make you your own master and have never insisted my will on yours except in cases of the utmost necessity - preferring that you should be guided by your sense of Right and not mine. Therefore I left you at home with confidence that you would avoid the dangers which ruin so many young men. -

I hope you will keep all your eyes open and look for a new place: for you cannot afford to be idle. Yet I should be very careful to get a <u>good place</u>. Mr Fay can help you a little, with advice and his recommendation; Jacob and Mr Ayres are also your friends. But you must depend on <u>yourself</u> after all. You remember the fable of the lark who had her nest, full of young ones, in a field of wheat ready for the sickle. She came home one day and they told her - "we must fly away for the farmer's <u>friends</u>

Cabot. Geo. E.

are coming to cut the grain tomorrow"! No, said she, no danger yet! next night the corn was standing still, but the young ones, greatly distressed, told her, "the Farmer and his Boy came at sunrise and waited for his friends who did not come". then he said "will get our Relations to come and cut the corn!" No danger yet, said the old bird, and went off at peep of day next morning. But when she came home at night the little ones said - "the Farmer and his son have determined to come tomorrow and reap the grain with their own hands!" "Now" said the wise Mother, "we must be off - for if they begin to do their own work it will soon be over". So she took her little ones over the hedge that night and at sunrise the next morning the Old man and his Boy were up to their shoulders in the corn - which all lay flat before night.

When you write, do so on thin paper. I think you will find some in the upper part of my desk - the flap which lifts up. Don't send things heavy - letters here go by the 1/4. Oz or 7 1/2 French grammes; tell others of this. Direct next time to me at Neuchâtel, Suisse, aux soins de Professor Desor. I think we shall go there in a fortnight - perhaps sooner. - Here is a little note to Wm E. Rice, he is the young medical student who had my electrical apparatus. I think he lives now in Davis Street, but am not certain. When you write tell me all the news - how the Pic-nic went off, about Mr May's golden wedding and all about the Sons of Temperance. (I am glad you joined them and hoped you would one day - but did not like to advise it

Cabot Geo. C.

choosing to leave you to yourself.) – Stop in at Mr Goddards, sometime, and give my kindest regards to him and his. You may tell him that I have seen no carriages in London or Paris that would make him ashamed of the place in Federal Street or "the wonderful one Hoss Shay" that he makes for himself or others. Do you ever go out and see the Shannons? of course you do; remember me to them all, and if you are out these steps over to the Brackets and leave them a kind word of remembrance.

So Lizzie Meriam is engaged, perhaps married by this time. I hope it is to a worthy man. She is a fine girl, a good body, a good mind – handsome enough besides – Now the Frys are in trouble I hope you will be more attentive to the young women than ever. You are under great obligations to Mr Fry, and gratitude is not a common virtue tho' the most amiable and beautiful one. Now, in their poverty, a little attention on your part will be good for you both. I suppose Miss Abbie's singing will not be thought so well of in Boston now her harp is not golden. I hate the vulgarity of selfish men who can only see worth in money. – Perhaps it is well that Business is dull in Boston this season, but I am sorry to see the importations are so large. The telegraph will tell of a suspension of hostilities here, and before it is understood, a great change will be made in the value of certain kinds of Property. But it does not mean that the war is at an end or likely to be; it is only pausing for a minute to take breath; it is not a truce, only an opportunity for one. I hope the Austrians will be driven out of Italy, and

Cabot Geo. C.

should not be sorry if the Pope and his kindred went with them. We are within 100 miles of Peschiera in a strait line. Mr. Lyman has just come from Solferino - he visited the field 6 days after the battle! All send their love to Mary and you. I am sorry to hear she is ill again. She must go off into the country.

Good bye. T. P.

To the Same.

Montreux. Canton Suisse. 22 Sept: 1859.

My dear George,

I have not heard directly from you this long time, but indirectly now and then, always via Concord Mass, whence I conclude either that you have become a vacation-pupil of Mr Sanborn, or else that Gov Banks has appointed you an Agent to prepare the ground for the muster soon to take place in that renowned town. I can think of nothing else which would draw you there. But in due time I suppose you will find your way back to Boston, and to some place in Business. Don't neglect all possible and just means to have a good place, and that soon;

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do"

I am fearful for a young man out of work - it not only costs money to be idle - but much more than money.

Cabot. Geo. C.

(Does Mr Fay go into business again, or what does he do? Present my kindest regards to him and his estimable family. He was an upright man and a generous- and I like him the better in his misfortune: but I think he will recover and be rich again. He has great Business talent and great Integrity- which is more rare.

In the Box which came from St Thomas- or which I left there to be sent home, there was a glass jar containing a night-blooming Cereus in Alcohol. Did it come safe, and did you write John L Russell at Salem telling him it was for him! as I asked in my letter. I wonder if any public Documents have come for me since January last. If any such do arrive you may file them up in some safe place in the Parlor- which will not have the carpet down this winter- or wherever you and Mary think it best- I wonder what you did with the Garden! How do the grapes flourish- and the Pears! As you are the Superintendent you must report- - - I hear that Mary is better, and hope she will continue so. for really it remains with her to keep well or to get ill again. I trust she will take good care of herself. - - - - - Here is a little note (for Mr Russell- which please put in an envelope and send out to West Roxbury by mail. Here is another for Mr Leighton that you can hand him perhaps. Step in sometime to Mr Nash and give him my kindest remembrances, and also to his neighbour Mr Emmons- I shall not see a better man before I return to Boston- perhaps not then. - - - I think I am better than ever before since I left home- I gain in all things: only the wicked

Cabot. Geo. C.

cough clings to me. I suppose we shall stay here, perhaps a month more — or thereabouts the time depending on the weather; and then go to Rome via Marseilles. But that (old & sick kitty) is still a little uncertain for the Pope is sticking military feathers in his ministerial cap. I would give up my visit to his Holiness if he might get the sound drubbing that he needs from the Bolognese, who don't want such a Chap for their King. But letters had still better be sent here, 'till further notice. We got letters today (up to Sept 7th) from Mrs Nichols, St Matilda and Caroline Whitney. I wish I could have been at the wedding of Miss Thayer — for I like to assist at the marriage of those I like and know. I find letters weighing only 7 1/2 French Grammes (they will tell you how much that is in grains and penny weights at the P. O.) come here in the French closed mail for 21 cents, by the Prussian it costs 35 cents I think in Boston, and 4 cents more here. You had better get exact information at the P. O. and then tell Mr Manley. Ask too whether the French mail takes letters to Rome for the same price; the Prussian closed mail used to take half a Troy ounce letters to Rome for 35 cents. — What was done with the great Goby — that came in the boy from St Thomas — I mean the shell! Keep it safe. — Now give my love to Mary — and beg her to take care of herself — Remember me to your Cluum, and to all the galls that you used to worry with your (in constant) visits. How are the Bradfords — whom you perhaps forget a little now a days — and what is Mr B. doing and how! Do you go up there and stay till ☒! How are the Wolcotts —! Remember me to both the Bs and the

Cabot. Geo. C.

Ms. How does the house look? and the Books? It wont be worth while perhaps to put the double windows in the Study – but do as you and Mary think best: it may make the house a little warmer. You must be very careful about the water this coming winter while the house is cold, and not let it freeze. Take special heed to the fire, so that we do not burn down. But you are a very careful person and I leave all things confidently to your charge. With much love

Faithfully yours

Theodore Parker.

I write a P.S. between the lines of the original letter. Read first the lines not numbered, then those numbered 1. 2 &c

P. S. Yours dated at Concord 29th ult is just rec[illegible] – (23d Sept), and contents noted: therefrom I learn two important things. (1) That you are interested in Miss ——— and would like to think of marrying her; (2) that you have lost all your earnings of the last 2 years by speculating in copper stock – meaning I take it, the copper companies whose stock has been kicking about among the gamblers these several years past. Now let me say a word on each of these things. (1) If you had not wasted your money in times past you would be in a condition to think seriously of offering yourself to Miss ——— now you cannot offer yourself with the same confidence as if you had saved your money to an innocent young girl! I would advise you to not [illegible]

Cath Geo. C.

estimate of your spendings since you went to Mr Fay's— just the items in 4 columns on 1 sheet, thus: Necessary Expenses. Needless pleasures. Instruction in some useful learning. Charities. Then see how the account looks & if it is such an exhibit as you would like to make to the young woman you wish to have become your wife!— So much for the first thing, now for the (2d). Speculating in fancy stocks, which have no real value, is Gambling; no more, no less. There are various implements of gambling— it makes no great odds whether the tools are prests, dice, cards, or the Board of Brokers, or a single Broker. Gambling is gambling with whatever tools the game is played. Well now, you have paid $2,000— if that is the sum— to learn that stock-gambling is not a safe business for you. In other words you have worked two years to learn that rather simple lesson. You don't tell me whether you consulted any reasonable man before you went into that line of business. I suppose you did not. I have invested for various persons some $100,000 or $150,000 in my life., I never invested $1, without consulting at least two judicious men— so as to know what the facts were. I dont know what has become of your land in Wisconsin. Have you ever got the deed for it? what is its (reputed) value now? I think you have bought your experience pretty dear. When Mr Fay paid you the money, you might have lent it on notes, or have bought some of the sound stocks which the market is full of: then your money would be safe— and would pay you an honest dividend. Now what have you got for it? "If you miss your hold spit on your hands and try again" is an old proverb— good if

Cabot. Geo. 6.

course. Be wise for the future; take the advice of judicious men before you do any important thing. You don't need Mr Fay's help to get a new place. He will give you a general letter of recommendation signed by the firm stating your qualifications, and perhaps also a separate letter signed by himself personally - then you must find the place yourself. I think I should not rusticate in Concord any longer, till I had got the situation I wanted - at least - some situation. I don't mean to say, my dear George, that you meant to gamble when you threw your money down for the "copper stock"; no doubt you did it innocently enough and honestly too. I only mean to speak of the nature of that business, not of your disposition. I should have thought just as ill of the transaction if you had won as now that you lose. By industry, thrift, economy you can regain the money you have thrown away - the loss will keep you back a couple of years - that is all. Don't be discouraged - but lay your bonet to hard work and save your money, and not follow the example of some whom you know that dawdle about the world and bring nothing to pass and are always holding out their hat to some hard working man for money. Keep an account of all the stamps you put on letters I ask you to mail for me - and I will pay for them if I ever get home.

Cabot. Geo. C.

To the Same.

Rome 3 Nov. 1859.

My dear George.

I have not much room in this letter, but don't like to let it go without a word to you. I rejoice greatly in your having got a new place and one too which seems to promise well. I am not quite sure that $600 is not as well for you as $1000, for you seem to have found it easier to get money hitherto than to keep it. But you seem to have been quite economical in the summer past as it regards your expenses for personal pleasure. I like your resolutions also for the winter. You are right in sticking to the Fraternity: just now it is the most valuable society in Boston, I think, and promises much for the future: I wish I could be of some use to it - but dear I never shall. - - - Let me suggest that you should take pains to make yourself a thorough and well-accomplished merchant. To that end: (1) make yourself master of the special business of Book-keeping; (2) learn all about the particular articles you deal in - their quality, their history - manner of production, prime cost, uses &c; (3) learn what quantities of those articles are produced in the world, and in special parts of it, where they find their chief market, and what fluctuations there are in the production, the consumption and the price thereof; (4) get acquainted with the leading merchants more particularly the young ones; (5) Be fair and

Cabot. Geo. E.

honest while you are forecasting and shrewd.— We all send our hearty love. Write a line or two and be sure it is correct in grammar, and in spelling and handsomely written also. Love to Mary. Did you send my little bit of a letter to E. R. Russell? I have had no answer yet from his family. When the new Books come, take them out of the box and pile them up on the Study floor, and write me the names of all the authors and the No of volumes in their works—for I have forgotten what they are. Remember me to Willard and all your Cronies. Good bye. T. P.

Child D. F.

To Dan'l F. Child Esq. Boston.

Address direct to

Montreux, Canton de Vaud, Suisse, 20 July, 185[illegible]

C

My dear Mr Child

Your kind letter came in due time and was thankfully received— I am glad to know that you all continue well; how big the biggest boy must be by this time! Even the youngest is pretty tall by this time. I hope your Brother Isaac and your sister Katharine are well. Please remember me very kindly to them all— I mean your Brother's Family. I was much grieved that I could not attend the funeral of Mrs Fisher— she had excellences which I should have gladly mentioned. But I could not then speak much, and so was compelled to stay at home. So Mr Guild has married Annie Gore. I hope it will be a happy union. Certainly both are excellent persons and seem well fitted to promote each other's welfare. A— is a sweet little dear creature and will make a nice domestic com=panion, full of tenderness and love. Please remember me to them with all manner of good wishes.

Mr May and others keep me informed of the doings at the Music Hall, and I have my communion with the company there every Sunday. But I suppose you have closed the doors now for the season, and will not open again till September. I rejoiced with them in their Pic Nic— and tho' I did not see them I could yet feel their presence

Child. D. F.

never so far off.

Of course my letter to the 28th has got printed before this time. Mr May says it will be sent to me by the next Steamer (July 13). I hope all men will read it with the charity which a sick man's work requires. If a man is sick at all he is commonly sick all over; I could have written a much better Apology for myself if I had been well. Some parts of it I fear are weak and others a little confused. I know you rejoice in the midsummer Sermon — for you heard that four years ago. I little thought then under what circumstances I should print it now!

You will like to hear a word about rail-roads, steam engines and the like I think — especially as you build the engines. The Lake of Geneva has some of the finest little steam-boats in the world, running all the time from Genera at the west end to Villeneuve at the East end. They have triple engines — like those on the Thames. I never saw such in America — and so there is almost no labor-ing-point in their action. their motion is free from that jerking and trembling which is so disagreeable in our boats. The father of Steamboats in Switzerland is an American, a Mr Church; he was the Son of that (in-) famous Dr Church who was a patriot in the beginning of the Revolution and afterwards turned traitor. His widow lives here in our neighborhood. The machinery of these Steamboats runs like watchwork almost, so nice is the mechanical skill of the makers. — They have rail-roads in several parts of Switzerland already, and are making

one now to run the whole length of this lake (of Geneva). It seems almost wicked to ride at rail-road speed where the scenery is so exceedingly handsome. But even in Europe men will be in a hurry. — — So the war is ended! a curious state of things. The Austrians were beaten in every battle tho' they always had superior numbers, and chose their own position for fight. I take it the Austrian Soldiers could not have been brought to stand before the French army again, so much had the defeats demoralized them. All men wonder that Napoleon did not go on as he at-first intended - and drive the Austrians out of Venetia as well as Lombardy. But I think several imperative reasons prevented his going further. 1. He could settle the matters without the intervention of the other great powers, after the battle of Solferino, but if he had conquered Venetia and proposed it annexed that to Sardinia, why Prussia, England & Russia would interfere - and he might lose by diplomacy what he had gained by arms.

2. He could not rely on the French for an indefinite period. at-first they were intoxicated with the Glory of triumph; the national vanity was greatly excited. But the French are a versatile people; by & by they would grumble at the cost of the war - so much money, so many lives spent for no solid advantage to the nation. He has avoided that reaction of public opinion.

3. The war was getting general. (1) In a fortnight more all Hungary would have been in revolt, and the Slavic provinces of Austria would rebel in a few months. Then Prussia and Russia must interfere - say England too. (2) The

Child. D. F.

Italian States were rising into rebellion and demanding what Napoleon would not dare allow. Haly the Pope's territory was in open revolt against that old Fogy, and if Napoleon were to oppose the Pope, or to favor his insurgent people, then all the 40.000 Priests in France would begin to stir up the devotees at home, and there would be a pretty state of things! the far-sighted Emperor must have known all this and much more: so he stopped at Solferino and has the merit of moderation as well as victory. In two months the whole thing was decided, 11 May to 11 July! It reads like a romance. But it has cost 100.000 lives! and I know not how much money. After all, the great questions are not settled. Ferrara. Bologna Perugia will not accept the Pope unless foreign bayonets force them; the Tuscans will not tolerate their former master. Parma and Modena will not be Austrianized any longer. There is still a pretty kettle of fish to fry... Alas- we have a terrible question to settle at home- worse than the Austrian or Italian. We got through the Old Revolution pretty well- I wish I could think the new one would be settled at as small cost of money or life. It is pleasant to see how logically our Masters at the South proceed: step by step they nationalize Slavery and bring all the federal officers and institutions over to the side of Slavery. Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Hampshire do not dare pass a Liberty Law and defend their own citizens: Ohio bids the Kidnapper put her men in jail for performing the most obvious duty. This will not last forever.— All mine send their love to all of yours.

Faithfully Theodore Parker.

Child D. F.

Remember me to all the good folks at the Iron works – I hope Mr and Mrs Hinkley will not forget me, nor Mr Morton and his pleasant family.

To the Same.

Rome 12 Nov. 1859.

My dear Mr Child.

Your welcome and witty letter came to us at Montreux adding new pleasure to what we had before. But day before yesterday came one from Mr Manley which gave me great and unexpected pain. He told me of the embarrassments of the Boston Locomotive works, of the stoppage of the machinery and the attempts to close up the concern. I know with what fortitude both you and yours will bear this trouble – but I cannot fail to say how much I sympathize with you in this distress. If a man had set his heart too much on the accumulation of property and were to lose it I might think it would be a good thing for him, and he would gain in manhood what he lost in money. But when a man has used his pecuniary as well as his intellectual talents for so noble ends as you have done – I feel a double grief if his power slips through his fingers. But I shall hope that this embarassment will prove only short – and that the hammer will soon

Child. D. L.

ving again as of old and Mind be wedded to Metal then as before till the two become one. I wonder what is to become of all the mechanics who worked there. It is on them often that the smallest pressure comes— Here we are, in Old Rome— a city ruled by systematic villany; the Gov= =ernment is but organized Robbery. All industry is dis= =couraged— all manufactures, all agriculture, all com= =merce. For example only one man in Rome is allowed to make candles: a duty of 100 per cent is put on the foreign article. Of course candles cost much money and give little light and after all, the French candles are the most economical in use. So is it with every thing. Logs are sawed into boards with pit-saws moved by hand. Houses are veneered with stone— and the stone is all sawed by hand. The city is the Paradise of the Priest, the Purgatory of the Soldier, and the Hell of all honest and laborious men. You are amazed to see how political and ecclesias= =tical institutions can degrade a people— and they get submit= Nothing thrives here but Priests and Nuns. Will this always be so? Some men have hope for this worn out nation— I have only fear. You could not make Old Josiah Quincy a young man tho' you married him to the healthiest of maidens and dressed him up in all the fine things of a dandy. There is no resurrection for a dead nation.— I hope I am mending, in holding my own— but I have a quite ugly cough which will not be put down— otherwise I am quite well. Remember me and mine tenderly to your family and relations— at Boston and Roxbury— also at Cincin= =nati. Faithfully yours. Theodore Parker.

Mrs Meriam L. B.

To Mrs L. B. Meriam. Boston.

Montreux. Suisse. 2d Sept 1859.

My dear Mrs Meriam,

I write this letter now but I think it may not reach you soon, for I shall send it by the trusty hand of my much valued Friend Mr Lyman who came out here to look after me - a great Comfort and Blessing he has proved. I hear of you through our friends the Thayers and Mr Manley, and it gave me great pain to learn that Charley was rather ailing a little and seemed feeble. I hope the fine air of the country has restored him by this time. But I feel a good deal of anxiety about his health. Both you and he are desirous that he should have a good education, - and look towards college for it. You know how much I prize a liberal and generous culture; but it may be bought too dear. In his case, it seems to me, Health is the first thing to be sought for, for if this fail the Education is nothing. Besides, a collegiate is not the only Education. If the Latin School wear upon him with its rather severe discipline I should certainly try some milder scheme, or take him away from school altogether and let him try life in the country with work (and play) on a farm. I only make these suggestions - knowing how much your watchful motherly heart is troubled in this matter, and fearing lest the anxiety for education might seriously injure a constitution so delicate.

Miriam. L. B.

In imagination I often step in at your house and see you and Charley; indeed I go round to all the parish in my unseen visitations, and if I do not learn the actual state of the people I recall their former condition. I hope they are well at Pleasant Street. How I should like to see their faces again,— all three generations of them! that young maiden, I fear, is thinking of something beside "lessons in French" and "lessons in German" which her mother used to talk to me about. I suppose she will follow the example of her cousin Lizzie. So the world goes— as it should go. I like to see the loves of the young people— and found continual pleasure at the Music Hall in looking at the course of true love as it ran before me from week to week; the faces told me whether it was smooth or troubled and crossed by some rough wind. In my prayer I always put up a thanksgiving for the affection which makes two one and then many— and beautifies and blesses the world which it creates and fills.

We are all quite happy here— in one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen. Our friends the Hunts and Apthorps are here and we all make one family— with Lyman to add his friendly help. Besides, we have just now a young minister— son of Rev Dr Hall of Providence, and Mr Higginson— son of George Higginson of Chauncey Street— the Father is "one of the best men in the world", and I hope the Son will be as much like him as he looks. — I am trying to get well and I hope succeeding too— certainly my residence in Switzerland has done much to make me better. The grapes are just now getting ripe and our house stands in the

Meriam L. B.

midst of vineyards; soon they will be abundant. But the crop which pleases me most is not the grapes - handsome as the blue or the gold-colored clusters are; it is the Indian Corn planted among the vines nearly ripe now, and often last night's rain smelling so sweet. I was born and brought up amidst corn-fields and took great delight in working in the precious grain. The Indian Corn is the handsomest vegetable in the world - and association lends it another Beauty. Nobody knows how fair the lake of Geneva is except such as have seen it; there is medicine in these lovely scenes - for the flesh as well as the soul. My wife sends kindliest remembrances to you and best wishes to Charley. I know he will take the enclosed letter to his fellow student - the little German. Believe me

thankfully & faithfully yours

Theodore Parker.

I know Charley wont forget me - and you know I send him my love if I don't mention it.

Meriam L. B.

To the Same.

Rome 4 Feb^y 1860.

O My dear Mrs Meriam,

I wrote you a letter from Montreux last Autumn, but do not know whether it ever reached you or not, and so try again. I hear from your friends and neighbors in Harrison Avenue and Hollis Street often, and so am kept advised of your health and Charlie's. I suppose you are still both well — and he goes to school and makes such progress as is most desirable — growing in Body and Mind from month to month. I know with what anxiety you must be watching over him — for all your eggs are in one basket. Here are two families that have each but a single child and that a Son, namely my friends the Apthorps, and Mr & Mrs Browning — the celebrated poet and poetess who are passing the winter at Rome. In both of these families the Only Son is the only object of attention, almost an object of worship. An only child must necessarily engross a great part of the parents' attention and incurs peculiar risks; I hope yours will have all the advantage of concentrated love without the evil which is sometimes attendant thereupon. Certainly he used to appear to be a fine manly fellow, and I never thought his mother meant to make him a Girl — the common fate of only sons. But now-a-days it seems to me his health is the main thing — and I hope I shall see him stout and well when I return. — I wonder if you

Meriam L. B.

would not like to know how we live here in Rome? It is not exactly like our life in Boston. We have four rooms in the fifth story of a large house - 120 stairs from the ground the sun rises in one end of our suite of rooms and shines into some of them all day. So we have air and light - and sunshine when the sun condescends to show his face to anybody - which is not very often this winter. I wish you could see the furniture we have to put up with - such old rickety stuff; the carpet has a great hole in it - each of the chairs is an invalid - sick in some of its members, and the table can only bring three legs to the ground at the same time. The owner whom we hire of, is a Professor of dead languages in some sort of a college here where they teach boys to be ignorant; he is a miserable old granny, quiddling and avaricious, for whom we feel only contempt. Yet he now and then does us some small favor. He was a widower and now has had a new wife for a year or so, but no prospect of a Baby. She, poor thing, keeps a pair of pigeons in the kitchen, and after much ado they hatched out only one little miserable squab, the only young thing in the family. An excellent Italian woman waits on us and does the work needful for our comfort and well-being. At V P.M. a man brings us our dinner on his head in a great tin box with a pan of charcoal burning in it to keep the dishes warm. He comes from a cook-shop not far off, and returns at VII to carry off the dishes and remains. We have always enough for breakfast left over from the dinner. We breakfast any time from VIII till IX. chiefly on tea and toast, with a bit of cold

Meriam L. B

meat. We thus content ourselves with two meals a day. for one in the middle of the day would spoil our sight-seeing and exercise, since it is only about noon that I can always be out- the mornings and evenings are so damp and chill. Miss S. goes everywhere- and generally alone, sometimes my wife is with her: but I am here to get well not merely to see sights, and have not been into a gallery of pictures or statues since I came to Rome! I regret this the less because I saw them all pretty thoroughly sixteen years ago. I am never out in the evening- or but once- on Thanksgiving day we all dined with the Storys, kind intelligent and excellent people. Mr Story is now at work on the Statue of Old Josiah Quincy which I think he will make a fine thing of. He has a deal of talent as a sculptor and I am glad that the Bostonians have had the good sense to recognize it. There are many American Artists- painters and sculptors- some of them contending with poverty and neglect- to die at last of a broken heart I fear. This is one of the many sad things at Rome- to see young men who think they have high talents for art, struggling and struggling only to perish miserably at the last. Miss Hosmer is here- happy and successful, Miss Stebbins of New York- a sculptor of fine talent, and Miss Lander of Salem, all busy at work and apparently successful.- I spoke just now of the Roman weather and said the sun did not shine much; it is never cold; it never freezes in the day time. Roses bloom in all the gardens, and in sheltered spots the delicate Camelia blooms out its handsome flowers all winter long. We have been here 136 days, and there have been only 8 when I could not walk out for at least one hour

Meriam L. B.

or two. The warm damp is grateful to sick lungs, and I think I am no worse than when I came here in October- tho' I do not flatter myself that I am much better; my voice is in so bad a condition that I hardly talk at all- one of my entertainments is to go the rounds of the parish and visit all my friends. You may suppose I do not forget the corner of Maple place, or the House in Pleasant-Street- But alas when the visiting and meeting is all on one side there is not much amusement in it after all, and I return a little sad-- But I must end this little note- rambling and scattered as it is. Remember me kindly to our Friends at Pleasant Street- I wonder whom the young maiden there is thinking of in special! But the Boys will fall in love, and the Girls like to encourage them in it: You and I love to look on and become young again at least in recollection. Best wishes and hopes for your son- I hope to see him stout and strong. My wife sends most friendly greeting to you and yours- I know you will believe me

Faithfully & truly yours

Theodore Parker

Adams G & M. A.

To George Adams Esq. Brookline Mass.

Montreux, Suisse. Sunday 28th Augt 1859.

Mr & Mrs Adams. Dear Friends-

Many thanks for your kind letters which came in due time some weeks ago. As Man and Wife are One I shall include you both in the same answer. Your words of sympathy were quite welcome and touching. I should have been glad to take you and your children by the hand before I went away; but the time of preparation was so brief, and my strength - both of muscle and nerve - so slight, it was hardly possible for me to bid farewell to any except those I saw every day. Here I hope I am getting better - certainly I have mended in all things save the cough which still goes on increasing. What effect a Roman winter will have on it I know not - but will continue to hope the best and be ready for the worst - It is Sunday now - a day too of singular beauty even for this handsome region where all the days have been fair. It rained last night - and now the air is full of sweetness - The Indian corn - the handsomest of all the bread-producing plants - is now almost ripe and sends its sweet fragrance all round on every side; to me it is not only a delicious odor in itself, but it has the charm of association with my early life amid cornfields and other pleasant things of New-England country life. As I sit out of door to write, the lake before me and mountains covered with snow just opposite, the Church-Bells in the steeple on the mountain side almost over my head ring out their pleasant call for meeting. Some six hours hence they will do the same in

Brookline and Boston; and all the two towns of New England will be musical with the call to meditation, thanksgiving, prayer and praise. I am glad you have found a place you like for yourself and family to pass your Sunday mornings in. King is a good fellow, with fine talents and a brave, humane and progressive spirit; he will continue to grow for many a year to come, and to do great service I hope to mankind. Few ministers have so much talent, or have been so faithful in that trying position, a pulpit. It is unfortunate that we could not at the Music Hall have some one man who would feel the thousands that turn thither so readily; who would feel responsible to the Society, and so use all the events of the day as means of instruction. But that could not be expected the speaker feels responsible only for the special address he makes on some particular morning, and no more. Emerson is of course the ablest of them all; and it is always a privilege to listen to Genius such as his. But he only lectures and does not also preach: I mean he does not aim to produce a moral or religious effect, only an intellectual one. So he addresses only the Intellect, not also the Conscience, the Affections, and the Soul — the special religious faculty. Hence, I suspect some of our old friends find the services a little cold. Besides, I like the old custom of reading the Bible — the best things in it I mean — of singing Hymns; and especially do I love social Prayer when it is real, living and deep. But, alas, when I have attended the religious meetings at the churches in New England or Old England, the prayer is almost always the worst part, a prayer without devotion, elevation, or aspiration, one

Adams S. S. M. A.

that smites and offends and makes you feel degraded by listening to it. In 9 cases out of 10 the Minister's prayer is a hateful thing to me, and I always avoid it when I can. But when it is a real, hearty, deep, spontaneous prayer which comes as the white lily grows in the waters of New England - then I go off shrived & lifted up and blessed. Dr Channing used to say "it would be a great thing to get rid of the long prayer in our meetinghouses". Oh if we could get the prayer of pious Genius in its place. Several who frequent the Music Hall never come in, till that part of the service is ended and I always respected the Spirit of Devotion which kept them away from the Form of Prayer - tho' I myself so love the spoken word -

But I did not mean to preach you a sermon - tho' it is Sunday. I hope you are all happy and well - How Emma and George must have grown by this time! The elder daughters, I don't know what change of name may have happened to them before I return! I hope they will always have a character as beautiful as their faces, and that they will continue to improve in all intellectual and moral excellence - Don't fear that I forget any of my old friends. I make the tour of the Society, oftener than before, and look in, in all the households once so familiar. - Remember me kindly to your excellent Neighbors the Goodings; Theodore will be taller than his namesake before I return. Tell Mr Gooding I find no such Pears as he used to send me last autumn, and that I was sorry not to bid him and his good bye. With love to all yours, and from all mine, believe me faithfully your Friend.

Theodore Parker.

the Baby does well.

Please remember me to Mrs Head - I don't believe she has forgotten me. I hope

Smith. G.

To Hon. Gerrit Smith. Peterboro. New York.

Rome, 16th Feb 1860.

My dear Mr Smith,

It is with great pain that I have heard of the illness which the recent distressing events have brought on your much-enduring frame which was so shattered by illness before. When I saw you last I did not think my next letter would be from such a place or for such a purpose. But such is the uncertainty of all mortal things. Some of the Rumors relate that you will perhaps come to Europe for health. If this be so I trust I shall have the good fortune to meet you somewhere. We have many americans at Rome — two or three hundred it is said — of whom about forty are from Boston, not to mention the permanent inhabitants — So you see one need not lack Companionship. Besides, here are many more from Massachusetts, and New England.

I feel great anxiety about the immediate future of America — the remote future I have no doubts about. We must see much darker hours before it is daylight, — darker and also bloody I think, for nations don't settle their difficulties without passion — and so without what comes of passion. The Slaveholders are in great wrath — I am waiting for the Supreme Court of the United States, (in the Lemmon Case) to decide as it must, that a Master may take his Slaves

Smith S.

in transit through a Free State, and keep them in it a reasonable time subject not only to his own caprice, but defiant of the Laws of that State. Certainly, the Slaveholders must have Eminent Domain over the Free States and Bondage must exercise Right of way in New York, and New England. — Next Year, or the Year after, it must decide for the African Slave trade! "There is one general grievance" said Oliver Cromwell in the House of Commons "and that is the Law!"

But I did not mean to worry you with a long letter, so with heartiest sympathy for your sufferings and profound respect for your Character and services, believe me

Faithfully and truly

Yours

Theodore Parker.

North. M. S.

To Mrs George North. West Roxbury. Mass.

Rome 8th April 1844.

To Mary & Anna,

My dear friends,

I intended when I left home to write you a letter, either from this city or Paris, and now I am happy to have the opportunity of reminding you of an old friend. — So far had I written on the 8th of April, when in came a friend and put a stop to all further pro-gress in that matter. I had several times begun a letter to you and it was arrested in the same way. It is now the 27th of April, and I have travelled some 600. or 700 miles since I dated this sheet. I am now at Innspruck, a beautiful little town of 13,000 or 14,000 inhabitants situated in a most romantic position. There are Mountains all round it, and so near that the wolves on their sides, at night look down into the streets of the town. It seems as if I could throw a snow-ball from the top of the highest — and it is about 8,000 feet high; — completely over the little town — but in fact it is two or three miles off. When we left Rome all the trees were in blossom — green peas were in the market the cattle were sent out to the pastures, but as we came north — we travelled faster than the Spring. Here the Aleavy trees are just putting out a few blossoms — some earlier trees are in full leaf. The gardens are green with their plants — and the swallow and purple martin are

North M. S.

playing their fantastic games over our heads. Yeat at the same time I look out of the window and within ten minutes walk the snow is two or three feet deep, and farther off it lies all the year. The contrast between the summer in the town and the winter just out of its gates is very remarkable. In the town itself every thing differs from an American City or Village; the houses are not like ours; the dresses are different, the language strange, and in short every thing tells you that you are 6 000 miles from home. You see soldiers at the corner of the street with the Austrian uniform on their backs and muskets in their hands. At frequent intervals you see a wooden crucifix erected on a little shrine dedicated to some saint; men and women do homage as they pass by. This is so in old Catholic countries but more common in Tyrol than anywhere else, I believe. Here the women work in the fields with the men; that also is common in France and Italy. I see them every day with short clothes - bare arms and legs following the plough, driving oxen, sweeping the streets or chopping wood, in short they do all sorts of out-door work often that of the dirtiest and hardest kind. Yet some of the handsomest women I have ever seen are such as professedly never had a bonnet on their heads since they were babies. But most of the women who work continually in the fields become hard-faced and look like men who have no beards. This morning I saw a woman and a man with a yoke of cows - for cows work here as well as women - she fastened them to a cart, patted their necks (for they were nice sleek-looking, motherly creatures

North. M. S.

which you could not help loving) and told the man to go
behind! she took the lead in the business and seemed the
more capable of the two. What should you say to going out
and ploughing all day bare-foot! - I see every day so many
strange things that I know not which to write about. Let
me take some of the latest things - I went into an old
church today built of Stone as almost all the churches are
in Europe - and indeed I have not seen a wooden
house since I left Rome - and there stood in two long
rows 28 colossal statues in bronze of famous men and
women - Kings and other great chieftains who have governed
in this part of the world. They form a very imposing
spectacle. The men are all more or less in armour and
dressed in the various and fantastic style of the 14th and
15th centuries. Here too in the centre of the church is the
tomb of Maximilian I. Emperor of Germany, surrounded
by an iron railing and occupying perhaps half as much
room as the whole of our little church at Spring-Street.
In the church I saw men in the various Tyrolese
dresses - and women with hats shaped like a sugar loaf
and a green or gilt ribbon about it - kneeling in silent
prayer in all parts of it. The same thing takes place at
all hours of the day. At morning and evening there is the
regular service common to all catholic churches, but at
all hours the doors are open and worshippers come in.
There are of course no pews - Here there are great benches
of carved wood. The rich and the poor kneel down
together - to worship the God who seeth not as man seeth.

North. M. S.

There is a great beauty in this arrangement – and it serves at least one most excellent end, it awakens the charity of the rich. Yet the distinction between Rich and Poor is not only greater here than with us, but far more distinctly expressed in all places except the house of worship. Here the rich man lives with a splendour that is proportionate to his wealth – in America it is not so – rich men are, very properly, ashamed of much splendor. The Prince of —— I forget his title which is a very long one, the son of the King of Bavaria a few days ago married the daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The marriage was determined by their respective parents when both parties were little children. He is now escorting his new wife from Florence to Munich, and tonight the Royal couple stop at Innspruck, in the same Hotel with ourselves, and at this moment they are under my Republican feet – for they have apartments just beneath me. Well, they came here about 5. o'clock this afternoon, and a little after sundown a body of soldiers marched down, and a band of about 60 musicians formed a circle in front of the Hotel and for a couple of hours continued to give their melodious welcome to the guests. Of course we enjoyed the music which was not meant for us, as much as the Bride and Bridegroom – and were I doubt not as happy as a King. –

I am sorry my dear Anna that you have been sick – I hope the breezes of Spring will soon restore you; in the meantime I beg you to keep up a good heart. I suppose that you my dear Mary find a married

North. MS.

life as pleasant as ever, and that you and George are as happy as need be in plans for the future and satisfaction with the present. May your happiness only increase as the years go by. Give my kind regards to your Parents and Grand-Parent, your aunt and all whom I hope soon to see. Anna will tell Squire Covering that he has not answered my letter yet, but I shall nevertheless write him again. I suppose the Organ at the church sounds as sweet as ever, and the grape-vines are beginning to start. I should like to see some of the first flowers of Home again. Give my best remembrances to all, and believe me

truly your friend
Thos. Parker.

Lydia sends a great deal of love to you both.

North. M. S.

To Mrs Mary S. North West Roxbury. Mass.

New York 1, Feb. '39.

My dear Mrs North,

I was much surprized at your kind note and the handsome and serviceable spy-glass which came with it from the Ladies at West-Roxbury whom you represent. I beg you to present them my heartiest thanks for their remembrance of me. Tell them that when I look at distant things it will be through their eyes that I can see so far, and when I look I shall remember to whom I am indebted for the prospect.

It is now nearly twenty two years since I became the minister in your little village. John Quincy Adams was one of the ordaining Council! I spent some of the most laborious and profitable years of my life in the midst of you, and shall never forget the friendly face and kind affectionate hearts of both men and women whom I there became acquainted with. I left you with great sorrow of heart, and as I have since taken more pains to do my best than when I preached to a congregation of sixty or a hundred persons, so often I went elsewhere I long missed the dear familiar faces of the little audience at Spring Street. When I left you in 1843 and was absent a year there was never a day that I did not in my mind make the rounds of the parish and visit every family. The old habit continues still; and I often

North M.

look in upon all the houses where my face was once both welcome and familiar. — With thanks for your kindness and hopes for your Happiness believe me

Always your friend
Theodore Parker.

Livermore. A. A. Private

To Rev. Abiel. A. Livermore.

Boston 13 May 1853.

Dear Livermore

I was much delighted with your Friend Mr Osborne, so was my wife. He is a dear good soul, full of religiousness in its most natural forms; full of love of beauty in Nature, in Art, in Man and Woman. A propos of the latter — He seems to have made a sensation on a young woman of Massachusetts; for she came to me today — a total stranger — to enquire "all about him". I told her I would write you forth-with and ascertain. So please tell me "all about him", will he be a good husband to a worthy New England woman? I gave her your letter of introduction to keep and chew upon. I will give her your reply to this. But you know that "Love has wings" so pray write as soon as possible and I will send the word — on which perhaps the weal or woe of two mortals hangs — to her. Believe me with much affection

Your old Friend

Theo. Parker.

Give kind regards to Mrs L. and all round.

Livermore, A. A.

To the Same

Boston 26th Jany 1854.

Dear Livermore,

I wrote you a note a few days ago but did not send it. I rejoice to hear that you have a full Beard. Now you may worship the God of Abram Isaac and Jacob with a good face. If I were not a Minister no razor should ever cut again the corners of my beard. But alas, I have so many heresies in my (bald) head, I am afraid of one under my chin.

This letter is to introduce to you Mr Sanford a friend of mine and a real good fellow. He will live a few months in your city. Love to all

Good bye,

Yours

Theo Parker.

Livermore. A. A.

To the Same

Astor House 6 February. 1859.

My dear Livermore,

I have been here ever since Thursday night, waiting for the Asia to come and the Karnak to go. I fear you did not get my reply to your nice letter — but I sent it immediately after receiving your favor. Do let me see you. I hear the Karnak will not sail before Tuesday.

Yours faithfully
Theodore Parker.

To the Same.

Montreux. Suisse. 26 Sept. 1859.

My dear Livermore,

I have never written to tell you how I fared at Santa Cruz. The climate from the 3d of March, when I first set foot on the little Island, to the middle of April was the most delicious I ever felt, nothing could be dreamed of better — I gained flesh and strength, the cough remaining stationary, perhaps mending a little. After that till the 15th of May when I left it, the weather was too hot 80°-86° in the shade. I became

Livermore. A. A.

homesick and fell off in weight and strength, while the cough gained on me continually. The mischief in Santa Cruz is this — you have climate and nothing else — no Society save the Creoles — who are the most ignorant and the most conceited set of people I ever met. Really I believe many of Rev Mr Dubois' Church members — of the most devout stripe — dont know the odds between the Atonement and the Devil! There are no Books — no newspapers — no walks, "no nothing", except climate; and it is written man shall not live by sunshine alone and fair weather. I was so homesick and disgusted with what I experienced there that I hate to think of the little handsome Island. Yet I found intelligent Dames; and Mr Dubois the Episcopal Minister is one of the noblest men I have met for a long time. — Here I am better in many respects, but the cough does not mend — may it grows worse spite of temporary improvements.

I wonder how the world of American Theology goes on; now & then I hear a little from it — never much. Some one sent me Mr Bellows' sermon in the Tribune on the Sitsfaste of Faith; but it had so many words in it, great long ones too, that I could not make much else out of the thing. Yet B is a good fellow — How our theological culture (or often only show of culture) stultifies the man! Look at the Catholic devotees in Europe — and then at the various Protestant ones. — My preaching-days are all ended now — even if I live some years it must be with my mouth shut. It is now commonly painful to talk with my friends in the usual low tone of voice: Public speaking is forever out of the question. — I wonder if you have seen my Letter to the 28th Congl Society. It makes a little volume.

Livermore. A. A.

I asked the publisher to send you a copy. Of course it contains much you never can like, perhaps not even tolerate. But it holds the only Doctrines I have come to — and I came to them honestly, with sore toil often. I never found fault with men for faithfully adhering to their Opinions however diverse from mine; never doubted that deepest Piety and noblest Morality exists in men who hold such doctrines in utter abhorrence. I have known Catholics and Jews deeply religious in the highest sense of the word — not to speak of all manner of Protestant Sects. I say to all

"Si quid novistis rectius istis;
Candidus imperte
Si non his utere mecum".

I have had to fight a Battle, Livermore, a terrible one too; and I often stood (almost) alone. Of course I aimed so as to hit, and drew the bow so the arrows might go clear through and leave a clean hole where they passed — for it was no holiday with me, and I did not play a child's game. But I have shot no shaft in self defence, — till compelled to it in the United States court —; and have had no personal quarrell with man or maid. I opposed doctrine which I deemed false, and measures I thought injurious. When public persons did wicked things — kidnapped my Parishioners e.g. — I called them by name and opposed their wicked works. Nine tenths of my preaching has been positive — building up not pulling down except by implication. I have broken up wild land, and ploughed also anew the old which was foul with weeds. No doubt I have sometimes crushed down a tender useful herb — but whenever I saw such before the coulter I lifted my plough out of

Livermore A. A.

the ground, and spared a whole square yard of baneful weeds for the one sweet flower they gist about with their poison; nay after the share had passed, I felt the furrow with my hands to rescue some little herb of grace which might have been turned over in the general stirring of the ground. No man in America since Adams & Jefferson has been so abused in public and private. But I confess to you, Livermore, I have never felt a resentful feeling against any one which lasted from sundown till sunrise except in two cases - atrocious cases they were too. For a year I felt emotions I did not like towards one man - he took pains to insult me whenever we met - so I avoided him. But during that time I never spoke an ill word of him. At length I saw him in the street one day, went over and took his cold unwilling hand and asked tenderly after his little ones. at length he owned in - and tho' he has since changed neither character nor conduct I feel different towards him and free to criticize his acts. The other man did not trouble me a month. -- This letter is too egotistic to be shown to any one, but - you and I were young together once, and so I take the liberty of an old friend with you; I don't wish others to see what I have writ. Many thanks for your kind letters last winter, and your two friendly visits to me at New York, and kindly words of farewell. Love to your wife & from mine.

Yours faithfully T. P.

I hope to pass this winter at Rome, and may not return to Boston till Sept 1860. I have resigned my ministerial office - and now stand related to no one! If I live I hope not to be idle. Perhaps I can at least raise corn & potatoes, food for the body if no longer for the soul. I shall be thankful for little.

Bartol C. A.

To Rev Cyrus A Bartol. Boston.

Boston Jan$^{y}$ 7 1852.

My dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to send you these two volumes. They are the result of many trials, tears and prayers as you may judge, and will be received by the public with small welcome. It has fallen to my lot to be, probably, more hated than any other man in New England, hated too, as I think, not on account of the qualities which are most worthy of blame, but for quite other and different qualities. But I have this consolation — that I hate nobody, wish evil to nobody, bear ill will to no one; that I have never sought the approbation of men, and so suffer no disappointment in missing what I never looked for. With that I am a very happy man — content to work in my humble sphere with the reward of having tried to do my duty towards God and men.

I intended to send you a better collection of sermons than these volumes contain, and will yet try to do so.

truly

Theo Parker.

Rev Mr Bartol.

Bartol. C. A.

To the Same.

Boston 1 Dec. 1852.

Dear Bartol,

I thank you heartily for your new volume of Sermons which has just come to hand; (I received your note at the Tea-table). Don't dream that I value or love a man less because he and I differ on questions of geology or theology or any thing else; I never did, and I think never shall. We have lots of errors both (and all) of us, no doubt; but some little Truth to cling by, to live with and (if need comes) to die for at the last. I love to meet all sorts of persons, to live with all sorts of Books, and so get a little widened by intercourse with Heathens and Christians, Catholics, Protestants and Mormons. I am amazed at the intolerance of men. They hate one another for a difference on a question of time in the geological periods of the Earth; for difference in regard to Tariff or free Trade; to General Scott, or General Pierce; to Trinity or Unity; Christianity or Mosaism. It is all wrong. We may ask each man to be faithful to himself; not to another man's self; the same fidelity leads different men to very different conclusions. Was not Beecher honest as Channing; and Blanco White faithful as either of the two? Let us agree to think differently (when we must) and to love one another still.

Truly as of old
J. P.

Bastol. Ct.

To the Same.

Dear Bastol,

I was so busy on the first day of the year that I could not send you the volume of sermons which this Note accompanies. But I beg you to receive it now with the best wishes of

Yours heartily,
Theo. Parker.

Boston 11th Jany. 1853.

To the Same

Boston 25. Jany 1859.

My dear Bastol

I thank you for your kindness in coming to see me and for the tenderness of your note. I am not well enough to see any one - it makes my pulses fly. - I first met you in 1832. (I) at Mr Phinney's at Lexington. It is 27 years since then and I have never met you since without pleasure. In our long acquaintance - perilous times for it has been in - you never did or said, or looked aught that was unkind towards me. Once I intruded on your kind hospitality, and passed a night at your house constraining the family to rise at an unchristian hour, for me to trawl off to Portland. I have not quite forgiven myself for making so much

trouble – You and your wife forgot it long ago. Give her my kind remembrances and accept for yourself also only my Thanks for the past and Hopes for the future.

Faithfully yours

Theodore Parker.

Robbins 6.

To Revd. Chandler Robbins. Boston.

Plymouth Sunday Morn. Jan 29. 1843.

My dear Friend

I thank you truly for your kind note of Thursday last; thank you for your sympathy, thank you too for the conviction you give me. I can live with no sympathy but that of the Infinite, and his still small voice saying well done, but when sympathy – human sympathy comes, it is truly well-come. You mistake a little the cause of my tears the other night. It was not a hard thing, said by yourself or others. All might have said such, long as they listed, I would not have winked at that. It was the kind things said by Bartol, and Sunnett, and what I knew by your face you were about to say – it was this that made me weep. I could meet argument with argument (in a place where it is in order to discuss "the subjects" of a theological book which is talked of), blow with blow, ill-nature with good-nature, all night long; but the moment a man takes my part and says a word of sympathy – that moment I should become a woman and no man. If Pierpont had been present I should have asked him at the beginning to say no word in defence of me, but as many of offence as he liked. I felt afraid at first that a kind thing might be said earlier in the evening – and am grateful to the "Brethren" that they said none such till late.

But to leave this painful theme, I knew

always the risks that I run in saying what was hostile to the popular theology. I have not forgotten George Fox, nor Priestley, no, nor yet Abelard, nor St-Paul. Don't think I compare myself with these noble men, except in this, that each of them was called on to stand alone, and so am I. I know what Paul meant when he said "at my first answer no man stood with me"; but I know also what is meant when a greater than Paul said "yet I am not alone for the Father is with me".

If my life ends tomorrow I can say,

"I have the richest, best of consolations,
The thought that I have given
To, serve the cause of Heaven
The freshness of my early inspiration."

I care not what the result is to me personally, I am equal to either fate and ask only a chance to do my duty - no doubt, my life is to be outwardly - a life of gloom and separation from old associates, (I will not say friends); I know men will view me with suspicion; and ministers with hatred: that is not my concern. Inwardly my life is - and must be one of profound peace, of satisfaction and comfort that all words of mine are powerless to present. There is no mortal trouble that disturbs me - more than a moment - no disappointment that makes me gloomy, or sad, or distrustful. All outward evil falls off me, as snow from my cloak. I never thought of being so happy in this life - as I have been these two years. The destructive part of the work I feel called on to do

Robbins. C.

is painful, but is slight compared with the main work of building up. Don't think I am flattered — as some say — by seeing many come to listen! Nothing makes a real man so humble as to stand and speak to many men. The thought that I am doing what I know to be my duty — is rich reward to me; I know of none so great. Besides that, however, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have awakened the spirit of Religion, of Faith in God in some 20 - or 25 men who before that had no faith, no hope no Religion. This alone and the expression of their gratitude (made by word of mouth, or made by letter or by a friend) would compensate me for all that all the ministers in all the world could say against me, or do against me. But why do I speak of this! only to show you that I am not likely to be cast down. Some of my relations 200 or 300 years ago lost their heads for their Religion. I am called to no such trial, and can well bear my lighter cross.

Perhaps I ought to say that if the Association think I compromise them, and injure them and hurt their usefulness; they have the remedy in their own hands and in one minute can vote me out of their ranks; at that I will never complain, but, so long as the world standeth I will not withdraw voluntarily while I consider rights of conscience at issue. I think too that when I shall have more leisure (as I shall in a few weeks) that I shall attend the meetings more frequently than heretofore. To withdraw voluntarily would be to abandon what

Robbins. C.

I think a post of duty.

Excuse this long letter and believe me

truly your friend

Theo. Parker.

Rev^d Chandler Robbins.

To the Same

West Roxbury. 13. Feb. 1843.

Dear friend

"Owe no man any thing, but to love one another" is a good rule and of Apostolical authority – to boot. So you will please take your own again – which I have not thought of since Election, last May; you will remember that I borrowed a dollar of you then. But I wish to ask a favor also – as well as return one, viz. that you will please transmit me a copy of the "Resolution" of the association asking me to attend and have "a talk," with the date thereof. Please also to say where the next meeting will be held, and

believe me

Faithfully,

Your friend

Theo Parker.

Rev^d. Chandler Robbins.

Robbins C.

To the Same.

West Roxbury 29th Janr. 1845.

My dear friend,

Your note which I did not see till five minutes ago, for I have been absent since Monday noon - was as kind as it was characteristic of yourself. I thank you for it, and for the spirit which suggested the motion you made at the meeting. I wonder any one should doubt that I should meet in kindness any kind proposition from the Association. I have no unkind feelings towards any one of them. *[I had feelings that I thought a little unchristian towards one of them a few months ago; I will tell you how I got rid of them. I never said any thing against him; I said all the good things I knew of him; I defended him several times - and palliated the severe judgment others pronounced on him. He went on abusing me (so I think it). I avoided so far as possible - all that he said or printed. at last he did what I think was really a shameful thing and most unchristian towards me, and now I feel not the faintest sparkle of unkindliness towards him. I met him not long ago and shook hands with him - and feel that I have triumphed.]

I will meet the Committee any time that it is possible for me to see them, and will most cheerfully entertain any proposition they shall make. I think you could not have made a better selection of persons for the work

*N. b. This in [ ] is entirely confidential - sub rosâ rosissima

Robbins, C.

for (excuse me for saying it) there are no members of the Unitarian ministry that I prize more highly than these three. Still I don't see what we can do. I don't suppose I shall convert you to my belief; I think you will not in a few hours alter my convictions, deliberately formed, examined and reexamined again and again before they were given to the world. What I wish is, that the Boston Association would fall back on the large principles which I once thought they all entertained — remembering that Theology came from the Head, and Religion from the Heart; that while there is only one Religion there may be a great many and quite diverse Theologies, each imperfect, yet each helping towards the Truth, and that a man may have the Christian Religion in his heart — and live it too — who has neither your theology nor mine. I wish they would allow each man the Christian name who claims it and lives a Christian life, leaving the defence of that name and its definition to himself. Then too I wish they would treat matters of Science (and such I reckon both theological doubts and theological affirmations) as matters of Science, and not as proofs of a good heart or a bad one. I may have many astronomical errors, they come from my heart and will, quite as much as any theological heresies; yet no man would refer the first to a wicked heart, nor think to make me a better man in my astronomy by calling me hard names. — I know some of the brethren are offended at that poor sermon of mine at the Thursday Lecture. But yet at the very

last meeting of the Association which I attended a year & a half ago — it was stated to be advisable that the Preachers should treat such matters as would disclose their views. I have heard sermons there from some of the Brothers that are quite distasteful to me — But I did not feel implicated in a sermon of Mr Young's, or Dr. Pierce's; only in my own. I will not trouble you with more of my hasty scrawls — but will thank you again for all your kindness and assure you that I shall not tread such a pearl as you offer under my feet.

Believe me

Yours truly

Theo Parker

P. S. I have not yet received the note from Mr Gannett. I long to have the amica collatio take place.

To the Same.

West Roxbury 28th Feb. 1846.

Dear Sir

I understand that at the last meeting of the Association the management of the "great and Thursday Lecture" was transferred to the hands of the minister of the first church, to whom it originally belonged. I do not know what was the design of this movement, but I know well that its effect will be — to exclude me from preaching

Robbins. C.

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that Lecture. I find no fault now, with this, though for the honour of the Unitarians I could wish if that were the design — that it had been effected in a manner not so circuitous: I like directness. I write to ask you formerly if not now — the Scribe of the association, to inform me of the facts of the case. Please tell me what was the design of the movement, and "all about it". Don't think I am offended — for I am not, — and have no personal feelings in the matter at all. Does the association make any public statement of the movement they have made? Believe me as ever

Yours faithfully
Theo. Parker

Rev. Chandler Robbins.

To the Same.

West Roxbury. 18th Oct 1845.

Dear Sir

Mr Pierpont told me that you informed him that you once prepared some resolutions intending to offer them at a meeting of the Boston association — which resolutions had reference to Mr P's leaving the city. I have thought for a good while that his departure from Boston was a sign of the times that ought to be noticed in some way. I intended to ask you to do the very thing you

Robbins. C.

intended yourself to do. I now ask you to do it — i.e. to prepare certain resolutions expressing the sense of Mr Pierpont's faithful and self-denying labours in this city, the troubles which his fidelity and zeal have brought upon him, and also the fact that the Association feels a strong sympathy with him, and an earnest desire for his welfare and usefulness. It seems to me the Association owes this to a man who for more than twenty years has been among the foremost in all the great Christian enterprises of the day, and who now withdraws from the City and the State. I beg you to tell me soon if you feel disposed to do this — and also to inform me where the Association will meet the next time, for I wish to be present also. If you decline offering any such resolutions — please send this letter to James Clarke — who I think will do it, tho' I had rather it should come from you. If no one else will do it — I shall feel compelled to undertake it myself.

Very truly yours
Theo Parker.

Rev. Chandler Robbins.

Robbins C.

To the Same.

C

Boston 17th April 1847.

Dear Sir.

I hope one of these days – if I have health and leisure to write a History of the Development of Religion amongst men, and I have my eye on that work now. With reference to that I wish to ask you to give me a list of the works you have consulted on the Affairs of India, China and Japan &c &c. I once read extensively in that direction – but of late other things have blown me a little out of the path I intended to pursue. I hope before I am too old to beat Back – I may not for some years return formally to the study – but wish to make ready therefor. If you will denote the relative value of the Books by the Nos. 1. 2. & 3. you will give me an additional clue and confer a yet greater obligation.

I am

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Rev Chandler Robbins.

Robbins. C.

To the Same

Boston 3d Sept. 1855.

C

Dear Robbins

I found a day or two ago such a kind letter from you (bound up in a quantity of cruel Epistles) about 1842, that I feel gratefully moved to send you my last printed Sermons. There are five of them: of course you need not read them, but I need to send them.

Yours

T. P.

Reply

Boston 10th Sept. 1855.

C

My dear Sir,

I received through the Post-Office your last five discourses, accompanied with a very kind note, — a basket of the ripe fruits of your intellect, with a fresh flower from your heart, having the delicate flush and fragrance of the heart. The former, after the careful examination which they claim, I shall place on my shelves for preservation; the latter I have already planted in my bosom.

I don't remember any letter of mine worthy to have given impulse to your gratitude; but to be the object of such an impulse is truly gratifying. The liberal return

you have made for the small measure I meted to you, makes me feel more deeply, what I have sometimes felt before, that the recompense for little words and even looks of kindness is so rich and so sure that one has almost cause to be afraid of indulging in them as much as the heart prompts lest he should not be wholly disinterested.

I hope, my brother, that the day will come when a kind note will not be the exception in a great pile of letters, and when there will be no heretic to the faith of love,

Your friend & affectionate Servant
Chandler Robbins.

Rev. Theodore Parker.

Wasson D. A.

To Rev David A. Wasson

Boston 30th June 1856.

My dear Mr Wasson,

I don't know what to advise you—but yet will try and give my opinions about the matter.

1. If you remain in Groveland you will satisfy your feelings of affectionate regard for the people who have been with you in times of trial and stood by you. But you will be tormented with the conviction that it is not the place for you—not large enough to occupy your powers—and will die at last—rather early too—with the bitter thought that you have not done what your talents alike demanded and promised.

2. If you go to Medford, you will try to graft an apple scion into a sumach. You will keep grafting, and the more you try the more it wont live. Nobody can do any good to that class of men—they would crucify Jesus if he were to come. Your merits will be a perpetual torment to them. You have only two things which they will appreciate—(1) Intellectual Power, (2) diligent Industry.—they will feel one and see the other. But the deep religious feeling which warms you all through, the fair humanity which comes out like a green Summer all over your features—that, they will only make mouths at. I know the Hampden Dons right well—and take it the

Stand-bys of the Parish are unmitigated specimens of that Genus. But there are a few men of a different stamp — and a few young persons also — of them there is great hope, and I do not like to leave them — But alas for the minister who attempts to settle in such a place. — I know few persons in Medford, the Misses Osgood — who are noble women as extraordinary in their moral excellence as in their deep & wide intellectual culture — and Mr & Mrs Stearns — earnest and progressive people. I hear of others of that stamp — One young man I partly know. If the controlling Hunkers could be "translated to a brighter sphere," or would enter the Episcopal Church, where they are cakes of the right leaven, all would go on well. — At Medford you will have these advantages (1) a material competence, regular and certain — (2) Time for study. (3) Opportunity to obtain books — Harvard College is 3 miles off — and you could now and then buy a volume besides. (4) Occasional communion with literary men, — the Opportunity for lecturing. All these are admirable things.

3. At Columbus — I suppose — you will find things much in the rough, — earnest, hearty, vigorous men and women, progressive, also, but a little coarse, irregular, not cultivated. Columbus is the Capital of Ohio — and is not without books — half the year it is filled with the political talent of the State. You will have a permanent circle of able men and women whom you will mould and influence and ennoble — these and

Wasson. D. A.

their children. The floating men will come and hear you from time to time — attracted by your power and forced to think by what you say and do. You will be one centre of Religious power in that great State, — where now is not one. You will work hard, fare hard and grow to great Stature. You will not have the nice culture — so easily acquired at Medford, so graceful, so beautiful, so desirable. But strength of manhood, nobleness of life — you will have, it seems to me. —

I know you better than you think I do, and let me say — there is no minister in New England from whom I expect so much. — If you go to Ohio I shall not see you a great deal — if you come to Medford we shall meet often and help each other. —

Now pardon me for writing this long letter — and don't let it influence you — Do nothing hastily — be sure of the actual state of things at Medford and Columbus — for I may be misinformed of both. The fact that the Medfordians <u>invited you</u> may be taken as qualifying their Hunkerism — showing that the weather is more moderate.

I must preach for you sometime, and you for me. God bless you.

Theo. Parker.

Wasson. D.A.

To the Same.

Boston, June 14. 1857.

My dear Mr Wasson,

Please tell me what pecuniary means you have for your journey to Europe. perhaps my wife and I can add our two mites thereto. Tell me how you are and when you sail.

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker

Love from all.

To the Same

Boston Oct 26. 1857.

My dear Wasson,

How glad I am to know you are safe back in New England once more. I have not ceased to think of you since you left us last May - looking so sick and yet trying to be so determined. Tell me all about yourself - that is the matter of interest now. How well are you, where are you sick? what are the symptoms? what treatment do you receive? where shall you pass the winter? Tell me all.

Watson. D. A.

Shall I send you ₤50 – now or a little later? It shall be just as you like. At all events I shall send it.

Thanks for the kind interest you take in me. I shall prize Dr Wilkinson's prescription – and never look on the pretty flower the plant bears without thinking of him – when you write thank him kindly from me – for his affectionate concern for me. — I think I am now doing pretty well. I can work with about half of my former power – have a trouble in my side – But hope to outgrow it. (!) My Brother and Sister died at about my age – yet I think I shall go round the cape. Give yourself no concern about me, take thought for yourself. Germain will do you good if you take it in moderate doses.

My wife and Miss Stevenson both send their love to you, and yours.

Faithfully
Theodore Parker.

To the Same

Boston Dec 5. 1857.

My dear Watson,

Here is a cheque for ₤50, which please accept with the best good wish of Mrs P. and myself – Let us know how you are in these days. Please ask your two excellent Doctors if Electricity would not help

Wasson. D.t.

you! Love from Mrs P. & Miss Stevenson.

Yours truly & heartily
Theodore Parker.

To the Same.

Boston Dec^r 12. 1857.

My dear Wasson,

Many thanks for your kind and welcome letter. I know how much it cost you to write it, and that dims my joy in reading it. You must not write much — You learned to labor long ago, now "learn to wait." I eat my lunch in the Railroad station, and thought over all Higginson said in defence of the Irish. I like good plump criticism and need it oftener than I get it. But I think he was mainly wrong, and still adhere to my opinions of the Celtic Irish. In other lectures I have showed at length the good they will do our ethnology; when I give this again I will do so — and name the good qualities of the "Gentleman from C a r r r K k" and the poor creatures from Africa.

I take Blumenbach's five races only as provisional, — five baskets which will hold mankind and help us handle them. In respect to Power of civilization the African is at the bottom, the American

Weston. D. A.

Indian next: the history of the world I think shows this, and its pre-historic movements. I don't say it will be always so: don't know.

You and I don't differ, save in words, about the Greeks. In the emotional element of Religion I think the Shemites surpass the Indo-Germans, and the Jews were at the head of the Shemites. (the Phoenician took to trade and cared no more about religion than a Connecticut tin-peddler who joins any church for a dollar. Somebody found one of the scoundrels - a mummy now in an Egyptian tomb - who was circumcised. He took the Religion of the place, just as the current coin.) Religious Emotion - religious will I think never went further than with the Jews. But their intellect was sadly pinched in those narrow foreheads. They were cruel also - always cruel. I doubt not they did sometimes kill a Christian Baby at the Passover, or the anniversary of Haman's famous day! If it had been a Christian Man we should not blame them much, considering how they got treated by men who worshipped a Jew for God. They were also lecherous, no language on earth I think is so rich in terms for sexual mixing. - All the Shemites are given to flesh, what mouths they have - full of voluptuousness, only the Negro beats them there. The African has the largest organs of generation in the world, the most erotic heat: he is the most polygamous of men. The Negro girls of Boston are only

Wasson. D. A.

haste in the sense of being run after. After their first menstruation they invariably take a man — so say such as know. I think the Jews come next — their mouths are African.

The Jews — like all the Shemites — incline to despotism. They know no other government; the Old Testament knows no King but one absolute; the New Testament is no wiser — if perhaps you take a line or two which Jesus spoke, — and they indicate a feeling more than a thought. The New Jerusalem is a despotism — with a Lamb for the autocrat; — a pretty lamb too by the way, who gathers an army of 200,000,000 horse and routs his enemies by the Euphrates, and then comes to Italy and kills men till he makes a puddle of blood 200 miles wide and 3 feet deep. (see *Rev IX. 16. & **XIV. 20.) In the Old Testament יהוה is King, a Terrible King too. He is not a constitutional King, but arbitrary. His word is Law — all religion is authority — "Thus saith the Lord". There is no proof of any thing, no appeal to individual consciousness. — with the Greeks all this was different, — Indo-Germanic not Shemite.

I love the Greeks — especially the authors you name; but for moral helps and religico-emotional helps I go to that dear Old Testament for all Aeschylus

*And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them.

**And the wine-press was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the wine-press, even unto the horse-bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs.

Watson. D. A.

and Sophocles &c. Do you remember any example of remorse in the Greek literature? the Hebrews had a pretty savage conception of God,— but he is earnest, there is no frivolity attributed to Jehovah. He is the most efficient deity of old times,— none of your dilettanti Gods. Beside he is wholly superior to the material world while none of the Greeks or Romans got above the idea that in some particular it was more than any deity or all deities.

Get well as fast as you can.

Yours

T. P.

To the Same.

Boston Oct 2. 1858.

My dear Watson,

Your note came last night— very welcome too. I feared you were worse than the letter tells. The first thing is to become well again— It gave me great pleasure to speak at Groveland: I would have gone again, but had not health enough. I sent you some more sermons &c to Lawrence one day last week, soon as I heard of your return. All here send love, so does

Yours faithfully

T. P.

Rogers. H. D.

To Professor Henry D. Rogers. Edinburgh.

Boston 29 Dec. 1857.

My dear Mr. Rogers,

It did me much good to take your excellent Brother by the hand a few days ago, and to see that he had not suffered so much as we all feared from that Boulder which came upon him in transitu in England. He bears no marks of it now— Perhaps he will have a new theory of the motion of erratic bodies; but I hope will witness no more such experiments. He told us how pleasantly you were all settled in Auld Reekie, and what a nice time you had both for work and play. I am glad to hear that your Book gets on so famously and will see the light so soon.

What is one man's joy is mother's grief— the English make a Professor of you in Glasgow— alas me- they also, at the same time, make you a Scotch- man, and what Glasgow and Edinburg gains Boston loses. No part of it will feel the loss more than the little house in Exeter Place and the few persons therein whom you so often gladdened and instructed of a Sunday night. But yet notwithstanding we all rejoice in your new honors, and pleasant position and certainty of useful work.

No doubt you can tell me who Henry Thomas Buckle is! He has just printed a great Book on

Regent. N. S.

"the History of Civilization in England" Vol I.— a thick octavo of near 900 pages. This is only vol I of the Introduction to the work. I think it a great Book, and know none so important since the Novum Organum of Bacon— I mean none in English. Of course I except the Principia of Newton. This is a Novum Organum in the department of History— the study of Man;— it is a Restauratio magna. Nobody here even heard the name of Henry Thomas Buckle before. If you can tell me I wish you would; and also what is thought of the Book— in that Northern Athens where you dwell. In many particulars it reminds me of the Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation— I dont always agree with the author, even in matters of "great pith and moment", but always think him a great man— His learning also is admirable.

Have you seen Agassiz' Book? He says— only five or six men in America and perhaps twenty in Europe can understand it. As you must be one of both divisions of Savans I wish you would tell me who belong to neither— what you and they think of it! There are two things I wish in special to hear of— namely 1— About his Idea of God in the world of Matter. Do any thoughtful naturalists who of course doubt, and must needs doubt, the ecclesiastical Idea of God, find any satisfaction in his God who thus intervenes to create new genera while individuals and species get created without that mode of help?

Rogers. W. B.

2. About his Ideas of the distinction on which Branch, Order, Genus &c &c, are to be based. How original is he there; how correct! I thought that part of his work the most valuable of it all - but open to the judges in such a court.

My wife and Miss S. send warm greetings to Prof. Rogers, Mrs Rogers — and to Babie Rogers. Need I also to send mine!

Yours faithfully
Theodore Parker.

Sumner comes back from Congress no better than last February!!

Cabot. L.

To Miss L. . Cabot. Newton

Astor House. New York 6. Feb^y 1859.

My dear Mattie Cabot.

I was sorry to leave Boston without taking you by the hand once more, and bidding you farewell. I tried twice to reach your house but failed to get so far. Last Sunday I was driven out within three or four miles of you but was compelled to turn back. Again the last day I was in town I determined to renew the attempt, but the damp and chilly North East wind made it impossible. I pray you excuse me for what might seem inattention and neglect. I was able to see Aunt Fanny - and am very sorry I could not also see you. But tho' at a distance let me thank you for all the generosity you have shown me in the twenty seven years of our acquaintance and for every kind and encouraging word you have ever spoken to me. Little acts of kindness you showed me when I was a student at Cambridge I have ever cherished with warmest gratitude and now they are twenty five or twenty six years old, I love to recall them to you who doubtless forget them long ago.

We left Boston Thursday morning at VIII. and reached the Hotel at VI in the evening. All love the journey well. Lydia is in fine health and spirits, and as you know she has been the best of all daughters, so to me is she the tenderest

Cabot. L.

and most thoughtful of wives. I regret exceedingly that – for I know not how long a time – you will lose her kindly and loving presence, and the little tender attentions she knows how to pay you so well. But I trust she will return in a year or so, recruited by her long journey and renew her offices of filial love. Perhaps then she will have more time than ever to remain with you and comfort you when you need her most.

We shall not sail till Monday, I fear not before Tuesday – and I will write you by the earliest opportunity after we reach Santa Cruz. I trust you will continue in health and prosperity and such happiness as you can, after I have taken away your daughter. Believe me

Gratefully & affectionately yours
Theodore Parker

It is not easy for me to write with a pen, so please excuse the pencil.

Durfee. E.

To Mr. Elias Durfee Marion Wayne County. New York.

Boston 19th Feb'y 1852.

My dear Sir,

Your kind letter came to me a day or two ago, and I take the earliest opportunity to thank you for it, and for the words of good cheer which you have written. It has been a very pleasant thing to me, that amid all the crosses of my lot I have found unexpected friends to comfort me with their hopes and cheer me with their sympathy. I hope my life has not been wholly in vain. I have tried to publish to the world the Truths which I have seen, that others might walk in the light thereof and be glad. I must have made mistakes, they will perish with me, while any truths I have set forth will live in the heart of mankind forever, and ever.

I thank you again for your kind letter and am

truly yours

Thos. Parker.

Elias Durfee.

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Gove. A.

To Miss Annie Gove. Brattleboro Vermont.

Boston Decr 25th 1848. C

To Miss Annie & Miss Carrie

Dear Friends

I am very much obliged to you for thinking of me when I am so far away, and also for making me such a beautiful little Cross;- it will have a permanent place before my eyes, and I hope will do me good. It is a good symbol of much that is in every mans life, but you will one day find that the symbol of suffering gives way to the symbol of Triumph, and that the Cross is not so high a symbol as the Crown- the sign of Eternal Peace.

I am sorry that I cannot make visible things of Beauty as you can. I can only execute in words and poorly too- in that material, but on the next leaf you will find a little sonnet which your note has called forth. So with many good wishes and hopes for your speedy restoration to health and your friends- I am heartily

your well-wisher

Theo. Parker.

Men looked to God, and eager sought Repose,
In Pleasure sought, in Glory and in War;
And mid Antiquity's continual jar
They vainly looked for Rest from mortal woes;
But still each Poet of the Muses sought
Some charmed word to soothe the mourner's breast;
Each Priest and Sage asked too for human Rest:
Poems and Art some gleams of comfort brought.
Then came at last the noblest son of man,
He wore a crown of Thorns upon his brow,
With faithful Life he kept his early vow;
He greatly taught men of the Eternal Plan,—
Almighty Love presiding o'er the whole,
And by his Word and Life gave Rest unto the weary Soul.

Howard R. L.

To Dr. R. L. Howard. Columbus Ohio.

Boston 30th April 1849.

Dear Sir,

Your letter reached me today. I cannot suffer any business or any weariness to prevent me from answering it before I sleep. I thank you for the candor with which you write. I confess my work seems to me somewhat fearful; it did so when I began it, and I was often tempted to be silent, for I saw what a Revolution would take place, suddenly or slowly, in the popular theology, if my principles were true. I saw that a mountain of Rubbish must be swept away; that many reputations, many hopes, many institutions likewise were based on that mountain of Rubbish, and of course must perish with their foundation. I saw that many men would look on me as the enemy of Religion, and so as the enemy of mankind; that some would think that while I exposed the folly of so much which men had believed in, as Religion, there was no reality at all for Religion. But at the same time I had a strong confidence that what was True, was also safe; that falsehood was not safe. I thought I could show men that the Popular Theology had no natural, at least no indissoluble connection with true Religion; that underneath the shifting sands of sectarian theology there lay the eternal Rock of Religion. I have never been sorry that I undertook the work. Indeed

Howard, R. L.

I could not have forborne if I would. I have felt the loneliness which you speak of, that comes from breaking away from early associations and tender ties. But that has long since passed away; still I do not like to be hated as I sometimes have been.

I have been compelled to pull down; but I have no delight in that work. It has always been painful. I did it only that something better might be built up in place of what but cumbered the ground before. I saw that Religion was natural to man; the infinite Goodness of God I could never doubt; the connection between God and man seemed to me so obvious, so essential to the nature of each,—that I wondered any man could doubt of these facts. The more I live, the greater Religion appears, the more attractive, the more satisfying, the more beautiful. But it seems plainer and plainer that Religion is one thing, and the Books written about it quite a different thing. At one time the Bible rested on me like a Night-mare; I could not bear it, nor get rid of it; now that I take a different view of it, the imperfections which I find in both the Testaments no longer disturb me, and the Truths I find in both are the more welcome because I feel free to come and to go, free to examine and satisfy my own mind and conscience before I accept the conclusions of men who lived in another age, and wrote from a different point of view.

I think I understand the circumstances in which you are placed. It requires not a little heroism

Howard. R. L.

to do as you seem disposed to do. But who can be contented with a divided heart! You do not lose your sympathy with the Religion of your old associates, only with their Theology. In all that is real Piety— Love of God, or real Goodness— Love of man, you will sympathize with them the more. Still I suppose men not much enlightened will think ill of you, and speak harshly of your name. Sometimes it requires a little charity to be just to men who from their ignorance are unjust to us, but such charity is twice blessed. I hope my poor book will do no harm, but some little good to mankind. It would be a comfort to think that I had helped men in the way to Religion, and all it brings; even to have helped a little. I have no doubt committed many errors, which of course must do harm. I hope they will be exposed, and left to perish. now and then some one writes me a letter like yours— which shows me that I have not spoken in vain— altogether. We may all be grateful for the liberal spirit of this age which allows men to keep their heads on their shoulders while these heads are full of thoughts which must work a Revolution in the world. But let me not weary a busy man with a letter over long. I will send the Review as you suggest, and such of my sermons as are still on hand, tho' I lament that some which I value most are out of print. If I can ever be of any service to you— I shall be glad and am

Truly your friend

Dr Howard. —Theo. Parker.

Knowles. E. E.

To E. E. Knowles. Esq. Eastham. Mass.

Boston 21st June 1854.

Dear Sir

I thank you for your kind and genial letter which came to hand yesterday: and for your intention to half-mast the national Flag on the 4th of July. We ought to do this now for the same reason that we top-mast it on other occasions. For now the Nation has covered itself with deep disgrace- I am glad that we are sensible of the shame which covers us. I wish the people in many places would half-mast their flags, and toll the Bells.

You ask about my advising violence;- I have said if I were a fugitive slave and a man sought to kid=nap me I would kill him with as little compunction as I would a wolf or a musquito. That is the extent of the "violence" that I have recommended. I have said that I would go armed with a sufficient body of men and take the fugitives out of the marshals hands, &c. That is the extent of my violence as yet. I do not know what may come in the future.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

E. E. Knowles Esq.

I fear I shall not be able to visit Eastham this year during the Camp-meeting. I was there once at such a meeting- and have been in your town several times.

Manchester G.

To George Manchester Esq. Portsmouth Rhode Island

Boston 19th December 1850.

Dear Sir

Yours of the 16th instant came to hand yesterday and I wish to say in regard to the Scriptural Interpreter that I think you may find some volumes of it at Crosby's & Nichols' in Boston. Mr Silsbee, Mr Ellis and myself were the Editors of the two last volumes. But we were all of us great Boys and nothing more. I think the book cannot be worth the paper it contains, for what can youngsters at a theological school have to say on such matters — that it is worth the world's while to listen to? — Nothing unless they are quite extraordinary persons. —

I send you a copy of my "Sermon of Conscience"

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Geo. Manchester Esq.

Manchester. G.

To the Same.

Boston 17th November 1854.

Mr Manchester

Dear Sir

The matter you ask about is most fully treated in two small volumes, one — a Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion, the other — Sermons of Theism Atheism and the Popular Theology: they may be found at Messrs Little & Brown's 112 Washington Street. Boston. I send you a little sermon of Immortal life.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

To the Same.

Boston 10th September. 1855.

Mr Manchester

Dear Sir,

Here is a list of Books which may help you a little.

I History

1. General History of mankind

Mutter's or von Rotteck's Universal History.

4 vol each.

Manchester. S.

2. Special History.

Hildreth's Hist. U. S. 6 vols or else
Bancroft's — — — 6. "
Pictorial History of England. 4 vols.
Macaulay's — — — — — 2 —.
Michelet's History of France
— — — French Revolution.
Zschokke's Hist of Switzerland.
Simondi's Italian Republics.
Gibbon's Decline & Fall of Rom. Empire.
any of the Histories of the European countries in
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. They are all pretty good.

3. Church History.

Neander's Church History is the best, but if too big
— there are 6 or 8 volumes —
Hase's or Gieseler in one volume.
Hennell on the Origin of Christian Religion
is a valuable book.

II. Philosophy

1. Natural, or Physical.

Lyell's Geology
Agassiz Zoology.
Vestiges of Nat. History of Creation.
Guyot's Earth & Man.
Lardner's Natural Philosophy
Carpenter's Physiology

Manchester. N.

2. Metaphysical

Combe on the constitution of Man.
Locke on the Understanding.
Wayland on Morals.

III Belles lettres

1. Poetry.

Milton. Shakespeare, Pope, Wordsworth. Burns. Scott, &c. &c. &c. Tennyson.— Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier &c &c.

2. Novels

All of Scotts — nearly — are good.
Miss Brontés — are the best in the language, almost — "Jane Eyre" is one. Mr. Dickens by all means. Mrs Gaskells are good. Novels you will find on any study.— "Christie Johnston", and "Peg Woffington" are powerful and elevating.

3. Miscellanies.

Carlyle, Macaulay, Mackintosh, (Emerson's Essays are worth their weight in gold.) Irving, Beecher's Star Papers.

IV Of Theology—

I know scarce any thing accessible which is worth your carrying home save Dr Channing's works.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Moore. T. J.

To Thomas J. Moore Esq. Starfield Illinois.

Boston 15th Jan.y 1853.

Thomas J. Moore Esq.

Dear Sir

I thank you for your kind note of Dec. 29th which came but a few days ago, — and during my absence —. I rejoice to know of the manly work done in your state for the great cause of Humanity. Every year makes it plain that Slavery and Freedom cannot live in the same nation; one must go down — Shall it be Freedom! All the Administrations say "Yes!" One blow after another is struck against the inalienable Rights of man. Now the Snake coils round Faneuil Hall and hisses his poisonous breath into the cradle of Liberty. Shall that child die! — I send you by mail — the matter written for with the prices marked thereon, and will send the accounts of the "Trial" when it takes place.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Moore. T. J.

Boston 29th March 1855.

Mr Moore,

Dear Sir

Yours of 21st inst— with the $1,— came to hand last night; the Book goes by mail today. The "Trials" begin next Tuesday— April 3d, my case can hardly be reached before the middle of the month. I have dealt with Toucey in Speeches not yet in a Sermon— and as the measure failed to get before the House of Representatives, I shall let it pass— for the present.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Boston 16th Feb. 27th 1855.

Thomas J. Moore, Esq.

Dear Sir

I thank you for your kind and generous letter. I was recognized to appear for "Trial" on the 85th anniversary of the Boston Massacre (March 5th 1770 1770). It is now put off till 20th of March. I have no fear of a conviction— tho' every effort will be made to have one—. Yesterday Commissioner Loring, who kidnapped Mr Burns, was turned out of his office of lecturer at Harvard College. Yet he has not a personal enemy in the state! If I go to Jail— it will be in triumph. I thank you for

Moore. T. J.

the notice of Mr Boott and will get the pamphlet.

Yours hastily but truly
Theo. Parker.

Boston 30th May 1855.

Dear Sir

I have just a minute between duties to reply to yours of May 10. The Sermon you speak of was not printed. I have several Sermons which ought to go to press, but no time to look them over. The Ten Sermons is out of print, but a new edition will soon follow — so will my "Defence" before the Fugitive Slave Bill court. The Defence I should have made had it not surrendered beforehand.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Moore. T. J.

R. R. Cars between Boston & Troy.
February 9th 1857.

Dear Sir;

I have forgotten the Books I sent you. If they were only pamphlets, it is not worth while to trouble yourself about paying for them: if bound Books the price is marked on the cover of the Sermon of Immortal Life or some of the others which contain a list of my works. The Defence costs a dollar. I will send it when I return.

It is a noble age and country to live in and work for.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Boston 5. May 1857.

Mr Moore.

My dear Sir.

I have been sick these 2 or 3 months have written but one Sermon since the 10th of March; others have supplied my Pulpit meantime. My Pen is gone but I am still too weak to do much. I crawl out of doors on pleasant days—. I send the Defence— about July 4th— I shall preach on the present Triumph of Despotism in America. I must write no more.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Moore. T. J.

Newton Corner (near Boston)
27th July, 1857.

Mr. Moore,

My dear Sir,

I preached the Sermon you write for, but was not well enough to get it ready for press. So I return the stamps, with many thanks for the kindly interest you take in me. I am now getting better under the genial influence of the country air, and entire rest. In the autumn I hope to be as well as ever.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Boston 18 Feb'y 1858

Mr Moore,

Dear Sir,

I have been so busy when well enough to work of late that I could not attend to your note before. The Sermon on Daniel Webster has been long out of print. It only exists in the Additional Sermons &c. The Sermon on the Hard times was not published — only a sketch of it in a newspaper. I return you the bill.

Believe me

Yours respectfully & truly
Theodore Parker.

Moore. T. J.

Boston 3d April. 1858.

Mr Moore,

Dear Sir

I thank you for the interest you take in the prayers of the "Brethreen" on my account. It is true that more than 40 of them (men all) had a set time to pray for me; they gave the divine Being his choice — either to "convert this man", if He could; or if not "to remove him out of the way and let his influence die with him". Other prayers were yet worse. When I am converted that way I will inform you.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

I send a Sermon.

Boston 20th April. 1858.

Mr Moore,

Dear Sir,

A new Edition of the Sermon on false and true Theology will be out by Saturday — then I will send you 1 ₶, worth of the things you order. Today I mail the last Revival Sermon to you. — Mr Sears of the Investigator is a worthy man for ought that I know to the contrary; I never heard an ill

ward against him. He seems to be upright- honest, kindle- and faithful to all duties. He has a very sad creed- tho' less bitter than those of the orthodox churches.— The Party his Paper represents- are rather low and coarse men- mer- =tenial men with low ambitions and rather poor lives I think. I believe as a body they take no interest- in Temperance, in Anti-Slavery, in the Reformation of the Perishing or Dangerous Classes of Society- none in the elevation of woman. That is what I hear of them from all quarters- from fair men. I think they give neither attention nor money to such matters. In their private lives I believe they are blameless men as a general rule— of course there are bad men amongst them as in all parties. They are bad-looking men- with low, animal faces. Some of them came to hear me preach at first- hoping that I would only destroy the old- But when they found that I was much more anxious to build the Good than to destroy the Bad— they fled off- and hated me. I think they belong to the Demo- =cratic Party in Politics- generally.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Moore T. J.

Boston 12th May 1858.

Mr Moore.

Dear Sir,

I have time for but a brief word.— Mr Emerson was educated a Unitarian Minister. His father as a Minister of that denomination, his grandfather was also a Minister— the James William Emerson of Concord. Bancroft mentions him with honor in his new volume. (VII.) R. W. E. studied with Dr Channing and was settled in Boston, but left the ministry early. He has a little fortune and devotes himself to literature. His first series of Essays (1 vol. 12. costs $1.00) is his best work.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Boston 1st July 1858.

Mr Moore

Dear Sir,

The sermons you refer to, retail at 8 cents each, the wholesale price is $5. a hundred. I will see that 100 are sent for $5, if you wish; the postage on Pamphlets is a cent an oz I think; on Tracts half a cent; these are tracts. I have paid a cent for 2 or 3 of them 33 or 50 cents would be the Postage. I will put the

Moore T. J.

"Theism" at $1.00 a copy — the wholesale price; the Postage is 22 or 25 cents, which brings it about $1.25. — I am to lecture also at Schenectady! Sermons on Old Age are all gone. I send a Speech.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Boston 2d August 1858.

Mr Moore.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter. I send you a pamphlet containing 4 sermons which I think as important as any thing I have printed for a long time. I have many more which I hope to print in the autumn or winter.

I think we had better work with the Republican Party now. It is the best we can get at present: a Party is the organization of a tendency; the Republicans really organize all the anti-slavery tendency of the majority. I doubt that a better party can be set on its legs at present. By & by we shall do more. I hope Douglas will be defeated. He is a great scoundrel, a liar quite equal to any we have in New England where there are many who pray (if at all) to St Ananias and Sapphira!

Moore. T. J.

I trust Lincoln will be elected. But the New York Tribune and other papers did us a deal of harm last winter by their praise of that traitor.

Yours truly.
Theodore Parker.

Boston 15th Nov. 1858.

Mr Moore,

Dear Sir,

Many thanks to you for the two letters I have not answered yet,— especially for the kind words of the last. I don't know what I have done to waken such generous enthusiasm as I find is felt for me in many parts of the country. I have simply tried to do a very plain and obvious duty, and have no doubt made many errors in my course. Yet I feel sure I have taught some great truths which will not die when I cease to be mortal.

I have been ill — and did not preach for four Sundays — most of the time I lay on the bed where a Surgical operation compelled me to keep. Now I am better, and I think the evils (which really had a dangerous look) are now all disposed of. I see no reason why I may not live 30 or 40 years more — full of vigor too. I preached last Sunday.

Moore. T. J.

So you are beaten in Illinois! But the administration is more defeated than you. So, to the cause of Progress I think it is still a victory. For tho' I think Judge Douglas is the most dangerous man now in the United States he is yet useful to check the administration. I should not like 100 barrels of Gunpowder in my House—but would get use it to blow up the fortress of an enemy—and even keep it in my house for a while for that purpose—at least—in my Barn. I take it there will be a reconstruction of the Democratic Platform—that Buchanan will go where Pierce went, and Douglas will fail of the nomination in 1860 but will be a very great man till that time—when they that worship the rising sun will stop before a different luminary.

I send you the pamphlets which missed before. If these fail let me know.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Merrick. J. L.

To Rev J. L. Merrick South-Amherst. Mass.

West-Roxbury 16th July 1849.

Dear Sir

I could not reply to your last letter till I heard from Messrs Phillips & Sampson. I proposed to them these terms:- that they should print and publish the work, and sell it; then repay themselves for the money they had thus spent, and finally divide the profits equally with you; they accept these terms. I think the bargain fair and just all round; they risk their money, and you your Book- they have all the pecuniary risk, and you share equally the profits.---- If you were out of the country I would cheerfully do all my little possible in the way of notes preface &c &c. But as you are here, and are vastly more competent to perform that work, I must leave it to you. I have not for some years paid much attention to Mohammedan Literature- until last spring, and then only for a few months; I have much to do- much for me- and find myself so worn out and weary that I only want to lie down under a tree all summer and sleep till the post comes. I will gladly look over the proof-sheets and help you in that mechanical way. If you will write to Messrs Phillips & Sampson Boston, they will send you the Manuscript if you will tell them by what mode of conveyance you wish it to go. Mr. Salisbury can advise you about the orthography of oriental names better than any man in New England, as I

Parker. A. M.

think: he left with me a heap of Mohammedan Books which you may need. I will procure for you any thing you want from Cambridge, and you know what is at Andover.

Yours respectfully & truly
Theo. Parker.

Rev. Mr. Merrick.

To Miss Abby M. Parker. Savannah Georgia.

Boston Feb. 6th 1852.

My dear Miss Parker

I am truly obliged to you for your kind letter. I am glad you have had the opportunity to visit another land, see other skies and become acquainted with forms of social life so unlike ours in New England. The longing for home is natural and painful too— I know very well,— but it will not be without good results in years to come. It is a good thing in the early part of life to fill the eye with pictures of lovely things— in the North with our shaggy forests, mountains &c, in the South with the varied and beautiful vegetation of tropic lands; in all countries with the Stars, the little flowers, the forms of animals, and the faces of handsome men and women— especially of children; all these things help

Parker. T. M.

educate the sense of the Beautiful, give delight at the time, and furnish a world of loveliness for the imagination to wander in at other times when there is no object of delight for the senses, and no special thing to interest the mind. You have the opportunity to add to your store of such things, and the absence of Society, of near friends, & of books will force these things upon your eye to remain there forever.

I never thought you would like to live at Savannah all your life; but you will return better in health I trust - and with the happy result of your experience. I shall value the flowers very much which you speak of. I have heard my friends speak of the abundance and beauty of the flowers in your neighborhood. Perhaps you will find it a pleasant thing, for yourself, to gather a flower from each spot you visit, press it in a book - putting the date and place in the margin - and so keep a diary of blossoms - as the day-book of your travels. I always do so in my rambles about the world - and find my flower-books the most valuable records.

If you get time - and feel the inclination - I hope you will write me again, for I love to keep my eye on the minds of my young friends when they wander off from me. We have had some things here that would have interested you this winter: concerts by the Germania Band, the Musical Fund Association &c, and best of all six lectures from Mr Emerson. The latter you may read some day. Accept my kind and friendly regards, and believe me

truly yours

Theo. Parker.

Parker E. A

To Miss Emmeline Parker. Jamaica Plains.

West Roxbury 11th May. 1842.

My dear Niece

+ + + + + +

I was very glad to hear from you again, and should have called to see you long ago but I have been journeying about most of the winter past, and this spring have been so busy with printing a book, that I have had no time to visit my friends. However I shall see you soon. I am glad you are pleasantly situated where you now are, and hope you feel contented. I would gladly help you in any way that lies in my power, and if any time, I can be of any service to you, if you will let me know how, I will do all I can for you. Do you have any time to read? You told me last Autumn that Mr Greene had books which you could borrow of him. I hope you improve every advantage of that sort, — but not to the injury of your health. You still go to Brookline to meeting I suppose and find as much satisfaction in religious thoughts and in religious life as before. If you live truly Religion will shine brighter and brighter; you will see how little are the questions men quarrel about, and what a great reality there is at the bottom of their poor contentions; you will get the substance and let the form take care of itself.

You say something about your Father. I never knew him much, for he was not often at home

Parker. E. A.

when I was a boy and was so much older than I, that he seemed more an uncle than a brother. Your mother, of course, can tell you a good deal about him. I have not seen John this good while, not since I knew of his marriage. He went to work <u>slily</u>. But he will make a <u>fine man</u> I have no doubt, for he has shown himself an excellent <u>son</u> and <u>brother</u>. I hope he will be as good a husband and man, and then God's blessing is sure to follow. I wish you would come up and see us soon. Can't you come up some Saturday afternoon and pass the Sunday! We shall all be glad to see you. Write me as soon as you find it convenient for I shall always be glad to hear from you.

Your affectionate Uncle
Theo. Parker.

To the Same. Hingham. Mass.

West Roxbury 2d August. 1843.

My dear Emmeline

I thank you for your pleasant letter, but beg you not to suppose that I should ever criticize your letters; no, no, write just as you think — just as you feel; a person of real elevation is never an unkind judge or critic. Your letter pleases me very much. I understand the feeling of bashfulness that troubles you. But you must

Parker E. A.

overcome that. Try to forget yourself, don't think that everybody is looking at you, or thinking about you. I have suffered a great deal from the same feeling. I have been to see a person, and got to the door, and found it impossible to ring the bell — and walked away — till I got the necessary courage. But I overcame it — so will you — Don't keep thinking — about what you are going to say; say it as well as you can. You had better take pains to see other persons; as many as you can, and to talk with them, only don't talk when you have nothing to say, but have something. I know you have enough in you. By & by it will come out, what you want is confidence. Habit will give you this. Mr Smith will be glad to talk with you. He is a little precise in his ways, but no man has a kinder heart, or a better soul — towards all persons that wish to learn. — I hope you take care of your health — that you use Air, Water and Exercise, not forgetting to sit up straight. — Mrs Shaw has gone to Niagara, but the children are well. Remember me to Mr Smith and all his family.

Very truly your friend
Theo Parker.

Parker E. A.

To the Same. Boston.

Boston. Saturday. August 5. 1843.

My dear Emmeline

I am very sorry to hear of your illness. It was the only thing I feared in respect to your progress. All else I knew you would overcome. But you must be computed and careful, don't give yourself any uneasiness; perhaps you will be better in a few days or weeks. You go to Dr. Nesbeth I suppose as before. I will come in and see you Monday. Till then good bye.

Yours truly
Theo Parker.

P. S. I sent a letter some days ago to Wingham for you.

West Roxbury. 22d August 1843.

My dear Emmeline

I thank you for your letter; I like the spirit with which you write. Always write as you think and feel. I knew what the cost would be at Wingham before you went. Mr. Smith has only charged what we agree upon beforehand. The scruple you have about going to Lexington is nothing. I wish you to go and shall feel myself the party obliged if you accept

of my offer. You will help your mother most effectually in this very way. I think every body ought to work - in some mode or another. You will make the experiment - if you find the mode Providence designed for you is to work with your hands as before - why you will go back to that - a position in my eyes just as honorable as any in the world; if you find it is to work with your head and keep a school, why you will continue in that. I have no doubt of your abilities, if you have. Try, Try, and we shall see. I know you will succeed. At Lexington - the expense will be less, about $2.00 a week, and no charge for tuition. I do not think you can do any thing to lessen that cost.

I shall want John perhaps to go with you to Lexington on the Tuesday before the second Wednesday in September. I will give you a letter of introduction to Mr May - the teacher of the school. I will have the bills sent to West - Roxbury, and will leave directions about returning the money to Mr May. If John will keep the clothes I left at N. at the store - or if you will leave them with Eliza (Mrs Stearns) I shall get them soon.

Believe me very truly your friend
Theo. Parker.

Parker E. A.

To the Same West-Newton.

West-Roxbury 4th October. 1844

My dear Emmeline

Don't be discouraged about yoursely – all will come in its time. I have no doubt you get the lessons well. In a short time you will learn to recite them well likewise. Try to keep composed. Don't think of yoursely – I don't mean don't be selfish for I know you are not that. But try not to think about yoursely more than of another person. Little children are always easy and natural because they are not self conscious –; they don't think how this will appear, so they always appear free. I expect much of you – I knew you would find Mr Peirce a little harder and apparently colder than Mr May. But he is quite as good a man I fancy and certainly as good a teacher. By & by this appearance will wear away – and you will find the man – the man with a large warm heart – not without imperfections truly, but with real merits – and kind sympathies – I know you did not find any fault with him – but I saw how you felt as well as if you had written a volume – Take good care of your health, sit up straight. Don't go out in the damp evenings without a cloak or a shawl: when you study be careful not to take a constrained position. Then I would try to be free and sociable with others. I know you used to complain that you did not talk; you will overcome

that by & by, not all at once - but naturally and slowly. Of course you must continue at the School - and become a teacher. I doubt not you will be a successful one - valuable to the shy and timid as well as to the forward and bold. -- I was sorry that I could not get over to Brookline to see you before you went away - But so many persons come to see me that I have no time to go abroad; I have not been to Lexington yet. With - I know you will always be a good girl - and come out right at the last. Believe me always

truly your friend & Uncle

Theo. Parker.

To the Same. At the Normal School. West-Newton.

West-Roxbury. 16th November 1844.

My dear Emmeline,

I thank you heartily for your kind letter the other day. I knew how you felt when you wrote the first one. I have not lived four and thirty years without feeling sad and desponding oft-times. I knew well how to sympathize with you - and I knew too that you would soon overcome all that. Never despair of yourself. To have a modest confidence in yourself is a great thing - It is the key to success in many things. I have no doubt you will one day make an excellent instructress - I expect much of you - very much - But it takes time for all things. An acorn may be a very good

Parker E. A.

acorn but it is a long time before it becomes an oak—

I thank you for the pleasant description you give of your School—and its excellent Teacher— He is quite a noble man—a religious man with no cant—and nonsense which with many takes the place of goodness—yes of Religion itself. I know his influence can't fail to be good, when you know him and he knows you— You have begun right—only go on as you have begun and all will be well— I don't know about the Putnam School— But you had better not take it now. It must be a difficult School in the winter— for many large boys will come— whom you would find it difficult to manage at first. You had better tell Mr Peirce that you would like a School—by & by— any time between now and the middle of April. I think he will find one that will suit you— I am School committee in this town—and should feel modest about using my influence here in your favour— It would look like particularity—perhaps— Yet I shall be on the look-out for you— You also had better ask Mr Stearns to enquire about the Schools in Brookline— Take good care of your health, sit up straight— be careful not to sit with wet feet. Take a good run—now and then, and be cheerful— all will go well with you I doubt not. Write me soon and believe me

truly your "uncle
Theodore."

Parker. E. A.

To the Same. West-Newton

Boston 13th December 1844.

My dear Emmeline,

I have been away all the week or I would have answered your note before— Here is the $32. I thought it would be more— I want you to stay the next quarter— at least to return after vacation and stay till you find a School—

I am truly yours
Theo Parker.

P S. If you dont know what to do with the check, show it to Mr Peirce and he will tell you.

To the Same. At Mr Greene's Jamaica Plains. Roxbury.

West-Roxbury 11th April. 1845

My dear Emmeline

Your letters are always most welcome— I did not write— because I had not found you any place I wrote to Dorchester— but there was no vacancy—; to Dedham— and one there, is possible but not actual—; to Mr Peirce— if he had any application. He will let

Parker E. A.

me know if he has any such. There is none in Roxbury. Miss James took the School on the Plains - which I once thought of for you - I will write today to other place - and see what can be done. In the meantime keep up a good heart - and don't be afraid of troubling me.

Yours hastily
Theo Parker.

Emmeline.

To the Same. Salem. Mass.

West - Roxbury 28th April 1845.

My dear Emmeline

I am glad to hear that you have found a place in the Salem Schools. I had one in prospect for you - which I heard of through Mr Peirce of the Normal School. It is in Long Island - a great way off -. I will arrange that matter with Mr Peirce and you will take the place at Salem. I know you will succeed - yet I know very well the fears you suffer from at first, for I have felt the same. Go on and fear nothing; be calm and resolute, firm but mild. Let this be your motto to overcome evil with good, and to love the unlovely. Think before you act, think out of school too - how you shall work in school - and all

Parker. E. A.

with go well. Be sure and take good care of your health; to sit up straight; to rise early - and retire early; to use a good deal of exercise in the open air, and a good deal of cold water on the outside of the body. Be cheerful; don't think that the God of infinite Goodness will damn half the world, or that he asks any one to serve Him with a moping, melancholy face. Read cheerful books, as well as good religious books - but remember that all sectarian books are by no means religious! If you had not found a place in a few days I should have asked you to return to the normal School until one offered itself. But I have no doubt of your success — a good deal depends on a right beginning. Have confidence in yourself - don't hesitate before the scholars - but be decided and firm in gentleness.

Remember me to your learned brother - and tell him I hope he will read Shakespeare a good deal in his leisure hours. With kind wishes to all I am

truly your uncle
T. P.

Parker. E. A.

To the Same. Salem. Mass.

West-Roxbury 20th Feb. 1846

c

My dear little niece

I am glad to hear all the good things of you that were told me at Salem – but sorry not to see you. However it could not be. I am sorry to find you have formed the shameful habit of lying in bed in the morning! Its effect on the body is highly injurious – and on the character in general is quite as bad –. Study the character of any one long addicted to this – from what= =ever pretence – and you will find what I say is true. "Early to bed" be you know. I beg you by the love I bear you to break this habit. Early rising, washing all over in cold water every morning and exercise in the open air will make quite a new being of you – Never tolerate any laziness in yourself. Tell John I thank him heartily for his two coins – they are both Persian coins, and I think rare in this country. Tell him also that Keith on the Prophets is not worth reading, but I don't own it. There is no book in the English language that I know of, that is to be trusted. They all "lie for the Lord". The "vestiges" is a noble book – but not without objectionable theories and some "facts" that are a little "visionary and doubtful", as it is said. The Book is well worth your reading and the reviews of it are worth – – o. I will send

Parker. E. A.

it to him one of these days. Nicht- wo is a german word and means in Germany No- where- but- in America almost- Every- where.

Believe me truly your Friend
Theo. Parker.

To the Same. Salem.

West- Roxbury 17th April 1846.

My dear little niece

I thank you for your note asking my advice and will give it- as you ask me. I would advise you by all means to do just as you think proper and right. But if you were I- you would go without any hesitation. The advantages for you are very great- To go amongst strangers is one of the best things which could happen to you. You will see a beautiful country- new forms of society- and a whole set of new things. It will give you new Ideas—; make you more of a woman- and be an exceeding great help to you. You know the proverb: "Home- keeping youths have ever homely wits." and there is a deal of truth in it. I hope you will go, surely you will if you have any spirit of enterprise in you- and I think you have a good deal of it- and hope to see more. Don't be afraid of getting out of

Parker C. A.

the reach of your mother's Apron-strings- you can walk alone now- and it will do you good to walk alone. You may feel a little homesick for a week or so- but will soon find new friends or make them. Write me as soon as you make up your mind- and tell me when you shall go- If possible I will go there with you- and see you comfortably settled and fixed down, and will then at now wish you all manner of pleasant things, so believe me

truly your affectionate uncle
S.

To the Same. Salem.

West Roxbury 25th December. 1846.

My dear little niece,

I don't wonder that you dislike Salem- you see the worst part of the people and the worst side of them- I fear. Still "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I don't think you would be better off in a Boston School, but I will see. I had an application for a School-mistress for Dorchester last week- and sent a little "gal" who would not do- she was so young and little. You would have been just the thing- Salary $208. per annum. I will look out for you- I know how it is- you want to be married-! It is all right- I wish you to be married- to the right man. Love to all.

yours S. P.

Parker. E. A.

To the Same. Salem.

Boston 21. May 1847.

My dear little niece

I would advise you to apply to Mr Richard Soule Esq instantly for the School you speak of - Tell him that you refer him to me for testimonials of your character, fitings &c, and also to the committee of the Salem Schools. I would not lose the opportunity. Tell John if he don't behave better I will not only not lend him books but shall come down and take the little daughter and bring it to Boston and keep it forever!

truly & affectionately
Theo. Parker.

To the Same.

Boston 23d March. 1849.

My dear Niece

I should be very sorry to have you suppose I would advise you or any one to marry for any thing but the most pure and holy affection. I think that marriage is the great Sacrament of Life, and I hate to see one profane what God meant to be so holy and beautiful. What I said to John, I said as much in joke as in earnest.

Parker. E. A.

Do not suppose I meant you should say;— "well now, this year I will look me up a man and be married"!. It is no such thing. Still I think a good deal of happiness depends upon marriage; a good deal of a man's happiness, and a good deal of a woman's; there may be one or two persons in a hundred, to whom marriage would not be a good thing, or a natural thing, but to the great majority of mankind and womankind it is a desirable thing. But it is very bad to marry one not fit for you; one for whom you are not fit. There are whole marriages and there are fractional marriages, where only a part of each is married, and the rest remains as single as before. I like not the fractional wedlocks. I have thought that you lived too much by yourself; that you saw few persons, and most of them of not a very elevating character; that you were shutting yourself up in a very narrow circle, where there were few Ideas, few liberal sentiments, and that the effect on yourself would be a bad one. At one end of your business is the School-room, at the other end an orthodox meeting-house with an illiberal man in it, setting forth rather degrading Ideas of Man, of God, and of the Relation between man and God. Now I don't want to make you discontented with your business; I think any condition is high enough to rear the loftiest virtues in. I think your calling is a noble one; the School-room a beautiful place to develop the mind in; the meeting-house I am not a-going to quarrel with. I only want to introduce a little more variety into your life; to get some new influences to

Parker E. A.

work there. I thought a new scene, new duties, new faces would effect that, and therefore I felt a little sorry that you did not go to St Louis. But you know best. I think good books would help you a good deal. I don't mean "Josephus," nor "Baxter's Saints Rest;" nor the "last words and dying confessions of" — any body, but the real sterling literature of the English Nation. If you will read good authors I never will joke you any more about a husband, for I don't think a husband is one of the things which you must have, only might. I will help you to any books that you may want; a Husband you won't ask me to look up for you.

With best regards to you & all

Your affectionate Uncle

Theodore.

To the Same.

Boston 18th February 1853.

My dear little Blessed Niece,

I have been laid not up but down with one of the worst kind of Job's Comforters — and so not able to attend to your note. I will settle all the matter as soon as I get well and return from New York whither I go next week. Send me the notes you have, and I will put them all into one, and send you the

Parker E. A.

interest, when I find a good chance I will buy your stock in some company.

Good bye. Love to all.

To the Same.

Newton Corner

21st August 1853.

Dear Emmeline

I enclose a letter from Dr Russell which you will see. I think you are better off where you are than you would be in his school — the Normal School of Boston. Love to all. I was 43 years old today.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Dear little Nicie,

I do know a Person who is going to the West — Iowa &c &c — on Monday Oct. 13th. If you will take that time I will introduce you to him with pleasure — for he takes an old fashioned interest in you — and is

Your affect. uncle

T.

Giddings. J. R.

To Hon. Joshua. R. Giddings. Washington

Boston 12th April 1848.

Dear Sir

I hope you will excuse one who is a stranger to your person for troubling you with this note. I say to your person, for to yourself I do not feel a stranger. I wish to ask some questions about your late friend Mr J Q. Adams which your long acquaintance with him will enable you readily to answer.

1st Had he many personal friends,— men who loved him not for his learning, or his fame, or because he could help them— but for himself, and because they could not help loving him! It has seemed to me that he had none such— or an exceedingly small number.

2d was he animated by any hostility towards the South- other than that which came incidentally, on account of their attachment to Slavery! That has been often alleged, but I have found no proof of it, and not many signs thereof.

3d When he was Secretary of State I have seen it stated that he wrote the Mexican Government— on occasion of the abolition of Slavery by the Mexicans— and considered that abolition, an act unfriendly to the United States. Is that a fact! If so— where are the papers published! Again it is said that he tried to induce the Mexican and Spanish governments to consent to restore our fugitive slaves! But I have found no proof of this— tho' I have not seen

Giddings J. R.

all the papers which passed between the several governments on the occasions referred to.

When he was President — I knew the course he pursued in the matter of Hayti, Cuba, and the congress of Panama. In negotiating the Treaty of Ghent he contended that the British should pay for the fugitive slaves that took refuge on their fleet — I suppose he had orders from home to do so. Am I right —? for I cannot suppose that he took that upon his own responsibility.

I venture to write you this note and ask the favor of an answer — because I intend to write a little paper on Mr Adams and I want to do justice all round. If you will favor me with a reply — you will do me a substantial service, and oblige

Very respectfully & truly yours
Thos. Parker.

Hon. Mr Giddings.

P. S. Of all the Public Documents of this year — I have received only the President's message and the papers stitched up with it; if you can (without trouble) send me any of the others — you will also confer a favor. One thing I have forgotten above, viz, what were Mr Adams' motives in claiming the whole of Oregon? Did he sincerely think we had a right to it, or only wish to force men into certain measures?

Giddings J. R.

To the Same. Washington.

West Roxbury near Boston
June 17th 1848.

Honored & dear Sir

a writer in the Boston Post of June 14th — I send you the Paper — denies a statement I have made on pr 40 of my "letter to the people of the United States touching the matter of Slavery". — viz "that General Jackson was a dealer in slaves and so late as 1811 bought a coffle and drove them to Louisiana for sale" I want to know 1. if General Jackson ever held a slave or slaves, 2. if he was ever engaged in the internal slave trade, 3. if he conducted a "coffle" to Louisiana in 1811, for sale. I am not at all anxious to prove myself in the right, but only to ascertain the truth. If you can aid me you will do me a real service and I shall be grateful to you for a special reason as I have long been for your general services to the Nation and the cause of Mankind.

Very respectfully & truly yours
Theo. Parker.

Hon J. R. Giddings.

Giddings J. R.

To the Same. Washington.

Boston December 21st 1852.

Dear Sir,

It is rather cruel gratitude to pay a man for old services by asking him to perform new ones. But I must express my gratitude to you for your last speech in this way. I want some information about Mr. Webster. To be specific.- 1. I have been told that he intended to make an Anti-slavery speech to back up Corwin some years ago, but failed thereof to the indignation of Mr Corwin. Is that so?

2. His friends here at Boston in the winter of 1850, (Jan'y & Feb'y) expected him to make an anti-slavery speech. Do you know of any evidence of that?

3. Can you give me any information as to the Texan Stock which he is alleged to have received in 1850? It is said here that he received $300,000, or $400,000, in that way which an eminent Financier of Boston helped him negotiate. That sum seems to me quite extravagant.

4. Do you know what overtures were made to him by men interested in the Fugitive Slave Bill, to induce him to make his speech of March 7th?

5. Do you think he was honest in the matter which Mr Allen charged on him, or in the other case when Mr Ingersol attacked him?

6. Is there any evidence that he received money for

Giddings J. R.

the advice he gave about the Lobos Islands?

If you will be kind enough to give me any information on any of the points named I shall be much obliged to you, and will consider the information entirely confidential and not disclose the source of the information, even to shield mysel from any attack – if such should be made – without your consent. Believe me

respectfully & truly yours
Theo. Parker.

Hon. Mr. Giddings.

To the Same. Washington.

Boston Jan^y 28^th 1853.

Dear Sir,

Sometime ago you kindly offered at my request to furnish me some information on certain points of Mr Webster's conduct &c. I am about sending my Manuscript to the press, and if you will kindly send me what you have on these matters you will much oblige me.

I will take care that you are not at all implicated in the matter, and that your name shall not be at all mentioned in connection with it. I have observed this rule in all the information which I have privately obtained. I shall make the statement on my own

Mills. H. P.

responsibility. Believe me

Respectfully & truly yours

Theo. Parker.

Hon. J. R. Giddings.

To Miss Helen. P. Mills. Chatham. Mass.

Boston 1 Febr 1855.

c

Dear Miss Mills,

I have not time to write a long letter.

Religion is the natural product of human nature as much as Philosophy, or Literature, not something from without, but from within. I make it to consist of two things: viz

1. Piety, Love of God, — that is the ideal, or poetical part of Religion. Of course there must be an Idea of God before you can love that Idea: that God must be conceived of as lovely. No man can love the orthodox Idea of God, none can fail to love the Infinite God, perfectly powerful, wise, just, loving and holy.

2. Morality, Keeping the natural Laws of God, which He wrote on the constitution of things. This is the practical part of Religion, — what Jesus calls Love to man, &c.

Now if a person were brought up without love of God, or love of man — then a "change of Heart" would be indispensable. But if brought up to this kind of Piety and

Morality – there is no need of such a thing. If you were bred in France you would speak French and coming to Chatham must change your speech; but bred at Chatham you need no change of speech.

I do not see how a religious woman can accept the grim and dreadful theology which is now taught in the name of Jesus Christ. I am sure she would reject it with as much scorn as the "Righteousness of the old Scribes and Pharisees. Real Religion is one of the most beautiful of all human things – it joins us to God, to the world of nature, and to mankind: but much passes under the name of Religion which is no more religious than arsenic is bread.

I send you a Sermon

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Received with the above, a fine letter from Mrs George W. Young of Cincinnati, formerly Miss Helen P. Mills of Chatham. Mass.

L. D. P.

Taylor. Wm A.

To William A. Taylor Esq. Quincy. Mass.

Boston 22d Sept 1857.

C

Mr Taylor.

Dear Sir,

Your kind letter did not reach me till long after it was written — for I was absent on a little sailing expedition; — and when I received it, was laid away in a pile with many others, and I did not have time and health to reach it till this hour. I wish I could or deserve half, or a tenth part, of the good things you say of me, — but I do not. You must not think so well of me — I do not deserve any such admiration. Neither must you take me for a master, let me help you where I can — but do not subordinate your own mind to any man's, least of all to mine. I think I teach many great truths; I am sure I teach some. I think the general tendency of my writings and preaching is good, and for the advantage of mankind. But I must be mistaken in many things — and I trust somebody will see my error and point them out, at least after I am dead. I wish it might be done while I am alive — for my own advantage also.

I have not time to write you a long letter — so please accept this as the autograph you ask for, and believe me

Yours truly

Theodore Parker.

O'Leary. A.

I have this day reached the bottom of my pile of unanswered letters — You will not think it any neglect but only an accident which made yours the last.

To Mr Arthur O'Leary. Utica New York.

Boston 18th April. 1855

C

Dear Sir

I have an admirable crayon likeness of myself by Cheney — If Mr Pope would make use of that — it is at his service.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Mr O'Leary.

Boston 1. November 1855.

C

Mr. O'Leary.

Dear Sir.

A man is no judge of his own picture — but I think that is too full, too young, too florid; in other respects men say it is a good likeness — only I suppose the artist makes the picture handsomer than the man. — I was born at Lexington Mass.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Wilcoy. H. A.

To Mr. Henry. A. Wilcoy. Mendon. Illinois.

Boston 10th October. 1856.

Mr. Wilcoy.

Dear Sir,

Your case is a very hard one but I do not know what advice to give you. It would be in vain to venture to Boston, or any of the Eastern Towns — where the avenues to all kinds of Business are more crowded than with you at the best. I feel the warmest sympathy with you, and trust that patient efforts will secure you the victory in the end. There are several modes which men try to overcome an enemy withal, one is to knock him down; another to talk him down but I think the manly way is to live him down. After a little while farmers will sow the wheat which gives the largest crops of the best kind of grain, and will not care much by what name it is called. If Hybrid wheat only yields ten bushels to the acre and Heathen wheat yields thirty of a better quality, the bad name won't keep the wheat from the fields.

It is always pleasant to try and live down the evil name which good deeds bring on a man. You are always sure of the pleasant victory at last.

Believe me

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Wilcox W. A.

To the Same.

Boston November 3d 1856.

My dear Sir,

I thank you for your kind letter which I find on returning from your state. I confess I know of nothing which so calms, cheers and strengthens a man so much, as a fixed and abiding confidence in God. If I am sure of the Cause and Providence of the Universe, I am sure that all things at last will turn out well. If I am not certain of Him — I am sure of nothing else. The great vice of all the religious systems in the world is this — they do not know the Perfect and Infinite God. So they have only a poor and imperfect trust in God; and instead of Love nothing but Fear. To my apprehension, Religion is natural Piety, — the Love of God, — and natural Morality — the keeping of the Laws he has written on matter and man.

It is not easy to find any wide sympathy with Opinions dear to you — for they are yet too new in the World. But the noble man gradually makes a little circle of friends about him who sympathize with his best emotions, and soon the circle grows wider. — The History of mankind seems dark as you look back — so much stumbling for so short a while, — but when you look forward you see the signs of Triumph for the individual and the race. It is sure to come, and every earnest good man, put him where you may, will do something

Wilcox, W. A.

to help the victory draw nigh. Let me hear from you from time to time and believe me

truly your Friend

Theo. Parker

Boston 18th December. 1856.

C

M. Wilcox,

Dear Sir,

I am quite glad to find that you are likely to overcome the difficulties which lie in your way. I know the strength of Bigotry; but see every day how certain, Prudence and a manly Religion are to overcome it. Men are not fools; and tho' they often wink are yet not blind. If you keep the School better than any one has done before, if you preserve order by gentleness, and secure the progress of your pupils while you win their esteem and love — you will find that all the hostility to your religious opinions will melt away. Christianity conquered the world in that quiet manner.

Believe me truly tho' hastily yours

Theo. Parker.

Wiley & A.

Boston 15th April 1858.

Mr Wiley,

Dear Sir

I thank you for your kind letter, but fear your others must have miscarried — for I have answered all I have ever received — you may not have received all my replies. I am glad you like farming — it is the most natural and so the most healthy of all human employments. Omitting all who die before 20 years of age, the average age of farmers in Massachusetts at death is 64, that of printers 36. After they reach the age of majority, 21 — the printers live 45 years; the farmers 43.

I am not astonished that you find the head saves the hands; a man with a good head and no hands at all can direct the muscles of a thousand men. It is a good profession for one's whole life. I am sorry to find it is no more popular; in Europe it is the favorite employment with the great mass of men. It is not fast enough, or noisy enough, for the Americans.

I send you a couple of little sermons of mine lately printed, which please accept with the best wishes of

Yours truly

Theodore Parker.

Wilcox. W. A.

Boston 31. August. 1858.

Mr. Wilcox.

Dear Sir

I have just returned from a long journey and find your note of 2d inst. I hope your crops will turn out better than your fear. I should not wish to hurt the feelings of my neighbors, or offend their innocent prejudices, but yet I should have put my corn into the ground on Sunday under such circumstances. By & by men will understand a man who has real religion, tho' his opinions and his ceremonies differ from theirs. I send you another pamphlet, and tho' in haste am still

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Boston Oct. 23d 1858

Mr Wilcox

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to hear that you are sick; (I am also in the same condition, and hence write by another hand,) but rejoice in your good spirits and firm faith. I send you the sermon you wrote for.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker

Wilcox H. A.

Boston. Dec 2d 1858.

Henry A. Wilcox Esq.

My dear Sir,

I thank you for the letter you so kindly sent me November 6th which I have not been able to answer till now, and at this moment but briefly.

I am glad to find that you seem to be permanently convalescent; so likewise am I, but tho' a great walker, I cannot yet accomplish more than two miles a day, and use another hand to save my own when possible. I trust we shall both be entirely well, and that soon.

I am glad you held fast to your faith, amid the wearings of disease and the assaults of well-meaning but bigoted men. It required some courage to do that. It gives me great pleasure to find that I have helped any one learn the road of true Religion. Bigotry and fear are the great enemies of the human race. If I can destroy them and bring up in their stead Piety which is the Love of God and Morality which is the keeping of his natural Laws, then I shall feel that I have not lived in vain.

Believe me

Yours truly

Theodore Parker.

An anonymous letter of advice.

Boston 2d February 1853.

Dear Sir

I do think you did wrong to be married under such circumstances; I think it was not wise to leave ——— for a wider field when no wider one was in sight, and you left a certainty for an uncertainty. It seems to me it would not be a very difficult thing for a hearty young man with good abilities and good courage and a good heart — to pay off a few hundred dollars, or a few thousand dollars even, if he is industrious and economical. I don't wonder at the feeling you speak of in ———

I hope you are not a going to break your ——— heart with sorrow and disappointment and chagrin. She is your wife — You are bound to treat her more tenderly than yourself; to sacrifice your own personal predilections for her. You say she must have a husband whom she can admire, and be proud of. It is for you to give her such a husband, to make such a husband for her out of yourself. It is not manly in you to be out of employment. There is a deal of work to be done, in the ministry; in the Unitarian ministry: there was never such a time for a real living man to do a manly work. It is much easier now than ten, or eight or even six years ago. There are many parishes vacant, looking for earnest and religious men. There was never a time

when idleness in a minister was such a stigma and reproach. If you have any Conscience in you — you will work: if you have any manhood in you — you will work. Not only is there the general call of duty addressing every religious man, but the special call of Duty to you as a Husband, and this also is the voice of God. You can find an opportunity to preach — I doubt not. Let the new Responsibilities of marriage stir you to fresh efforts. I beg you not to put the self-denial on —— but to take that to yourself — You are young and vigorous; the world is before you, and a noble and religious career of honorable service if you will.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Moore P. D.

From Philip D. Moore.

Newark New Jersey May 22d 1853.

Rev. Theodore Parker

Esteemed Friend of Humanity,

I take the liberty of addressing you—(although almost a stranger to your person, but not to your thoughts and Ideas)—for the purpose of calling your attention to an Association which holds its meetings in Waterloo New York the "Basis" of which Association, together with its last-Year's proceedings, I send you accompanying this.

Of the History, Principles, and objects of this Association I need not here speak (as such information to a considerable degree, you will gather from the "Basis of Association")—suffice it to say, that it sprang from the spirit of intolerance exercised by persons holding Ecclesiastical power in the Society of Friends (or Quakers), toward those members who recognized and affirmed the Higher Law of God written in the Human soul, as being paramount to all human enactments, whether of Church or State, and who preferred having a Theology that would stand the test of reason, and believing that God's will is written in the very nature of man, and that by means of those powers or faculties God would accomplish his great purpose. It is upon this platform—Faith in, and love towards

from Moore P. D.

God and man,— that this Association stand and consequently recognize the great Protestant principles of Free Thought in religious Matters.— Now, Beloved Brother, and efficient Laborer in the Cause of Humanity, if it is consistent with your labors and duties, we would be rejoiced to have your presence with us on the Assembling of our Association, which will take place on the 5th day of June next at Waterloo New York to strengthen us by your words of Counsel and encouragement. I apprehend that there will not be a person there but whose heart beats in sympathy with yours, and I doubt not you would find the most favorable Soil upon which to sow those Great Ideas of God and Man, which you entertain, and which will yet become "a Flame in the hearts of all mankind."

But if it be not consistent with your inclination or duties, (which, however, I would earnestly desire it might be) to be with us at our Annual Meeting, I desire you would in your reply to this, give such thoughts relative to any of the reforms which are moving the thinking world, or such words of Counsel relative to the true relations and duties of mankind, as your wisdom may dictate, and which I may have the liberty of presenting to the Meeting.

Hoping to hear from you at as early a period as suits your convenience, and without apologizing for the liberty I have taken in addressing you.— I subscribe myself your younger and feeble Brother in the
Cause of God and Humanity
and Your assured friend
Philip D. Moore

Moore P. D.

Extract from reply to the foregoing letter.

c

"It seems to me that the Christian world has honestly made two great mistakes, in common with the rest of mankind, namely:

1. They consider that God is finite. In our time, they do not say so in so many words, yet when they come to speak of his works and motives, it continually leaks out that they think so. Hence comes the notion of the wrath of God; of vindictive punishment; of eternal Hell; of God changing his plans — either directly as related in the Bible, or indirectly by miracles, such as are spoken of in the Bible and the religious books of most of the nations. The belief in miracles rests on two things: 1. A Deity who can control the material world — but, 2. A world, previously shaped by this Deity in so poor a way that it does not answer his intentions, and he, therefore, must alter it to suit the particular purpose in hand. The alteration is not according to the nature of the thing, — as the blossom of the bud, and the fruit of the flower; but against the nature of the thing, — as a man born with no human father, and ofs speaking Hebrew, and the like. The notion of a miraculous revelation made to man, rests on this previous thought, namely, — that God had made man so poorly at the first, that he could not ascertain the religious truths needful for the safe conduct of his life, and so God must, by miracles, supply the defect of

Nature; that is, he must alter and mend what he made badly at first. The Bible represents the world as not turning out as God expected. The common notion of the Christian pulpit is, that mankind is a disappointment to God; the world is not what he meant it to be. All this comes from the imperfect idea men have of God, — of God as finite.

II. They conceive of religion as something unnatural to man. In human nature there is either too much — something to be cut off — members of the body,[A] to be mutilated, as in the Christian Church, where the Reason is thought a dangerous thing, and all good Catholics, or Protestants, are to circumcise that, and cast it from them: — Or else too little, so something must be added in opposition to Human Nature; this is a second birth, or a gift of the Spirit, — which does not mean a development of the original faculties we are born with, but the acquisition of qualities from some foreign source, from God or Christ. Then the deeds demanded in the name of religion are not such as are the flower and beauty of Human Nature; they are not natural perfections, but things often against nature. The conventional sacraments which are thought to make a man a "good Mahometan," or a "good Catholic," or a "good Jew," or a "good Calvinist," are things not needful to make him a good man. The man is put down; the sectarian is put up. The consequences of this mistake as to the nature of religion, are seen all about us. There are noble men

A. to be mutilated, as in the Hebrew Church; Them & the Spirit.

Moore. P. D.

in every sect; but the sects themselves, seem to me working with poor tools, and not trying to do the thing most needful to have done. We want men, not Mahometans, Catholics, and Protestants.

I take it, the remedy for these two evils is simply the true idea of God; the true idea of Religion, and a life in accordance therewith.

I. God is not finite, but infinite, — a Being of perfect Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love and Holiness. Doubtless, God possesses other perfections, of which we have no idea; — we having no corresponding power of conception — but these make up our idea of a perfect Being, the Infinite Being. Then he must be perfect Cause, and perfect Providence. He must make and administer the Universe — including matter and spirit, and each creature therein — from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, and use a perfect means thereto. Of course, the work would not require alteration and amendment, in whole or in parts. It would require only development. Then all notions of the wrath of God, of the jealousy of God, of his changing his plans, of his hating men, of eternal damnation, and the like, must end at once. Everything is insured against ultimate shipwreck at the office of the Infinite God. His hand is endorsed on all that Is.

II. Religion is natural to man. I make it to consist of two things, namely: 1st. Piety, our consciousness of God, and of our relation to Him. In its perfect form, this is absolute love of God, absolute faith in God, and

absolute delight in God. And, 2d. Morality, the keeping of all the natural laws of the human constitution, in all the relations of life. Thus, then, Religion, taken as a whole, is the service of the Infinite God, by the normal action of every faculty of the spirit — intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious — every limb of the body, every power we possess over matter or over men. This Religion will appear in all forms of singular or associated action, — in the life of the Individual, the Family, the Community, the State, the Church, and the world of Nations.

To awaken this Idea of God in the souls of men, and to induce them to live out such an idea of Religion — that, my dear sir, is a great and noble work. But it will be done — by the prayers, the tears, and the toil of earnest and noble men. I wish you much joy in this manly undertaking.

Yours Sincerely

Theodore Parker."

Potter C. E.

To Hon. Mr Potter. Manchester. New Hampshire.

Boston 9th December. 1852.

Dear Sir,

Since the decease of Mr Webster I have heard it said that one of his female ancestors was an Indian. At first I thought it only an idle rumor tho' I traced it back to one of his Cousins; — but recently I have found some intelligent persons who haly or wholly believe it. Mr. Drake (of the genealogical Register) informs me that if any one knows any thing about it definitely it is yourself. If you will be kind enough to inform me as to the fact you will much oblige

Respectfully your. ob't. Servant
Theodore Parker.

Hon. Mr. Potter.

Potter C.C.

To the Same.

Boston April 2d 1853.

Dear Sir.

I thank you heartily for your letter, and the volume which came along with it, and am much obliged to you for the corrections you suggest in the Discourse. I knew Mr Webster was not honored by the Faculty as he and some of his classmates thought he deserved. I left it purposely vague - and so said largely distinguished. But I think it is better to state the fact - so I shall amend the passage in any future edition which may be needed.

The 1814 on p. 34 is a clerical or typographical error. I did not connect his failure to get the office of Attorney General with his removal from New Hampshire, but now the connection seems obvious.

There is a mistake also on p. 70. I say "they gave him thirty-three votes." It should be thirty two. I was misled by a statement in the Tribune (I think) of last June. It will give me pleasure to send you the next edition - if the work ever is reprinted.

Respectfully yours
Theo. Parker.

Hon. Mr. Potter.

Palfrey J. G.

To Rev Dr. Palfrey St Martinsville Attakapas Parish Louisiana.

Cambridge 23d Jan 27 1835.

Dear Sir,

We had the pleasure of hearing from you yesterday through Dr Ware, whom you have favoured with a letter, and we are all happy to be certified of your health. Supposing that you would be pleased to hear occasionally from your disciples at Cambridge I intend to tax your patience for a few moments, to say a word of their "outgoings and incomings."

The junior class are pursuing their studies quite vigorously, and as I hope successfully; they read about 2 1/2 p p, at each lesson. We have omitted the poetical parts of the early Prophets — such as the song of Deborah, — reserving them as a prelude to the Psalms. Some of the members of this class are now perhaps better Hebraicians than some of the present senior class were, when they left the study. They read more fluently, correctly and understandingly.

The new class in college has recited but a few times, and it consists of only four at present; two more who have previously studied Hebrew will probably join next term.

All the affairs of the School go on with their usual order and regularity, though we all feel the loss of the main-spring of the machinery. Dr Ware jr. has appointed an exercise somewhat new — he lectures once a week, to the whole School upon the manner of speaking &c,

Palfrey J. C.

an exercise which is interesting and promises to be useful.

Our Brethren of the last class are "being caught up", and made pictures of. Mr Bridge is to be ordained at Norton next Wednesday and Mr Frost has received a call from the good people of Barnstable, which we all hope he will accept.

Mr Chandler does not attend the Recitations with the junior class, but is waiting for new certificates from Waterville which he is confident of procuring as soon as the faculty come together, for it is now vacation with them.

Mr Rice, a brother of George Rice, has put himself under my instruction to be fitted for the Divinity School, which he hopes to enter next commencement. He knew nothing of Greek or Latin at first, though he was well enough skilled in Mathematics and the French Language. He is a very deserving young man: unspeakably superior to his brother in all native powers of mind, though a college is, no doubt, a fitter place to unfold them, than the deck – or even the yards – of a Ship, for he has been a navigator – and though not yet nineteen has made three long voyages. He is quite a religious man, and has besides, the unconquerable will which gives efficiency in all cases. Will not such men in some places do more actual service to the community, than others better learned and more completely polished?

The School unitedly request to be affectionately remembered to you. Be assured, Dear Sir, that you are not

Palfrey J. G.

forgotten in our hearts or our prayers. To the wish of my fellow students I would add my own, and may God grant you a prosperous journey, and abundance of health for your arduous duties when you are again restored to us.

Affectionately yours

Theo: Parker

To Hon. John G. Palfrey. Washington. D. C.

Boston 1st Dec. 1847.

Dear Sir,

I took the liberty the other day to send you the first number of the Massachusetts Quarterly Review, in which you will find a scholarly and able paper on the condition of Greece, from the pen of Mr Finlay. I did not intend to bore you with a letter but you force me to that yourself. I do not write for your sake but my own, and to thank you most heartily for the honest, manly and brave course you have pursued in regard to Mr Winthrop — unworthy son of most worthy sires. I hope you will excuse me for saying it to you — that I have looked with admiration and delight at your whole course of late years, especially at the manly position you have taken in respect of the matter of Slavery. I know what conscience and what courage it demands to do as you have done, but perhaps you do not know what conscience and courage

Palfrey, J. G.

your example is ministering to younger men.

I see your vote censured in the newspapers, the censure shows what degree of freedom is expected of a politician in the Whig party, as well as the Democratic. I should count such censure as the highest honor such men could confer — How could you vote for Mr. Winthrop, with what expectation of justice to your country! While I read the censure in the newspapers, I hear the warmest praise of your vote from men whose esteem you would value most highly. I am glad it falls to the lot of a man constitutionally courageous to stand up in the Bear-garden of American Politics and show that a man may be in Politics and yet not out of Morals. I am only sorry that I do not live in Middlesex to lend you my vote when needed — tho' I have the satisfaction of having two brothers there who do so. I hope you will find abundant satisfaction for your conduct which certainly is not less than heroic and I remain,

Yours respectfully & gratefully
Theo. Parker

Hon J. G. Palfrey

Pelsey J. S.

To the Same. Washington. D. C.

West-Roxbury 14th June 1848.

Honored & dear Sir

I hate to trouble so busy a man as you are, but will not trouble you needlessly by apologies or a long letter. I intend on the 25th of this month to preach on the Mexican War, and wish to know how much money it has cost, and how many men have perished, on the American side, in its wickedness. Of course I know the official documents accompanying the President's messages but if you can send me any more information either by a letter or a document, you will help me much, for I love to know exactly the truth. If the President has issued any Proclamation of Peace I shall be glad of that, as indeed of a copy of the Treaty and any thing connected with that. But I will only trouble you by saying with how much and how grateful admiration I look upon you and your services, and how heartily I say God bless you.

Respectfully & truly yours

Theo. Parker.

Hon. J. S. Pelsey.

Palfrey J.G.

To the Same. Cambridge.

Boston 24th Jan'y 1854.

c

Dear Sir,

I have long been intending to give myself the pleasure of visiting you at the old place, and meant to bring a couple of little volumes along with me at the same time. But the Expressmen forbid, so I will send them. Please accept the accompanying volumes with the kind regards of

Yours faithfully
Theo. Parker.

Hon. Mr. Palfrey.

To the Same.

Boston 25th Oct. 1853.

c

Dr Palfrey

Dear Sir,

Herewith I send you a copy of my "Defence." You will see why I wished to quash the Indictment. (1) The Trial was to be held in a place (Dr Parkman's Old Parlor) which would hardly accommodate the Boston Association of Ministers with a stand, certainly not the middle class in the Divinity School with

Palfrey J. G.

a seat. And (2) the Judge would not have allowed me such a defence as I wanted to make, nay must make. He would not have allowed a page of this book to be delivered. So we all thought it best to blow them in their own quarters, with their own ammunition.

"For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar."

I can't say that I have done the work well or ill, only the best I could. Believe me with gratitude

Yours truly
Theo Parker.

To the Same.

Boston Feb 27 3. 1859.

Dr Palfrey

My dear Sir,

I write with a pencil, for it is not easy to stoop over a desk and use a pen; but I do not wish to leave the country without a word of thanks to you, tho' it must needs be a brief one. I thank you for the friendly interest you have taken in me, and I looked with a mournful satisfaction on the card often left at my door and marked with your welcome and familiar name. Allow me to thank you for kindnesses received in my earlier life when I was one of your Scholars, and for the

Palfrey J.G.

To the Same. Cambridge.

Boston 24th Jan'y 1854.

Dear Sir;

I have long been intending to give myself the pleasure of visiting you at the old place, and meant to bring a couple of little volumes along with me at the same time. But the Exercises forbid, so I will send them. Please accept the accompanying volumes with the kind regards of

Yours faithfully
Theo. Parker.

Hon. Mr. Palfrey.

To the Same.

Boston 25th Oct. 1855.

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Palfrey J. G.

a seat. And (2) the Judge would not have allowed me such a defence as I wanted to make, nay must make. He would not have allowed a page of this book to be delivered. So we all thought it best to blow them in their own quarters, with their own ammunition.

"For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar."

I can't say that I have done the work well or ill, only the best I could. Believe me with gratitude

Yours truly
Theo Parker.

To the Same.

Boston Feb 3. 1839.

Dr Palfrey

My dear Sir,

I write with a pencil, for it is not easy to stoop over a desk and use a pen; but I do not wish to leave the country without a word of thanks to you, tho' it must needs be a brief one. I thank you for the friendly interest you have taken in me, and I looked with a mournful satisfaction on the card often left at my door and marked with your welcome and familiar name. Allow me to thank you for kindnesses received in my earlier life when I was one of your Scholars, and for the

Palfrey J. S

instruction I then received. But it is not so much that which I would now thank you for, as it is the noble Example of Conscientiousness you have set in all public affairs in the latter years of great trial. A finer instance of that great virtue in political life I know not where to seek. It has done me great good to stand by and look on your faithfulness. I now leave the country before you will receive this — and plead the occasion as my excuse for saying to your face what I have so often said to others. But I must write no more. Believe me

gratefully & truly yours
Theodore Parker.

My friends have read me part of your admirable History of New England, which I could not read, and I am both instructed and delighted.

Parkinson. R.

From Mr. R. Parkinson.

Oshkosh March 15 1858.

Rev Theodore Parker

Dear Sir

I hear your name often called in question, so evil spoken of, and represented by the Clergymen of this place, as being one of the worst men that ever breathed common air; that you are an Infidel of the lowest grade, that you are an Atheist, that you deny the authenticity of the Bible, that your Preaching demoralizes mankind, instead of making them better; that your doctrines which you promulgate from the Pulpit, and elsewhere, have a direct tendency to send the whole race of Mankind quick down into Hell.

It is also stated as proof, that you are a child of the Devil, that a certain Doctor, a Professor of a Medical College, living at Columbus Ohio, embraced your Heterodoxical notions, and died in agony and despair on the account thereof.

Now my Dear Sir, hearing so much, from different sources, from the Pulpit, and the Religious Papers, in regard to your Infidel notions; I considered, I would ask you to condescend, to give an answer to the following questions.

1st What are your views in regard

from
Parkinson R.

to the Old, and New Testaments?

2d What is your faith in regard to Jesus of Nazareth: who, and what is He?

3d Can men be saved independent of Christ, or without his Personal aid?

Pardon me, for calling your attention to the above subject. I have often read your Speeches and lectures, and never found any thing in them, but what I call sound Christianity, as I understand it. I have defended you as a sound consistent man, and shall continue to do so, until the contrary be shown. ———

Yours with much regard
R. Parkinson.

P. S.

If it will suit you as well, I would prefer an answer through the Liberator.

R. P.

Parkinson R. Reply to the foregoing.

To Mr. R. Parkinson. Oshkosh Wisconsin.

Boston 20. March. 1858.

Mr. Parkinson

Dear Sir:

I have not time to answer your interesting letter at length — nor should I like to do it in the Newspapers — but can say a word and send a pamphlet.

1. The Old and New Testament contain good things and bad things, true and false, but are no more the "Word of God" than any other collection of good and bad things.

2. Jesus of Nazareth was a man of great religious genius — who taught that Religion consisted in Piety — the love of God, and Morality — the keeping of the natural laws which God writes in the Heart of man. He was mistaken in thinking himself the Hebrew Messiah — and expecting to come back presently and judge the World — if he did entertain these opinions as his followers early taught. I believe in no miracles.

3. I think Men may be saved independent of Jesus of Nazareth and without his personal aid. I don't think he ever taught otherwise. (Read Matthew XXV. 31—34, &c)

I send you a little pamphlet or two which will answer the rest of your interesting letter.

Yours truly

Theodore Parker.

Parkinson C. L.

Mrs Parkinson to Mrs Parker

Oshkosh Wisconsin April 3d 1863

Mrs. Parker

Dear Madam

I received a line from you yesterday directed to my husband (Mr Parkinson,) which found him absent. Thinking a fortnights delay might inconvenience you, I hasten to answer it. We prize the letter we received from Mr Parker highly, and for fear in the multitude of letters you might lose track of it, I conclude to send you a perfect copy. If that is not satisfactory, please write again, and we will send you the original letter. Before copying it allow me to say that when we wrote to Mr Parker, I was a member of the Congregational Church, and my husband as far as the world knew was Orthodox in his theology, but both were troubled very much with what the church would call the buffetings of Satan, or temptations of the devil, but really what we have since learned were the glimmerings of Reason and common sense. A struggle of the mind to throw off the shackles of educational prejudice. We were induced to write to Mr Parker because as an anti-slavery and moral reform man, we loved him. Our minister was one of the class that are personal in their denunciations of those they term infidel, and after hearing him devote a good share of two, or three sermons, to Mr Parker, and his

devilish theology, we felt it was time that Mr Parker had a hearing. This is a brief statement of the cause of our writing him. And for the effects of his letter and the Pamphlets he sent, we shall not only bless God in time, but throughout Eternity, for it has truly been the door through which we have walked to a far more comprehensive view of Deity, thus enlarging our own capacity for enjoyment. It has also been the means of my being expelled from the Church for heresy, for which I also thank God that I am worthy to suffer persecution for truth's sake. My husband and myself look upon Theodore Parker as our Spiritual Father, and cherish his memory as a sacred thing. When your book is ready for the public we shall embrace the first opportunity to purchase it. At the time we received his letter, we also received four pamphlets.

The immortality of the Soul.
True and False Theology.
True and false revivals of Religion.

I hope you may find it proper to insert them in your book, together with all the sermons he has ever written; it would be a library of itself.

Very truly your Sister
Mrs C. L. Parkinson.

White. E. M.

To Miss Etta M. White. Salem. Mass.

Boston 12 October 1857.

My dear Miss White,

It gave me great pleasure to receive your letter which I have just this moment laid aside. Thank you for the generous feelings you express to me:- gratitude is one of the rarest as well as fairest of the Christian virtues. But you need not feel so much towards <u>me</u> for it gives me more pleasure to help you a little than it does you to receive the help. Besides - am I not paying an old debt! Your Father was one of my earliest teachers. He put me upon the study of Latin when I was a little boy, and took great pains with me. I must not forget that. _ _ I trust you will take good care of your health: all your success will depend upon that. Don't sacrifice it even to desire of excellence in your studies. I hope you will take regular exercise in the open air - and be sure to have <u>warm</u> clothing. Salem is a damp, chilly, east-windy place, and I think not quite healthy. The more care will be needful on your pa

Where do you go to meeting? Whom do you know at Salem? When I visit the town I shall certain come and see you. If you are ever in Boston both my wife and I shall be glad to see you at No 1. Exeter Pl

Believe me

Faithfully your Friend

Theodore Parker.

White E. M.

Boston 6 May 1858.

My dear Etta,

I shant let the mail go back to day without taking my thanks for your kind and most welcome note. I am very glad to hear you are well and pleased with your school, teacher, study &c. I think you could not do better than attend Mr. Briggs' meeting. He is a warm, affectionate man. I hope you will become acquainted with his wife also – a noble woman, of a quite superior character – I hoped to see you at the lecture in Salem, and supposed you were gone from town. You must not be afraid of me – I am not at all formidable and "wont bite." Perhaps I shall see you at Salem before the term ends, and show you how little reason you have to be timid before me. – But – I was once quite as diffident as you are now: we all get over such things.

I hope you take exercise in the open air, and so will keep your health firm; many of our young women break down in their studies because they don't know how to live. It is difficult to learn without living first; then the knowledge often comes too late.

When you write to your Mother please remember me kindly to them, and believe me

Affectionately your friend
Theodore Parker.

Please write and tell me where you live that I may know where to find you if I go to Salem before you leave it.

To the Same

Boston 22. May 1858.

My dear Ettie,

I was glad to see your handwriting again, and to hear of your health and happiness. It will do you good to have a little run in the fields at the end of May; some of our prettiest flowers are now in blossom. I think the painted Trillium grows in the pine woods in Littleton. If it does not the Ladies Slipper does, and the Buckbean in the meadows. It will do you good to hunt after these handsome creatures which contain so much Revelation of the Infinite Father and Mother of us all, and you will gather both strength and knowledge while you seek only posies. Believe me

Faithfully Your Friend.

Theodore Parker.

White E. M.

To the Same.

Boston 25. Dec. 1858.

My dear Etta

I thank you for your kind and pleasant letter which came a few days ago. I am glad you find your school and studies so pleasant. and trust this will be only a Porch to greater happiness in time to come. I am glad you have changed your boarding place; — it is not well to live with those who despise and insult us. We may meet them now and then, and treat them kindly, but it is a terrible trial to sit down to meals with them day after day, year out and year in.

I am getting well — tho' I live in my study and only come down stairs once a day to ride out — and on Sundays to preach. Lameness is the chief trouble now — But I hope to be well soon. Do let me see you the next time you visit Boston. Present my kind regards to the worthy family at Littleton, and believe me

Faithfully your Friend
Theodore Parker.

White. E. M.

To the Same.

Boston 20th Jan'y 1859.

C

My dear Etta

I shall probably go out of the country about the 1st of Feb. and may never see you, certainly not for a long time. So please ascertain how much money will be requisite to pay your term bills &c and I will send you a cheque for it.

Please remember me kindly to your Mother and all the household at Littleton and believe me

truly and hopefully your Friend

Theodore Parker.

Boston 25 Jan'y 1859.

C

My dear Etta,

Here is the cheque for $60.00 - which please accept with my thanks for all the good things I hear of, in you, and my best Hopes for your future prospects and usefulness. I have no strength to write more

Love to your Mother

Yours affectionally

Theodore Parker.

Collins C.

To Mr Charles Collins. Wellsville New York.

Boston 28. March. 1858

Mr Collins.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for the kind letter you wrote me the other day. I hope the Sermon you read the people will do them good. Truly men need now to distinguish between the False Religion and the True. I shall preach on the Revivals next Sunday I think. on a False and a True Revival of Religion. I send you the Newspaper Report of a Sermon of mine — and also a Speech, which please accept from

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Boston 15th April. 1858.

Mr Collins,

Dear Sir,

I send you two Sermons which you refer to — I shall be glad to see the communication you speak of — I take the Tribune but have not yet seen the document.

Yours truly
Theodore Parker.

Wasserböhr W.C.C.E.

To Master Wasserböhr. At the Latin School Boston.

1839.
Montreux. Canton de Vaud, Suisse. 2 Sept.

Dear Master Wasserböhr,

I was quite glad to hear of your progress at school, and of the welfare of your Father and Mother and all the Family. I often think of you fighting your way along at the Latin school and overcoming both the difficulties of the Roman and the English Languages at the same time. When Mr Gardner, at your request, put you into a higher class, and I hope the additional studies were not too much for you, and that you went on with fresh heart and strong hope. Nothing can be done without regular persistent Industry.

"Labor improbus omnia vincit."

The talent of work is one of the greatest of all; without it no other brings much to pass. At your time of life two things require to be specially attended to: one is Attention, the power of fixing the Mind on what concerns it, as steadily as an auger bores into a log; the other is Memory, the power of keeping what you get and reproducing it when needed. These are the two great things you must cultivate now; if you do it faithfully you will find, by & by, that you can master a book by reading it once, and remember all the good things that are in it. — — Other intellectual powers will come into play later. Of course the Imagina-

Wasserböhr W. C. C. E.

always has work to do - It is a good plan for you before you go to sleep at night to think over all you have seen, and heard, and done, and thought in the day; that will help fix the Attention and confirm the Memory. And besides it has inestimable moral advantages - for you can't fail to ask of all, "Is it right, or is it wrong"? Indeed, Education must be of the moral and religious powers as well as of the intellect; a good scholar who is also a bad boy is a shameful monster - of course you don't forget your play; few boys do that. But you must take great care to keep good firm health: a sick scholar is a good for nothing - about as worthless as a horse with but three legs, - who needs propping up at one corner in order that he may stand still.

Remember me to your Father and Mother - and believe me always

Your friend

Theodore Parker.

We have some Holsteiners boarding here at the same house with us - intelligent people.

Orton J.

To Mr. James Orton. Williamstown, Mass.

Boston 22d February 1855.

J Orton Esq.

Dear Sir

I have not time to write at length as the theme demands. But it seems to me the "American" Party rests on a very narrow foundation. I have no blood in my veins which did not come here between 1620 and 1640 - but it is no better than if it had come between 1820 and 1840. Democracy must rest on Humanity not mere Nationality, or on modes of Religion. I am as far removed from Catholicism as any man in America - but I should be ashamed to ask any religious privilege which I would not grant to any other man in the country. I would never exclude any man from office on account of his birth or religious creed -, only for his Character. Surely I should prefer a Higher Law "Catholic" to a Lower Law "Protestant," and a noble man born in Scotland, England, Ireland to a mean man born on Plymouth Rock -

The new Party has done good things:- (1.) It has rebuked the insolence of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Catholic Church - who required a severe chastisement.

(2) It has shown American Politicians that they cannot use the foreign Population as before: that was sadly needed in Boston - as well as Elsewhere.

(3) It has checked the Administration and

Orton J.

beaten them sorely.

(4) It is knocking the old political parties to pieces with great rapidity.

Ah that is good work — but it is not done in the spirit of Democracy which allows every man his natural Rights because he is a Man — not a red-man or a white-man, or an American man, &c. It is an important question how long a man ought to be here before he should vote &c. Five years may not be long enough — or it may be. I have not made up my mind about that. But I would welcome the Foreigner — they add to our riches — and our national prosperity in general, and it is well that America should be the Asylum of Humanity — for this century as for the 17th.

Hastily but truly yours
Theo. Parker.

Niles M. A. H.

To Revd M. A. H. Niles Northampton Mass.

West-Roxbury 1st March 1845.

My dear Sir,

I thank you for the kind and affectionate letter which you wrote me the other day. I have just received it and as I shall be absent for a few days I will reply now. I felt a strong interest in you from the much that I heard and the little that I saw of you at Marblehead. You have certainly left a strong impression of yourself on some who were not your parishioners in that place. Mr F. told me of the peculiar circumstances of your case in that town. I confess I thought you were too far before them for their appreciation — and this is a very peculiar circumstance for a minister now-a-days! The questions that you mention have been to me of the greatest interest for many years. The relation between man and God — and the Inspiration which man can receive through that relation, was a subject of deep interest to me when a child. As a boy — I had reached in sentiment the same results that I now hold as Ideas — translated out of the unconscious into consciousness. The Canonicalness of a Book is still of a good deal of importance to me — (tho' not the same as to you I fancy —) for I like to know how near a man stood to that mighty soul of Religion which so aroused the world. Still I do not always find the canonical books — such as came from

Niles M. A. H.

the disciples of Christ— so much better than those of men a little more remote. Thus the Epistle of James is worth more to me than the 1st of Peter— tho' there is little doubt of the genuineness of the latter, and little evidence for the genuineness of the former. I think the matter of the Apocryphal Christian writings of the 1st and 2d centuries has never been duly inquired into. Mr Norton has written something, which I think is quite shallow, on this matter in his late work. I cant find evidence— internal or external— that the writers of the Bible had a mode of Inspiration or kind of Inspiration differing from that of other men. Some of them certainly had a very high degree of it— Jesus the highest— so I think, that was ever attained by man— I dont wonder you do not accept my conclusions— I wonder much more at the kindness with which you speak of them. I must of course have committed errors in reasoning— and in conclusions. I hoped once that philosophical men would point out both; then I would confess my mistake, and start anew. But they have only raised a storm about my head— and in the general way a man wraps his cloak about him in a storm and holds on, the tighter. It would be very surprising if I had not gone to an extreme— and yet I do not think I have, (pardon my apparent want of modesty) in this matter, for after looking again and again, reading and talking, I find no flaw in the proofs. God is Infinite; therefore he is immanent in nature, yet transcending it; immanent in Spirit yet transcending that. He must fill each point of Spirit as of

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Space. Matter must unconsciously obey; man, conscious and free, has power to a certain extent to disobey, but obeying, the immanent God acts in man as much as in nature, only in a higher mode. Hence Inspiration. If the conditions are fulfilled, it seems that Inspiration comes, in proportion to the quantity of a man's gifts and his use of these gifts.— I feel in me a something that leads me to reverence, worship, trust, &c. I reckon this a distinct faculty (as much as Judgment, Reason, Imagination &c.) or, it is the man acting in a special direction; of the existence of this I am sure— I can't analyze it further than this— into a sense of infinite dependance; here the subject and the predicate seem identical and the analytic process ends with me. Others may be more skilful. I think Brownson sometimes merely splits hairs— with no very certain desire to get at the truth. Now I think that as the man develops, he finds as facts given in his consciousness— an Idea of God; where this Idea is fully unfolded, that it is the Idea of a Being of infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness. But we are not content with that, but add various human appendages thereto and thus generate what I call a conception of God. (I tried to find better terms to express this difference, but could not). The Idea re-presents an objective Being corresponding to it exactly, viz the God — who is of course not only all our Idea re-presents, but much more, while the conception of God — added to the Idea has no objective reality corresponding to it. Zeus, Jupiter, Mars &c, denote conceptions of God — purely

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subjective with various limitations; there is no objective reality that corresponds thereto. But when I speak of the Infinite God — I speak of an objective reality in whom I live and move, and have my being. In short we create our conceptions of God in our own image — — About miracles I agree with you — that it is a question of fact to be settled by historical evidence only. I believe in something extraordinary in the case of Jesus — his healing of diseases is special — but not miraculous. I think miracles are entirely possible — I think God can manifest Himself in a thousand ways that he never did reveal himself in, and I can't say that he won't tomorrow. But I see God much more in what I understand than in what I am ignorant of. Omne ignotum pro miraculo habetur, is an old proverb, but Optime notum, optime adoratum suits me better. The deeper I look into nature and man, the more do I see a certain orderliness, a lawfulness, not the action of Fate — but of the immanent God, and the further I look the deeper is my adoration and the more absolute is my trust. I say with Thomas My Lord and my God! I beg you to write me often, but do not speak to me with so much deference, as if I were some great man — for I know that I am a very humble one, and if ever you can make it agreeable to come to West-Roxbury, you shall find a Prophet's chamber and hospitable hearts to give you a welcome. Believe me, truly your friend & Brother.

Theo. Parker.

Niles M.A.H.

To the Same. Worcester. Mass.

West-Roxbury. 16th April 1845.

My dear Friend,

I thank you for your kind letter of the 9 and having now a little leisure, I will reply to some of the points you refer to. I hope however we shall sometime have an opportunity to confer together with the living voice for in that way we shall, the more readily, come to an understanding. I am, like yourself, a humble seeker after Truth; I learn a little one year and a little the next - but the vast ocean of Truth spreads out before me - immense and unvisited. I feel often a sense of imperfection - yes alas and sometimes the sad consciousness of positive Sin. My ideal hovers far over my head while the melancholy Fact of my Life foots it humbly through the dust. I suppose it must always be so - for with progressive being the Ideal of today must be far above the Attainment of today. It is indeed the Prophecy that tomorrow is to fulfil - or some tomorrow. I can say also with Paul - "The good that I would do". It is one thing to see the Right - another to will the Right. It is not easy to account for this abnormal state in which a man introduces a contradiction into his consciousness and voluntarily keeps it there. To explain it - I think we must look far away into the future destinies of the soul just as to explain the caprices of a little child - its

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preference of the showy before the substantial — you look forward to the maturity of that child — and find that the feelings of infancy are but a trifle compared with the rational, moral action of the full-grown man living in his normal state. Can't we in this way get at some neare-solution of this problem of Sin? I confess it seems so to me. Many men, I think a great many theologians make mistakes in this matter — quite as absurd as it would be in a Physician who should suppose that the child of 4 years was always to remain a child of 4 years. Of course there is then no explanation of its conduct — its tendencies, or its instincts. — About the matter of intercourse with God — I think this doctrine of His immanency in Spirit or in space follows from the very Idea of God as Infinite. Of course he transcends creation (Spirit as well as matter) so that his existence and action are not limited either to this or by it. I suppose that all the action of the creatures who have no freedom is, in a word, the action of God — for they are tools of God, not self-moving artists. But I think He has given man a certain degree of freedom (not absolute Freedom — which He alone can have — but relative freedom — so that compared to God we are bound but compared to Nature we are free.) in virtue whereof we may use to a certain point do wrong, abuse the powers that are given us. In that case we act by the strength God has given, but not in the direction he commands. If we do this ignorantly — it is an error, a mistake; if consciously wilfully — it is a Sin and we have brought a

contradiction into our consciousness. In each case we suffer; in the 1st- negatively by the loss of the satisfaction that would come from conscious obedience; in the 2d- positively also, from the remorse that we have brought into our soul. Now I think that God has placed in the world checks to disobedience (such as 1. negative, the loss or at least the absence of the satisfaction that comes of obedience - a state of uneasiness and discontent; 2. positive, remorse, grief, and also the outward obstacles which come from the world of nature or the world of man and resist what is not in harmony with God - which hurl a despot from his throne - which arrest the thief, the glutton - the miser in his career of Sin. If you conclude that man ends with the body, these checks are inadequate - but I regard Death as another check also, and if that is not enough - I doubt not the same Love that guides us here has other means yet in store and will at last reclaim us all.) and incentives to Rectitude, (such as the satisfaction one feels from simple virtue. the sense of wholeness - of unity of consciousness - the being one with God all of which come directly from the various degrees of our obedience - Then too I think that Death also must be a still further help in the way of Perfection, for as God orders the material world with perfect wisdom and infinite goodness - so must it be with the Spiritual world. His world is one great system of Optimism. Of this I feel sure as that 1+1=2.). My notion of forgiveness is this - that by a perfect Law, each conscious departure from the Right (for that only is Sin,) is followed by painful

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consequences, that we call God's Justice —; that these painful consequences will gradually lead to repentance — change of life, obedience —, that then we feel a unity of consciousness once more — a sense of restoration to God —. This also is effected by the action of the same laws — working jointly with ourselves —, and this we call God's mercy. Yet it is the same thing with his justice, we give different names to the same thing in different parts of the process. All this I think we can learn with no miraculous — or abnormal action of God. — — It seems to me that our notions of interposition, mediations and the like, come from the notion that God is purely extra-mundane — and not also intra-mundane, (using mundane as the sum total of creation, material and spiritual both.) But if God be immanent — and be the mover of all, then the inter-position is not occasio-nal and rare — but continual. I think the notion that there is only an omnipotentia operatica — (in virtue of which God is in my garden only as the watchmaker is present in my watch) and not an omnipraesentia essentialis, has been productive of much evil — very much. It leads to all those notions of God's interfering, sending messengers — &c, &c, which fill so large a place in popular theologies, and make the whole spiritual world a piece of mechanism, cold as clock-work and dead as brass — in which God has nothing to do — but now and then sends some one to wind up the weights — or alter the pendulum — a mechanism which all the rest of the time, gets along very well without God! This to me is

awful!.... Now about inspiration of the Bible.— I believ
all truth is divine and from God— in ratione originis— (for he
is the Author of it, he is the Body of Truth if you will.) but
none peculiarly divine in ratione acquisitionis: antecedent
to all experience it would have been as probable that God
should make his communications in one way as another— but
with the experience that in all matters excepting such as
pertain to Religion He communicates with men in a regular
manner through the normal exercise of their faculties, it
becomes probable that the same rule holds good in Religion
also. At least the opposite is not to be assumed outright.
I look at such things historically— and cannot settle matt
of fact à priori— and looking in this way I don't find
evidence which makes it probable to me that God ever in
his communication with men departed from this normal
method. I doubt not that He can do so. I don't know
but He will tomorrow, but I don't find that He has
hitherto. To meet great emergencies I don't find that God
makes use of new means or new modes of means— but
only more of what is regular and normal. Thus there
was a time when there were not more than 1000 men on
the Earth— and possibly some of them found it hard to
get enough to eat &c. They would have said "when the Earth
contains 10,000 men we shall all starve". That is what the
Malthusses would have said. "No" said some pious man
"God will rain down bread from Heaven"! But when there
10,000, 10,000,000, or 10,000,000,000, neither prophecy comes true
The nations do not starve, and the regular mode of produc

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continues sith sufficient. So I find in great emergencies of Philosophy &c, there is no departure from the common mode I doubt not that God is no less the Providence of the world in all affairs of Politics, Science &c as in affairs of Religion. Yet to produce great results I find that Solon, and Washington, that Aristotle and Newton, that Homer and Shakespeare come regularly into the world — receive aid through their faculties — and produce the results we see. I don't find that they had any thing differing in kind from what belongs to you and me — but only a greater quantity of the same powers. I take it this rule holds good in the religious history of men. I think God raises up men with a great religious genius — so to say — who differ from you and me as Homer or Newton differ from us — not in kind of faculties — not in the mode of receiving truth — but in degree only. Men have pretended that Homer had miraculous aid from the Muses and Phabus Apollo; that Numa held communications with Egeria. It was thought that Wallenstein could be shot only with a silver bullet, and the Indian who "had 17 fair fires" at Washington with his rifle — concluded "he was not born to be killed with a bullet"! Yet I think there was nothing miraculous in these cases. Now these great religious geniuses I think come in the plan of Providence, take men by the hand and lead us on in civilization upwards towards God. They help us to see for ourselves. But for Christ, what would you and I have been? Surely vastly less than we are now. All the providential men before Jesus helped the race on towards him: they are

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παιδαγωγους (child-leaders-) to conduct us to the διδάσκαλος! You may call these men Mediators, it matters not to me. Jesus is certainly the medium through which millions of men have gladly come to God, only I don't think he stands between us and God- so that we must go through Jesus to come to God.... Now about the miracles- and the resurrection- I don't reject these things à priori- but simply because I find so little historical evidence in their support. I must have more evidence to support a statement at variance with all my experience- than I demand to support what agrees with my experience. In the case of the New Testament miracles I don't find adequate evidence. But this circumstance does not make me think any writer of the New Testament designed to decieve, still less that Christ was a deceiver. Among such a people- under such circumstances it would be quite surprising to me if such a religious teacher had arisen and had not been popularly believed to work miracles! About the immortality of the Soul- I think as Justin Martyr says in that remarkable fragment of his work περὶ ἀναστάσεως- that the resurrection was no proof of that doctrine- for it did not need a proof as it οὐκ ἦν τι καινον- for it had been taught before by Plato and Pythagoras. I find abundant proofs of the Soul's immortality- I have no more doubt of it- than of the fact of my present existence. But long before I abandoned the resurrection of Jesus- I saw that it had nothing to do with this doctrine. I don't believe in any outward exitence of spiritual truths. It seems

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to me the conscience of you and me is the Lydian stone with which we are to try the gold of Truths. I doubt not that God will make, at last, this existence of ours a blessing to each one of us — even to the worst of sinners — for I can't think of Him otherwise than as a kind Father who leads the Human race by the hand — and will lead us all home at the last losing none of his little ones, neither you nor me. To believe the eternal damnation of any one of the human race is to me worse than to believe the utter annihilation of all; for I take it the infinite damnation of one Soul would make immortality a curse to the race, and the fact that Immortality has seldom been taught — so that it would be a blessing to Mankind to have the doctrine true — is the main cause why some reject the beautiful doctrine of Christ on this point at this day. I know but a little ways — but when my knowledge ends my Trust in God does not end. My knowledge is finite — and very little — but my Faith in God is absolute, and just as I distrust the traditions of men, does my faith in the Truths of God — in his Goodness and Love, become deeper and more strong. I fear you will find this long letter wearisome and unsatisfactory my dear Brother, but I hope we shall some day have a chance to confer, face to face, and more fully.

truly your Brother

T. P.

Porter N.

To the writer of the article in the New Englander of July 1844 reviewing Parker's Discourse of Religion. [Dr Noah Porter of New

West-Roxbury 1. October. 1844.

Sir,

I trust you will not think it impertinent on my part to send you this note. For I write — as you will see if you take the pains to read it — in no spirit of fault-finding or anger — but quite the contrary. Your Article in the New Englander for July did not fall into my hands till last week — for I have been absent from the country nearly a year. I should instantly have written on reading your remarks, but there were schools to be visited, and Apples to be gathered and various practical matters to be attended to. Now as I have a leisure hour I shall inflict this epistle upon you —. I must at the outset thank you for the general spirit in which you write — a spirit so different from that generally displayed by theological writers — especially when they attack writers whom they call "Deists," "Infidels" &c. &c. I think you have never intentionally misrepresented my meaning; nor ever in wantonness have said a harsh thing. Sometimes you have laughed at me — and I have laughed too as I read — for your good-humour was as plain as your wit. Yet you must excuse me for calling your attention to some matters in the article — and if I do it in rather a desultory way — I beg you to excuse the lack of logical form.

1. I object to the names Deism and Infidelity as you apply them to me, p. 373, & 395. You do this with distinctive

Porter-N.

qualifications in both cases; still the term Deist – has a distinct meaning. Sam. Clarke makes 4 classes – I belong to neither; and in the special matter of Inspiration differ from them all – as well as in the general philosophy which is presupposed in all I teach. Similar objections apply to the word "Infidel." It is not gracious in the Catholic – the Churchman – or the Dissenter to use the term as they all do – Popularly, it conveys a false impression, and one injurious to the person so called – Of course I don't fear any consequences that will result to me – 2. I object to such passages as this, p. 387. where you would have it appear that I have somewhere painted myself as the "Hero and Apostle of Absolute Religion" &c &c. Since you write thus – I must suppose you thought so – but I must assure you it is entirely a mistake. I have looked over the offensive chapter several times – but can't find any passage that will warrant your remarks, "and then proceeds to show" &c, down to "Harvard college." Then on p. 389. "would Mr P. have him teach" &c. I think I have never in the book shown a disposition to tell the Almighty what he should teach – I would only avoid attributing such commands as that (alleged) to Abraham, to the God of Earth and Heaven. I can't think God the author of confusion – as he must be if he by a Special Ukase commands what by his general laws he forbids, and I take it there is a manifest contradiction between the command to sacrifice Isaac – and the general laws of God which Reason and Conscience make known to us. I can't attribute such actions to God on the testimony of a book written – nobody knows, when, or where or for what purpose: what you say on the following pages

and before, p. 388-393. does not alter the case I think. I can't believe the historical statements of the Pentateuch in Gen. with no more historical evidence in their favour. (The reasons may be seen in de Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament, Vol II.) What you say at the bottom of p. 388. col. 1. I don't assent to; the views are not hasty, (I think not superficial - but here of course we disagree.) If I have studied some "neological" writers, why, I have studied also many palaio-logical authors. If I took what you reckon the bane - I know well what you also reckon the Antidote. 3. I think you sometimes misrepresent my meaning - thus e.g. p. 376. 377, I feel quite confident as to the correctness of my analysis of the religious sentiment. Still I did not wish to prejudice men against the fact of a religious element in man - by insisting on my analysis thereof as the only one possible. Some objected to that analysis - before my day - and even now. Your remarks in the brackets (- -) p. 376 are hardly ingenuous - forgive me for saying it. I did not rest on Schleiermacher's authority -. I thought some would think the analysis original with me - so mentioned the eminent man who in this century had stated and defended it. I can't help laughing that you should speak of me as you do thus p. 377, col. 1. you find a very incongruous passage &c. I thank you for leading me to see an ambiguity in my own words which I will correct - tho' I never noticed it before - so blind am I to my own blunders. I meant "this" (p. 44. line 8 from top.) should refer to reverence - not to religious element in its legitimate action as you seem to suppose. My blunder is this - that further down (line 7. 8.) I make "its

[in MSS "Schl"]

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legitimate action" refer to "religious element" while apparently it connects with the same antecedent as "this" and the word "it." (line 5.). The ambiguity I think will vanish, if in the next edition I write (line 7. 8) "However, the legitimate and norm-al action of the religious Sentiment leads &c. Then too it seems to me - after all you say, p. 377, that Religion will not appear in an ignorant man as it does in a wise man. I say that while there is but one Religion the modifications thereof are manifold. What you say, (p. 377, col 2. last P.) about the omission of the distinction between Religion and morality I think is hardly true. The distinction between "the religious and moral elements" is made (p. 47-48), and then it is said that Religion and morality involve one another &c (p. 48,) I separate the distinctive elements - but declare there can be no complete and harmonious Religion without morality, in which I think you will yourself agree. Your remarks on p. 378 (col 1. & 2,) I think founded on a mistake of my meaning, at which I am a little surprised. I never thought the Greek Polytheism was absolute Religion; not so near it as the common form in which Christianity appears in any of the sects, tho' doubtless some Greek Polytheists are better than some called Christians. You say obedience to which God! &c, (ibid). I say there is but one God — of whom men have various conceptions. The passage you except at (p 110-111) and quote p. 375, I can't think so very bad - I rather think it was suggested by the saying in the New Testament "many shall come from the East and the West" &c. &c, and

the two statements seem to me identical in spirit. Surely there may be many men who have not had half the advantages for the formation of a religious Character that you and I have had, and yet may be far better men than I am at least. I think that many men have been upright in their life who were wrong in their creed, and wrong too thro' little fault of their own. Of course Absolute Religion turns out of doors all monsters of impiety and lust. On p. 376, you say that a sense of dependance is one element - but not the Specific element - in the Religious Sentiment - I suppose. Analysis is not ended until the subject and predicate are seen to be identical - there of course it must stop. At the time I wrote I could make no more perfect Analysis, neither can I now. Perhaps you have a better one - If you will give it, you will do a service not only to me but to many. What you say p. 380, (col 2, et seqs) does not harmonize with what you say yourself on p. 377-8, neither does it represent my opinions, as you will see if you turn back to p. 45-46., 47-48., 145-155., et al. I abhor as much as you, perhaps - that mawkish sentimentalism generated in the heart of some who never go out and do the world's work, but am a good deal surprised to see it charged on so rough and practical a man as myself. What you say on p. 383, I think is true of Greenwood - not of Channing and Ware - I will not worry you to death with my rejoinders - tho' I have yet many things to say. I will mention this however - on p. 387, col 1, you say my "conclusion is that miracles are impossible" &c. If you turn to p. 269-271, you will see I say just the oppo-

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=site of that, tho' I say further on that in respect to the alleged Christian miracles, "I cannot believe such facts on such evidence", p. 276. To your question on p. 391, (vol. "We ask" &c) I say it came from "holy men, of God, who spake as they were moved by the holy Spirit", but I don't see the need of supposing a miracle was wrought upon them. These holy men had their limitations and faults. I can account for David and Isaiah, as easily as for Homer, without miraculous and abnormal inspiration. I see nothing more surprising in the case of the Hebrews than in that of the Egyptians if Rosellini tells truth — or that of the Hindoos if Colebrooke can be trusted. No doubt they, the Hebrews, express the emotion of worship more eminently than any ancient nation, as the Greeks express the sentiment of the beautiful more finely than any other people — Cant God endow races as well as men — with peculiar gifts — for his own purposes!

I beg that you will excuse this long letter that I have written you — and take it as I mean it — in a kindly spirit — You are a stranger to me — at least — I suppose so — for I do not even know your name. But I desire to be better acquainted with you — If ever you come to Boston — I will ask the favour of a visit — We have a Prophets' chamber — and will assure you a hearty welcome — whether you come in a Hat or a Turban. As you seem to be a lover of truth — and a Scholar — familiar with "theological" authors and commentaries on the Bible, I wish you would review my Translation of de Wette's Introduction to the Old Testament. I doubt not — you would do the public a service thereby. Believe me

truly yours &c
Theodore Parker.

Porter N.

To the Reverend Noah Porter Springfield. Mass.

West Roxbury 16 October 1844

My dear Sir

I thank you for your very polite note which I received today, and for the pamphlet which came with it — containing the conclusion of your article. If you have the 1st article also in that form you would oblige me by sending that at your leisure — for it is only thro' the kindness of an enemy (theologically speaking) that I see the New Englander. I like much of what you say in the last article — the Spirit and elevation of all, and wish that many of the "liberal" Christians deserved both these titles half so well as you seem to merit their conjoined application. Still I have been brought up under mixed influences of Religion — Calvinistic Baptists, Methodists and Unitarians are among my near relations. I was suckled on the Westminster Catechism — Yet I think the principles of the "liberal Christians", would logically land them where I now stand. But I have now no time to write a letter. I hope some time to see you here or in Springfield — when we can talk our fill. I did not wish the letter published — I have never replied to any review — nor do I now feel disposed to do so. I only pray that Truth and Religion — the Christianity of Christ — may be promoted by your writings and my own.

Believe me truly your Christian Brother

Theo. Parker.

Rev. N. Porter

Porter N.

West- Roxbury 3d Jan'y 1846

My dear Sir

Keep poor Blanco long as you need him— Half a score of my friends are waiting for a sight of the Book— but if you wish to write about him keep it. I know you will not write such a slobbery matter as that in the Examiner. I think even the Examiner is disgraced by such articles as the first on poor Blanco. Did you write the articles of Episcopacy in the New Englander? Remember me to the better half of yourself— and if I had any children I should ask you to keep yours for the Heretic minister far away from them. Good bye

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Rev. A. Porter.

To Rev. Prof. Porter. New Haven Conn.

Boston 5th December 1847.

Dear friend,

I will not hurt the feelings of the good folk at New Haven, nor are my own at all hurt by the very un-courteous conduct of the people of Bridgeport. Certainly I never invited them to ask me to lecture; they knew me as well before invitation as now, nor could they think

Porter N.

it a very great boon to ask a man to come and lecture in January; certainly to me it is no ἀστυάγυιός, I could have been dubb as an owl. I am thinking of reading at New Haven a lecture on "the Relation of the Earth to its Inhabitants", which also I should have read at Bridgeport but for this recantation. I shall be very glad to see you - and your wife - letting alone the Professors at Yale, whom also I hope to see. Touching the Dictionary I will see that it is properly noticed by some one who will do justice - Surely "we" have no sectional prejudices. Is not our name Massachusetts, and does not Massachusetts extend to the Pacific ocean! Certainly it did once, and I hope we shall never be narrower than the continent - at least - !! I hope you have taught Dr Webster to spell Whippoorwill correctly and not write it "Whip-o-wil" as he used to do. I don't believe there is a "chuck will's-widow" in all Connecticut that would know who was calumniated by that mode of spelling. Please ask your publishers to send a copy of Webster, and it shall be put into the critical mill and bolted "in our best style", as the shops say. I got a great heap of Books the other day from Germany and France - but you have no need to spend your coin in that way - living under the eaves of the Library. Remember me to Mrs Porter and believe me

truly your Friend

Thos Parker.

Rev. Prof. Porter.

Porter N.

To the Same. Yale College. New Haven. Conn.

Boston 18th May 1848.

Dear Friend

I suppose that you will come to Boston on anniversary week, as a matter of course, and I trust you will also bring Mrs Porter with you. In either case you know that you are to stop with us, and give us the pleasure of your company. If you could let me know next week that you would certainly come it would give me an added pleasure—. I trust Bushnell also will come to Boston— and unless he is afraid of lodging in the tent of a Heretic— will let us have also the light of his countenance. You don't know how much pleasure my visit to New Haven gave me last winter. I did not find the orthodox Professors were so dreadful after all. Indeed your excellent Father in Law has the same Principles and Methods with our best men in Boston, tho' they differ widely enough in their Conclusions. But we will talk of that when we meet. Have you seen the Memoirs of Dr Channing! You must review that in the New Englander, while you believe me

yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Prof. Porter.

Porter N.

To Revd. Noah Porter Springfield Mass.

(See next page instead of this)

West- Roxbury, 2d Dog-day 1848.

Dear- Sir

+ + + +

If I know myself I am love of Truth in my investigations- if I am wrong in my conclusions I am certain that I have the Spirit of Truth. I think I accept all the Truths of Christianity, tho' I believe these Truths on a different ground from my unitarian Brethren I think Jesus himself would welcome me among his Disciples and I think I have more reverence for Jesus- for greater love of his character- his doctrines, Ideas- sentiments and actions than most of my opponents I think the son of man was manifested that he might destroy I believe the are Sins and Lies- Sins that are Lies of the Heart. Lies that are Sins of the Head, and against these I also war with such weapons as God has given. The mistakes that I make- the errors and follies that I am guilty of will pass away and be for-got- But

(here the sheet turns) see next page

Porter N.

To Revd. Noah Porter Springfield Mass.

West-Roxbury, 2d Dog-day. 1848

Dear Sir

I could not get a co
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but I think you love to se
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love of Truth in my investigations — if I am wrong in
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character — his doctrines, Ideas — Sentiments & Actions
than most of my opponents. I think the son of man
was manifested that he might destroy τὰ ἔργα τοῦ Διακ=
=όλου. I believe the ἔργα Διακόλου are Sins & Lies — Sins
that are Lies of the Heart. Lies that are Sins of the Head,
& against these I also war with such weapons as
God has given. The mistakes that I make — the errors

(Torn out)

304½

Porter N.

& follies that I am guilty of will pass away & be forgot- But
id some true things that will do more
to, Goodness, Piety. If you will help
joyfully help How
I was much
Bushnell
s. I cannot- my-
seems to me for our Spirit-
-ry which prevails in your camp or
-, of the unitarians- & I wish you would develope
these views at length in the N. Ecler- they could not
fail to do good.... The unitarians will be obliged
to take notice of your article- for (I hope) the Recorder
will reprint it. Your articles last year did them much
good- they see the defects of their Theology- the want
of deeper Philosophy & a sounder Scientific culture
not to mention yet deeper wants. Last week
Dr Lamson before the Alumni of the Theol. School
at Cambridge made a noble address on the
State of Theol. among the Unitarians. It was the
best thing that has been done in the denomination
these ten years. You will see it in the November
number of the Examiner- & I will send you a copy of

(Torn out)

it is printed & separate.... I hope you will read
Hedge's Life of Blanco White, & see
with Norton and Dr. Channi
except the N. T.
in any sense.
= ment was
movement. I ha
you the exact wor
& I will lend it you if you
to see you in August.

(Torn out)

truly yours
Theo. Parker.

Rev Noah Porter.

Porter A

To Rev. Prof. Porter New-Haven Conn.

Gloucester 30th August 1849

My dear Friend,

I want to thank you for two things:- 1, for the noble resolution which you offered at the meeting of the Alumni, relative to our poor Brethren the other side of the water who are struggling for the Liberty which our Fathers won for us. It did my heart good to read the resolutions, and to know that you proposed it. Men of superior Education ought to take the lead in all noble things. 2. You wrote that nice little notice of Dr Peabody in the New Englander. Now that is the way to reconcile the various sects. You do not believe in the Theology of Dr Peabody, but can do justice to the man, can see the Christian character of the man while you do not admit that his Theology is Christian. It is but rarely that one meets with that fairness, in the theological journals. The Unitarians do not like to do that justice to the Trinitarians, nor the Trinitarians to the Unitarians.

You attribute Dr Peabody's sadness to his theological opinions. I doubt that it was so. Here are unitarian ministers with the same views of the Atonement, who are as cheerful as the unfallen Adam is thought to have been. Mr S. K. Lothrop is an example. Dr Pierce was another. Indeed there are very many examples. Dr. Channing had a most cheerful view of

Porter A.

life, and yet about the same theological opinions as Dr. Peabody. On the other hand I know some orthodox ministers who are as melancholy as the East wind (in March, at Boston.). Has not natural temperament a good deal to do in this matter! --- My friend Mr Atkinson says he has asked you to lecture at Brookline. I hope you will do so; for I want you to come to my House. We will get all the Babies in the neighborhood into the House to keep it from being lonely, and we will make you as happy as we can. Let us know when you will come so that I may make arrangements to be at home. With regards to Mrs Porter and Dr T. believe me

your Friend

Thos. Parker.

Boston 19th November 1850.

C

My dear Sir,

I write to thank you, and your fellow Editors of the New Englander, for the able, manly and Christian article on the Fugitive Slave Law in the last Number of the New Englander. It seems to me that it is the official business as well as the personal duty of men in high academic posts to guide and quicken the mental sense of the people. That article seems to me well

calculated to do both. It must have a wide and deep influence, not only on account of its intrinsic merits but on account of the organ which speaks it forth to the world. It seems to me that Editors of quarterlies, Presidents and Professors in colleges — especially the richer and more celebrated, — and ministers of wealthy churches think that they are not to help guide public opinion and correct it when wrong, but only to follow and defend it; that as they, as clergymen, will baptize any child that is living and bury any one that is dead, so they will defend, support, and vote for any opinion that prevails in the controlling class of Society. Hence in Massachusetts the voice of the Pulpit, the voice of the college (I mean Cambridge) and the voice of the quarterlies (I mean the North American) are all husky with Cotton, and ready to favor any measure, however unchristian, which finds favor with the controlling class. Now I thank you and the rest of the "Seven Pillars" which "wisdom hath hewed" for the support of the New Englander, that they are of a different metal. The paper I refer to will strengthen the hearts and uphold the hands of many a minister, "Unitarian" no less than "Orthodox," and show that there is some of the old Puritan soul yet smouldering in the churches of the North. — — — I hope you saw Mrs Putnam's article in the Examiner on Bowen. She has yet worse to publish. The article on Hungary I always thought procured him his appointment as Professor of History. But it may procure him a disappointment also, for the Board of Overseers has not acted on

Porter N.

the matter and some of them think that History should be written in the interest of Mankind and not in that of Tyrants barely. I think it was very brave in the Examiner to publish that article.

I hope you and yours are well and happy, tho' I have not heard a word from you this long time. What are you doing in the way of philosophy? Have you seen Whewell's little Book — "of Inductives" in which he criticizes Mill! I have got a "fourth" of German books since I saw you — some philosophical — some un philosophical, as you may guess. I hope you will come to Boston this winter, and take up your abode in our Sky — Parlor. Give my kind remembrances to Dr Taylor and Mrs T, to Salisbury also; with much regard for yourself and Mrs Porter, believe me

yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Rev Prof. Porter

Porter N.

To the Same New Haven Conn

Boston 16th December 1850.

My dear Sir,

A few days ago I received the accompanying papers from Mr James S. Birney, of Lower Saginaw Michigan. He wants it published. I tried to find a publisher to undertake it, but in vain. It occurs to me that it might find a place in the New Englander. If you and the "Seven Pillars" think well of it - and can give it a place I shall be glad, if not you will please return it to me. If you will decide soon you will further oblige. As it relates to a matter of immediate concern I suppose it ought to appear in the No. for February if at all, but you shall judge.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Rev Prof Porter.

Hope.

To Mr & Mrs Hope

Boston 9. October. 1858.

Mr & Mrs Hope

Dear Friends

I thank you heartily for your kindness in sending me the English Edition of Dr. Franklin's works, published by his grandson. I shall value it highly—

Please accept the three little volumes which accompany this note, and believe me

truly yours,

Theodore Parker.

When I can walk with any comfort I will come and see you. I am too lame now.

Hope T.

To Thomas Hope Esq Boston.

Combe-Varin, près de Brot-Dessus, Suisse
August-2. 1859.

Mr Hope

My dear Sir,

I wish to thank you for the kind and generous resolution you offered concerning me at the annual meeting of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. I dont pretend to deserve it, but confess I have tried to. The effort is in our power, success often lies beyond us. This happens in matters of morals as well as in matters of science or trade. It has been the great aim of my life to lead men and women to the formation of a noble character - intellectual moral, affectional and religious, - and so to help them attain the greatest possible welfare on Earth, and be ready to enter on that yet higher welfare of Heaven when the time comes. One of the most powerful means to that end is true Ideas about God, about Man, and about their mutual Relation, - so I have spared no pains to form such Ideas and spread them abroad. It has given me great delight to find my humble labors appreciated - nay they have often been over-rated, for I have done but little, and that little not always in the best way - only in the best I could master. Some one will come after me and be guided by my mis-

Hope J.

and warned by my mistakes, for he will see where I have gone astray as I cannot now.

Here in Switzerland I am in the midst of the handsomest country in the world: it has all you could ask for Beauty - mountains as wild as on the day of creation, plains and valleys adorned with the nicest cultivation and enriched with the most various and abundant crops of grass, grain - all kinds, oats, rye, barley, wheat, Indian corn &c - apple trees, pear, peach, plum and cherry trees, and also the vine; - here reckoned the most precious object of culture. Wild flowers grow in extraordinary profusion and variety, which the Bees make into honey. It is one of the richest countries also in the world, - far richer I should judge in proportion to its population than our own New England or even Massachusetts, the richest part of New England. The houses are solid and neat, the furniture of the great mass of the people is of course plain, but abundant. I find here no such poor Hats as stares you in the face not only in France and England but even in Boston, and all over New England. Great pains are taken with the education of the people, tho' far less than with us. The people look intelligent and self-respectful, are neatly dressed and appear to be industrious, sober, intelligent and thrifty. Of course I do not find that quick intelligence and inventive-ness which belongs to the Yankee; the modes of work seem slow and a little clumsy in comparison with

our own. — But the Swiss are superior to us in economy — they waste nothing; all the little patches of good land are cultivated with appropriate crops, the chips and small brush are carefully gathered in the woods, the twigs of the vines are fed out to the goats or other animals; men, and even women, eat their plates clean both at public and private tables, and you do not see a girl waste at dinner what would feed two reapers for a day. The cattle are familiar. I can go up to any cow in a pasture and pat her head, and play with her ears — she seems to expect it. I have not tried the experiment with the great beasts = some Bulls who look a little more formidable. The horses are accustomed to be fed out of the hand, and expect little caresses from the bystanders. It is a noble breed of horses (and also of cows) you find here. — You will naturally be interested in Rail Roads — and their construction. Here are excellent roads; the rail is heavier than with us, the engine lighter, the grades often steeper. Here is a road in progress of construction in this valley (Vallon de Ponts) which has a tunnel 2 miles long cut through the soft limestone. It is nearly finished — only lacking about 300 feet of getting through. It has vertical shafts now and then for air and light. In New England we should tremble a little at the thought of a tunnel 2 miles long and 3 000 feet above the sea — and wonder how it would be paid for. But the population is so dense here

Hope I.

the Country so rich and prosperous that it seems likely to pay. — I am staying at the house of a scientific friend. Prof. Desor, whom I used to entertain in America. It is not far from Neuchâtel — which is one of the most enlightened little towns in the world. It has only about 8000 inhabitants, but yet contains literature, science and general civilization enough for a town of 40.000 inhabitants; more than you could find in Rochester (New York), Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago or Cincinnati — I fear. But Neuchâtel is exceptional even in Switzerland. Complete religious freedom prevails here — But in this little valley high up in the Jura mountains the people are Anabaptists, many of them, and have the bigoted look — the pinched forehead and puckered up mouth which marks the rigid orthodoxy in America: one of their notions is that it is wicked to wear buttons on their clothes, so they have hooks & eyes instead. But they are honest, industrious, virtuous people. — Please remember me very kindly to your wife whom I hope to be better acquainted with.

truly yours.

Theodore Parker

Barnard T S.

To Thomas S Barnard Esq Norway. Maine.

Boston. 30th March. 1853.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your interesting and welcome letter which I have just read. It gives me great pleasure to know of such men as yourself — bred by deeply religious parents in the old forms of religion, yet coming out of bigotry into freedom with a continual increase of piety, and faith in God. I know some men who cast off the old forms of theology and of Church service for the sake of getting rid of the restraints of religion. I always love to find one who grows in morality as he advances also in intellectual freedom.

I know many persons whose history is the same as yours. The Methodist Church does a great deal of good; the Methodist minister, poor, badly educated, often quite ignorant, goes amongst men more ignorant than he and rouses up the religious spirit in their souls and quickens them with new life. How many thousands of men there are who owe their earthly salvation to the labors of some modest minister of that persuasion! I have great respect for them. But alas they find men in fetters; they make men fear; they drive by terror, while they ought to draw by love; they make too much of a separation between life and religion. Their idea of God is dark and sad, so is their notion of the next life.

Barnard T S.

But when one comes to the conviction that God is infinite — I mean perfectly powerful, perfectly wise, just, loving, and faithful to Himself — then the great difficulty is over — you do not fear God, you love Him. You will not seek to shun His laws, but to keep them, and if you fall away sometimes, through the strength & temptation and the weakness of your character — you feel mortified, ashamed and penitent, and come back full of vigor and resolution anew, and go on your way rejoicing.

I am sorry I did not know you while you were here in Boston, and hope you will continue to grow in all religious and manly excellence.

truly yours
Theo. Parker

Mr. Barnard.

Boston Nov 22d 1854

Thomas T Barnard Esq

Dear Sir

It will give me pleasure to accept your hospitable offer and stop with you when I visit your town to lecture. But I think I shall find snow in Norway on the fourth of December as I found ice in the Penobscot on the 27th of April.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Barnard F G.

To the Same

Boston Nov 23. 1853.

Mr Barnard,

My dear Sir,

I would write you a long letter if I had time, but we will have a long talk instead when I get to Norway to lecture.

Truly yours.

Theo. Parker.

Boston 23d February 1855.

Mr Barnard

Dear Sir,

I fear I shall not be able to speak for you this season, but if possible will advise you soon. Absence from home and over-work at home is the excuse for delay in answering your kind & manly letter. It seems to me Mr Hitchcock is utterly mistaken in his facts — as you report them — as well as in the morality of his lecture. We have the same "Right" to extirpate the Indians that a

Barnard F. G.

nation as superior to us would have, to destroy American Institutions and drive us out of the land — the "Right" of Power! — I have no fear for the result of the "Trial." Even if convicted — which it is impossible — we will make it hot for the cause of Freedom. The next ten years are likely to be full of interest.

Truly yours
Theo. Parker.

Eggers A.

To Augustus Eggers Esq. Cincinnati. Ohio.

Boston 10th December 1852.

Dear Sir

I was much gratified by your kind and sensible letter of the 14th Ult. and should have answered it immediately but I have been ill ever since I returned from the West, and at the same time have been obliged to work a good deal in various ways. So I beg you to excuse my apparent inattention to your kind letter. Even now I am too ill to write much. at some future hour of health and leisure I will write you more fully.

The Germans in this country are a very important element in our civilization. When the Turks took Constantinople in the 15th Century, they drove out learned Greeks who brought to Western Europe the art and learning of old Byzantium — a fruitful germ it has proved itself. The convulsions of Europe are doing for America the same service. But in the Germans I find one fault — which is a deep and terrible fault: many of their ablest and best educated young men are Atheists — I mean they call themselves Atheists and think they think there is no God. But it is not so, they are not atheists.

So far had I written four days ago when the aching head gave way — and I am not

well enough now to continue the letter. So at some future time, I hope to write you a more fitting answer to your interesting note. Believe me

truly yours

Theo. Parker.

Aug. Eggers. Esq.

P. S. Kind regards to all.

Sanford st.

To Mr. B. F. Post Office Boston. [ This afterwards proved to be Mr. Albert Sanford]

Centre Harbor New Hampshire
August 16th 1850.

Dear Sir,

I found your note in the Post-Office in Boston yesterday but had not time to write you a reply during my brief stay in town. I wish it was in my power to comply with your request; but the sermon you speak of, is not written so that any one can read it, except-myself. I employ abbreviations and "characters" which no one can read besides the writer. Still further, the portion of the Sermon you speak of particularly, was not written at all. — I hope you and I shall become better acquainted with one another. I wish you would sometimes come and see me, at No 1 Exeter Place. I shall return to Boston (to live) about the beginning of October. Believe me

truly your friend
Theo. Parker.

Mr. "B. F."

Sanford A.

To Albert Sanford Esq. Gloucester. Mass.

Boston 14th October 1852.

My dear Sir

I hope your wound is not a dangerous one, and that the Cuban storms will not disturb you, but it really will look dangerous there after General Pierce is elected.— My little volume of Sermons will be out in November, by the middle I think. I have the proof-sheets up to page 180: there will be about 400 pages. "Norton's statement of Reasons" I would gladly lend you but some one borrowed it, and will never return it I fear, as he has kept it for two [ten] years. I will see if I can get you a No of the Massachusetts Quarterly with the article on Emerson. I think I shall sometime publish the four last Sermons in some good readable shape— The Music Hall will let us in to its doors I think on the 21st of November, at least I hope so.

Yours truly

Thos. Parker

Albert Sanford. Esq.

Sanford st.

To Albert Sanford Esq. Boston. Mass.

Newton-Corner
22th August. 1853.

Dear Sir,

I will put in the Boston Post Office for you a copy of the Letter to the Boston Association of Ministers, which has long been out of the Shops. The new volume of Sermons (of Theism, Atheism and the Popular Theology,) will be published on the last of September. It has been printed for a months, and waits for an English Publisher to bring out his edition so as to secure a Copyright in England.

The Article in the Massachusetts Quarterly on Swedenborg was written by Henry James of New York. Emerson, in his "Representative Men" has given the best criticism which I have ever seen of Swedenborg. But that is not adequate to the purpose you refer to. Swedenborg has had the fate to be worshipped as a half-God, on the one side; and on the other to be despised and laughed at. It seems to me that he was a man of Genius, of wide learning, of deep and genuine piety. But he had an abnormal, queer sort of mind, dreamy, dozy, clair-voyant, Andrew-Jackson-Davisy; and besides he loved Opium and strong coffee and wrote under the influence of those drugs; a wise man may get many nice bites out of him, and be the healthier for such eating;

Sanford A.

but if he swallows Swedenborg whole, as the fashion is with his followers — why it lays hard in the stomach, and the man has a Night-mare on him all his natural life, and talks about "the Word" and "the Spirit," "Correspondences," "Receivers," &c. Yet the Swedenborgians have a calm and religious Beauty in their lives which is much to be admired.

John Chapman (Bookseller in London) is the nominal Editor, and owner, of the Westminster Review. Martineau, I am told is the real Editor. I don't know who edits Harper's Magazine — but I think my friend Ripley writes the original matter for it. I do not see it, and did not know that it spoke against me.

I shall always be glad to see you and hear from you, and am Yours truly

Thev. Parker

Mr Sanford.

If you will write me from Cuba, I shall take it as a favor.

Sanford A.

To Albert Sanford Esq. Cincinnati. Ohio.

Boston 6th April 1854.

My dear Sir

Your welcome letter came in due time; but I have had no opportunity to reply till this minute, when I steal a little moment to answer your kindly words. I will send you two Sermons tomorrow— one of Nebraska &c; the other of Old Age. The Mr. Sears— whose book on Regeneration you speak of— is a devout, earnest, strong-minded, worthy man; but alas, he has got a scheme of Theology which is at variance with Human Nature, and works with that poor tool. His Book has been much praised by the unitarians and orthodoxy. Had he studied Theology as he would have studied Geology— looking first at the Facts of the case, and then after their Law— he would have been a great man.

All the world and "the rest of mankind" is talking about "Spiritualism"— "rappers," "tippers," "writers," "talkers" &c. There are many strange things testified to by some of the soundest and strongest of men; things which I cannot explain as yet. But I do not accept the Hypothesis that they are the work of "Spirits", either the souls of dead men, or "Angels" good or bad. I know nothing to justify the "Spiritual" Hypothesis. I am not successful in my investigations; I drive off the "Spirits" by looking at the table &c. I once— and once only— got a response

Sanford A.

from a "Spirit;" that was of a man whom I knew to be safe and sound on terra firma here below. (I have seen him since). I got any answer that I wanted to get. If I had time I should like to look into the matter a little further. But Scientific men give it the go by — which seems scarcely right. It does not now appear in Catholic districts I am told. Is it so? They have enough to excite their marvellousness without tipping tables!

Here is a list of the Sermons since January; —

[732] 1. Discipline of Disappointment.

[733] 2. Nebraska Bill &c. [printed I Add Speeches 413.]

[734] 3. Power and Influence of an Idea. (a general Introduction to a Course of Sermons).

[735] 4. Disadvantages of a "Revelation" (a special Introduction to a Course of Sermons).

[736] 5. The true Idea of God, and the mode of attaining it.

[737] 6. The ecclesiastical Idea of God & the alleged mode of obtaining it, &c.

[738] 7. The Form of Religion which comes from the true Idea of God.

[739] 8. Of the Evil in the ecclesiastical Idea of God in its Ultimate Manifestation — or of the Devil.

Next Sunday I shall speak of the Ultimate Triumph of Truth over Error, Right over Wrong, Love over Hate, and the divine means thereto: next will come several Sermons of Man — his Nature &c, History &c. For in this series there are three parts, viz I of God, II of Man; III of the Relation between God and Man. Aims (1)

Sanford A.

to give the true Idea — as far as I have reached it, and (2) to criticise the ecclesiastical Idea, and show where it is right and wrong. I take great interest in the matter. So the audience of years to do.

I hope often to hear from you — always that you are better. Next time I shall not be so busy — for my lecturing is near an end.

Truly yours
Theo Parker

Mr. Sanford.

Johnson C.

To Miss Catherine Johnson Salem Mass.

Anti-Slavery Office New York.
28. May 1838.

My dear Cousin Kathie,

The new Bear came the other day, — the famous new Bear! I assembled all the other Bears of the Family, introduced them to each other and left them in their mutual admiration Society. You don't know how the little Bears rejoiced to welcome this new one! When the great Original Bear came home — and went into the Parlor and saw all the Household of Bears assembled together, and the New Bear among them, great was her amazement thereat!

Many thanks for this Bear — which it is thought surpasses all the rest.

For the Bears faithfully
Cousin
Theodore.

Sanford A.

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Theo Parker

Mr. Sanford.

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Many thanks for this Bear — which it is thought surpasses all the rest.

For the Bears faithfully
Cousin
Theodore.

Miriam L B.

To Levi B. Miriam Esq. Boston.

Boston 26th Dec. 1852.

Dear Mr Miriam,

I have not had time before to write and thank you for that nice looking Haunch of Venison you had the kindness to send us yesterday. The next time that I shoot a deer with a leaden or a silver bullet I shall not forget your kindness. With all manner of good wishes

Yours truly
Theo Parker.

Mr. Miriam.

Boston 5th February 1853.

Dear Mr. Miriam,

Mr Jevons I make no doubt is an "excellent man" for he is so dull. His Book I advise you to put in some iron safe and lock it up tight. It is so dry I fear it will take fire by spontaneous Combustion and it might bring your house to ashes if it could communicate the flames it threatens to kindle. I wish you much joy in the Book — some night when you cannot sleep just try and read — any where in either volume

Yours truly
Theo Parker.

Mr. Miriam.

Parker M M.

To Miss Martha M Parker. York. Pennsylvania.

Boston 9th October. 1851 c

My dear Martha

Your note, long looked for, came a few days ago. I am glad to hear from you at length for it is now just about six months since I left you at York. I am glad to find you are so pleasantly situated, and engaged in an occupation which I think suits your nature and your culture too. I am rejoiced to find that you are reading Shakespeare also. Some of his piles you will do well to read often and so often that you can repeat all the better passages by heart. His great plays - are Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, and the Tempest. But I think you will find the Merchant of Venice full of the most charming poetry, I mean chiefly the love scenes. Nobody ever painted love so truly and naturally as he, unless it be indeed Mr Emerson. His Essay on Love I look on as the finest thing of the kind in the whole world of literature. Shakespeare and Emerson will be two excellent companions. I would read every piles of Shakespeare; some will offend your taste, in particular, passages on account of their indelicacy. But the customs of the times demanded that of him - and really Shakespeare is the most decent writer of his age. His real poetry, his great genius will touch you deeply. If you commit to memory his best pieces - I mean fragments of fine poetry scattered in all

his dramas— you will find your account in it.

I am glad you live with such an excellent man as I know you are with. What you say in your letter about his helping fugitive Slaves, proves the man is a Hero of Benevolence. It is a fortunate thing for you to fall in with such a family. It is no great misfortune to miss the common run of preaching. It is poor stuff and I am afraid does nobody much good. If you will think for yourself on the subject of Religion you will see that Religion consists of Piety, the Love of God, with a Faith in Him, or absolute trust in Him: and of Goodness, the Love of man according to the Rule of Justice. If you will, you can make great progress in Piety and Goodness and yet have nothing to do with the sects, and never wear a face longer than your neighbors. It is a good thing for you to see men of different modes of Religion, Quakers, Methodists &c, this will give you a wider field of observation than you would otherwise obtain.

Considering the low wages generally paid in your neighborhood, it seems that your compensation is quite liberal, and I hope you do your duty faithfully. Your pupils will have no other Teacher; you must represent to them in your own person and character the highest result of modern civilization. So it becomes you to be a noble woman for their sake as well as your own. You will have a good deal to try your patience no doubt. But you may find a good deal of satis-

tion in doing your duty faithfully. Indeed if you will be true to yourself the whole of life will become a great Normal School – and you will go up from class to class till you graduate at last into the Kingdom of Heaven. —

I shall be glad to be of any service to you that is in my power. I might send you books from time to time perhaps. I shall always be glad to receive letters from you, as often as you please. If you have any money that you have saved, I will always take care of it for you, will pay you six per cent for it, or invest it in some stock if you like that. ——— Give my kind greetings to the worthy gentleman you live with; remember me kindly to the Townsends, and believe me

affectionally yours

Theo. Parker.

Parker M. M

To the Same.

Boston 12th March. 1852.
c

Your letter my dear Martha just came to hand. I have been absent in another state for several days. I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to visit your school, and see you as you suggest. It would give me real pleasure to look in upon your school, and see the result of your labors. I make no doubt that you have been diligent, pains-taking and faithful. I know very well the many discouragements that lie in the path of a teacher, but I know likewise the delights which blossom along that path. I suppose you have had your fair share of these also. I shall not go to Philadelphia this season. Besides I am so busy a man that I have hardly time enough to spare for such an expedition. ——— You do not speak of your friends at York who were so kind to us last season. I beg you to present my best regards to them when you see them next, or when you write. Remember me also to the worthy people you are with now, if you please.

I am glad you have found another place in that neighborhood so that you do not depend on the contingency of finding a new school in Massachusetts, and still more glad that you will be with worthy persons whom you esteem. I don't

think it an advantage that the scholars are smaller, and fewer in number. I wish you had a harder school of larger pupils. It is a good thing to do hard work, in difficult situations; and tax yourself to the utmost now and then. It is only by efforts that we grow up to our full stature; hard efforts often and hard trials too.

You propose to return in July, and then go back I suppose to Pennsylvania. I wish you could find a place also for Frances. Her term expires soon, and I do not know whether she has got a school or will get one here. I shall be very glad to see you next summer. Tell me how much you have read of Shakespeare; how you like his writings, and what plays suit you best.

We all send our love to you. Remember me likewise to my friends, and believe me

truly and affectionately
your uncle
T. P.

Parker M. M

To the Same

Boston, 16th May 1852.

My dear Martha

I was glad to receive your letter which has just come to hand, and quite pleased to find you like your new situation. I am always afraid in so small a school you will not have enough to do. It is better to have too much than too little. If you have not enough to do the mind grows sluggish and all the faculties deteriorate.

I hope you will improve the opportunity to learn French and drawing. I would do so by all means. In learning to draw do not confine yourself to copying prints, but draw from Nature also. Hang up a Cabbage leaf — or a Burdock — with its side towards you and draw that. Then hang it a little edge-wise (so as to see half of its breadth) and then draw again. I think this will help you much.

I think you need society — the acquaintance of educated and refined persons. I would take every opportunity to meet such persons. At York I think you will find many agreeable and instructive persons.

Shakespeare you will find a mine of beauty and of rich wisdom. Hamlet it will be worth while to read over twenty or thirty times till you know it thoroughly and can repeat all the finest pieces. If

Parker M. M.

you come in contact with a copy of Byron — you had better read that carefully — delightedly I know you will. I tried to get for you a copy of the Cyclopædia of English Literature when you went to Pennsylvania, but found none. Some time when I see you I will bring it. I shall not attend the Convention this year. I wish I could — but I have so much to do at home that I have no time for such an expedition this year.

Give my regards to the Wrights and the Townsends, and believe me truly

Your friend
Theo. Parker.

Mrs P. sends best regards. I am glad you conclude to save your money and not return this year.

To the Same.

West-Newton 20th Sept. 1852.

My dear Martha,

Your letter came quite welcome. I am glad to find that you have so agreeable a situation and feel disposed to improve your time so well. Take good care of your health, — by using a reasonable amount of exercise in the open air, and a reasonable amount of cold water. The society you will meet

Parker M. M.

at York will be better, I think, than you can find elsewhere in that portion of the state.

I like your plan of studying French. But as you have no teacher near at hand I send you a little Book which I once found valuable under such circumstances. It has been studied by several persons besides myself, hence its dilapidated condition. If I were you I should study it in the manner prescribed in the Introduction until I could repeat by heart most of the Fables. Then you will have a considerable stock of words in your memory, and what is worth more a copious stock of phrases.

I intended to send you a book or two by Miss Watson but unluckily I forgot her address and so She went without my parcel. When you know of any one coming from York to Boston if you will give him a letter to me I will trouble him with some little trifle to you.

We are all well Mrs P sends her love. Believe me

Affectionately yours
Theo. Parker.

Patterson J. B.

To Mr. James B. Patterson Dayton Ohio

Boston 28th Febry 1855.

Dear Young Friend

I am the person whom you met in the cars, and parted from at Albany. I sought you in the cars but in the dim light I failed to find you. I took a good deal of interest in the bright young face looking so pure and hopeful, and thinking that some 5 + 20 years ago I was on the same road that you are now. I am sorry that you have met with the "misfortune" you refer to. It certainly cast a shade over a young man's prospects for the moment, not for the day. You have a good start thus far, and seem to have laid the foundation well. It will be no misfortune, in the end, that you must get your own education. It will bring out the deep, manly, elements at an earlier period; will make you more thoughtful when you would else have been more gamesome and playful. If you are a teacher you can find much time to study by yourself. I began to teach when seventeen years old — and continued it for four winters, working at home on my father's farm in the other parts of the year. I always found from 8 to 10 hours a day for study beside the work-hours in school; then I taught a high school for three years more, and kept far ahead of the class in college of which I was a (nominal)

Patterson J. B

member. You can do all that - and perhaps more.

Perhaps it will be well to pursue the same studies you would have taken at College - with the addition of such as belong to your calling as teacher, or you may perhaps teach till you accumulate money enough to go through the college - at a later date. No good thing is impossible to a serious and earnest young man with good abilities and good moral Principles.

But above all things - be careful of your health your success depends on a sound body. Do not violate the Laws which God writes in these tables of Flesh.

Let me know where you go and what you find to do - and I will write you again when more at leisure.

Truly your friend

Theo. Parker.

from
Patterson J. B.

From Mr. James B. Patterson.

Louisville Kentucky-
December 26. 1855.

Theodore Parker.

Dear Sir, I suppose that long ere this, you have forgotten the young man, whom you met in the cars, to Albany, and who afterwards addressed a letter to you. In reply to that letter, which you was kind enough to answer, you requested me, to write to you and state my place of residence, which I did, but as yet- I have not- received any return, and accordingly, I supposed that it had not reached you, or that you were so busily engaged, that you had not time, to do so. I have often purposed writing to you since, but contrary circumstances have prevented my so doing, or perhaps procrastination has had a large part to do in the matter. I have at last resolved, to delay no longer and accordingly the result.

Since I last wrote to you, I have been engaged in School teaching, in Kentucky, and from my experience, have found it a very pleasing occupation, as far as the study of human nature is concerned, and the opportunities for study afforded. However, during the session, I taught and barely supported myself, and having a good situation offered to me as clerk in the Post-Office, in this place, I have taken advantage of it, and accor-

from
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=dingly, have been here about four months, and I must say that I was never so much confined in my life. Suffice it to say, that I am occupied from fourteen to fifteen hours, during the day, but I am content. I have at last, resolved to study the law, and am accordingly looking about for a place in which I will have time to study, and gain a living, and in order, that I may lose no more time than is necessary.

You may probably remember, that during our short conversation, you recommended me, that if my talents ran in that way, to make efforts at writing poetry. Since then I have endeavored to profit by the suggestion and accordingly have written several pieces for the Louisville Journal, and a week ago, just completed a New Year's address, for which I earned twelve dollars, very well compensating me for my trouble. I have chosen the profession of Law, for I think it is the most eligible way of gaining a reputation, and I have the most unbounded ambition, for which I can find no limit. I am forever trying to be better, than every person else, in every respect. When I am in the company of good people, I try to be the best, and when I am in company of the bad, I try to be the worst. I have no doubt, that in so doing, I am very wrong indeed, and I am trying very much, to resist it. and I hope, that in time I will do so.

But I must forbear. If you have leisure, you will afford me great pleasure, by sending me a reply.

I remain Yours Respt
Jas. B. Patterson.

Hon. Prosper
Boston. Mass.

Patterson J. B.

To Mr. James B. Patterson. Louisville Kentucky.

Boston 7th Jan.y 1856

My dear Sir.

Your note came a day or two since and I take the earliest opportunity to answer it. I replied at once to your former letter – but it miscarried, I suppose. I have often wondered why I did not hear from you. Please send me any Newspaper that contains communications from you – with a mark on the Article to draw the eye thither. – I hope you are well paid for your 15 hours work in a Post Office otherwise it is waste of time. I thought you would be a lawyer – You may easily be a distinguished one – and with a little more effort, a noble Man in the calling of a lawyer, which is a quite different thing. I hope you will try for that also.

The love of surpassing others is a common but dangerous quality. Love of Absolute Excellence, (Ideal Perfection) is one thing, love of excelling others is quite another, not a noble quality at all, but only an expansion of selfishness: it is vulgar and low. I trust you will avoid that utterly. Set a high mark of intellectual and moral and religious Character that you will reach, the other things will take care of themselves. If I were amongst low men I would try not to be low; if among high ones – to be as high as possible. Always be yourself – not another man's self.

But I have not time to write you a

Patterson J. B.

Sermon so I send one or two that are printed. Let me hear from you as you have inclination, and believe me

one of your friends
Theo. Parker.

From Mr. James B. Patterson to Mrs Parker.

Steubenville Ohio June 16th 1863.

Mrs L. D. Parker

Dear Madam. Your letter of inquiry only reached me this morning. It has been nearly two months on the way, owing to the fact I suppose that I have not resided in Dayton since Mr Parkers letters were addressed to me there. In looking over my files I find two of his letters remaining. The others have in some way been lost. These I enclose, hoping the delay may not render them useless, should you think fit to use them. I would like to have them copied and returned as I prize them very highly, and would be unwilling to part with them.

Perhaps some account of my acquaintanceship with your lamented husband would not be uninteresting, as I think the incident illustrates a marked feature in his character. In the fall of the year 1854 I entered the Freshman class of Brown University Providence R I.

from
Patterson J. B.

I had been educated previously in the High School of my native city Dayton Ohio. It seems that during the winter of 1854 Mr. Parker had been through the west and among other places stopped at Dayton, and visited the High School there. With its method of instruction he afterwards told me he was greatly pleased. The Principal told him that one of the graduates of the school was attending Brown University. The Spring following (1855) I was returning home, my Father being unable to keep me longer at college, & entered the cars at Worcester on my way to Albany. In the seat next to me sat a gentleman whose striking appearance at once attracted my attention. He was reading a book. It was one of the volumes as I distinctly remember, of the lives of the Lord Chancellors. He made notes from time to time on the fly leaves in the back of the book of what he had been reading. After awhile he laid the book aside, took out some paper from his carpet bag and commenced writing, which he continued to do for half an hour or more. He then put every thing away, and turned to me. My boyish curiosity had been for some time excited. His general appear=ance had arrested my attention at once. His white hair (if I remember aright), his intelligent look, intellec=tual expression, and gentlemanly mien, increased it. His reading, taking notes and writing in a railroad car while in rapid motion fixed it, and I remember how pleased I was when he turned and spoke to me, and the pleasure was increased by his gentle voice, and his

kindly manner. Our conversation continued until we reached Albany in the evening. He soon learned from me who I was, remembered all about his visit to the High School in Dayton, the remark of the Principal, recognized me as the youth referred to, questioned me as to my progress in study, gave me advice in so kind and gentle a way, that I rather courted more, than desired less, and altogether he completely won my heart. I lost him in the cars after we started from Albany. (He was going to Syracuse to lecture and I, through Buffalo, home). I did not know his name and felt too bashful to ask it, but when I reached home I soon found that it was Thev. Parker, and I sat down and wrote him a letter to thank him for his kindness, never expecting an answer, but a correspondence was thus commenced which lasted for a year or two. I shall never forget that lovely, gentle, kind and therefore noble, white haired man. The scene in that Railroad car is still present to my mind, and that form so familiar to you. I have no doubt, many other such instances might be narrated. I eventually studied for the ministry in the old school Presbyterian church, and am now serving the Lord, as I trust, as Pastor of the 2nd Pres^n Church of this place - Steubenville Ohio. Often has the lesson of his example of kindness and interest bestowed upon an unknown lad, come into my mind and urged me to similar deeds of love. You can readily see them, why these letters are dear to me, and why I feel unwilling to part with them. I leave you of course to judge what parts if any are worthy of

from
Patterson J. B

use in the way you mention. I shall look for the issue of the Memoir with great interest, and hope to remain ever.

Yours truly.

J. B. Patterson

To Miss Sarah Clarke. Watertown. Mass.

Innspruck, 28th April 1844.

My dear cousin Sarah,

It is a great while since I have heard a word from you and about as long I suppose since you have heard a word of me. Every thing tells me that I am far away from home - but the mind, whether waking or in dreams, travels a long distance as quickly as a short one, and the 6000 miles that separate us in space dont prevent my dreaming of those dear to me - when I am asleep, or thinking of them when I am awake. I have been to Italy - spent four months in it - in Genoa, Florence, Naples, Roome and Venice, and have now just left that garden of the world and come up into Germany. I wish I could take you all and set you down blindfold in the streets of Venice and then uncover your eyes! How you would wonder at all you saw, at the streets of water - at the magnificent palaces, the fantastic dresses, and the rich churches. It is not possible for an American - who sees no grand architecture at home - to form a correct notion of one of the great European cities. We think a great deal of Bunker Hill monument - as if it were one of the wonders of the world. Here several cities of Italy have towers nearly twice as high - and nobody thinks of them as great or remarkable. We think Trinity church in Boston quite a fine affair, but you could set two such in the Porch of St. Peters ~~and not fill~~ and not fill up the whole of it then. We read about the great buildings of Europe

and study engravings of them, but we get no idea of them after all: we must see to understand*. Every church contains them - often pieces of great value. But it has been more interesting to me to study the character of the people than to look at the wonders of Art. I don't find that my love of Home, or of American institutions has abated - on the contrary it has grown stronger - but I see there are yet many things for us to learn - which foreign nations may teach us. It is amusing for an American to see the clumsy way in which the Italians go to work in all the common affairs of life. In Rome - neatness in a house is what no one ever thinks of. Even in costly palaces, the stairs are more filthy than we should allow them to be in a stable. Here it is never very cold, and therefore the common way of warming a house is to carry a pan of coals into the various rooms. When you come further North the scene is very different. The Germans are a grave and cleanly people; you can trust their honesty. Besides, they have fine open countenances - which contrast strongly with the dark wily faces of the Italians. I have been so long among dark eyes that it is quite a comfort to see once more the light eyes and blond hair of the German girls. Here at Insprueck is the Son of the King of Bavaria. He has been to Tuscany to get his new wife and is just taking her home and stops tonight at the same Hotel with my humble self. Things have come to such a pass in Europe that even men of royal blood put up

*The wealth of pictures and statues too is greater than we conceive of. Italy has furnished the world with them and yet is still full.

at little country taverns, for want of better accommodations, and that too, when they are bridegrooms of a week. This Prince has just married the daughter of the grand duke of Tuscany. They were betrothed while children; but scandal says she has since fallen in love with another and feels little interest in her husband. Be that as it may, she is now his wife and perhaps loves him as most queens love their lords. It amuses me to see the servile respect which is paid in Europe to Rank. No matter what the man's character if only his rank be high — off go all the caps and every body cringes before him. For my part, it drives me perhaps to the opposite extreme. I never could respect a man for any thing except for what he himself was, independent of his station. I was a little amused the other night at the theatre when an address was made to the Archduke of Austria, and he was called the defender of freedom — all the house clapped their hands, the austrian courtiers clapping first, and loudest! I thought the Prince would take it as a left-handed compliment.* Yet it sometimes happens that a man gets punished by the contempt of the people, for a base character, tho his station is ever so high. There is a Prince in Rome of great wealth, and great selfishness. The people hate him on account of his oppressions in money affairs, so when he rides out, they sometimes follow him with shouts and hisses. On the other hand a Princess his sister in Law, died a year ago, who was famous for relieving the poor. Indeed she

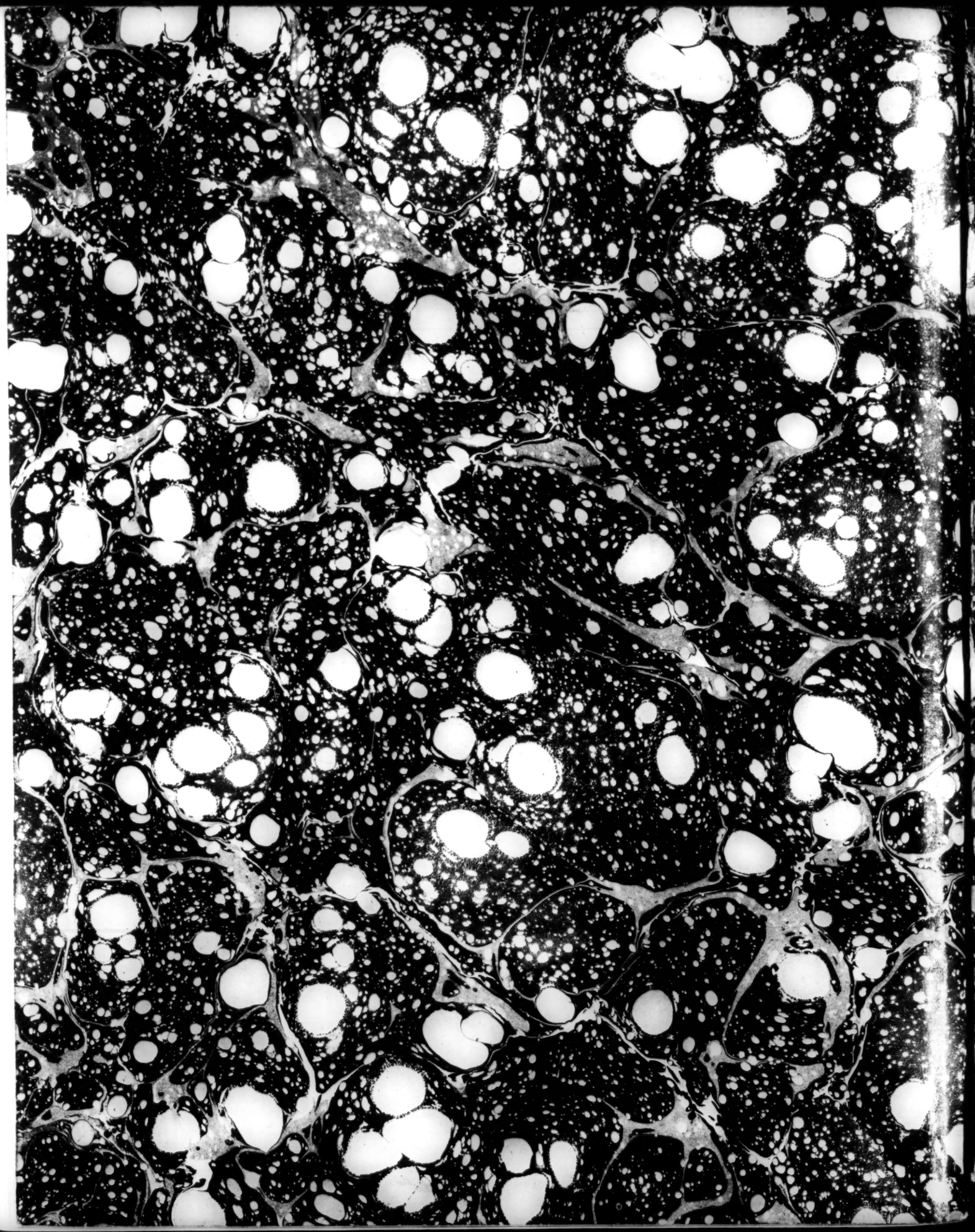
* but he rose and bowed politely as if he liked the compliment.

spent the greater part of her private revenue - and that was $9 000, a year, in acts of charity; when her body was to be carried to the grave - all the shops were shut, the people assembled in crowds, and five hundred young men were taking off the horses, themselves drew the coffin to the grave! No person has died in Rome these many years so much beloved. — It is a long time since I have heard a word from you, or from any of our family. I wrote to Hiram and Isaac, a good while ago; now and then I get a letter from Dr. Francis, who kindly supplies my pulpit while I am gone. As I hear nothing I shall still hope that you are all well - tho' I have sometimes my doubts and fears. Give my love to Isaac and all of the family at Lexington. Tell Uncle and Aunt I hope they take good care of themselves, and that I don't forget in Europe the many obligations I owe to you all. I trust Isaac will have lost that troublesome cough before I return, and that all will be well. Believe me my dear Sarah,

Your affectionate Cousin

Theo. Parker.

P. S. L. sends her love to all. Please remember me to Father Cabot at Newton.



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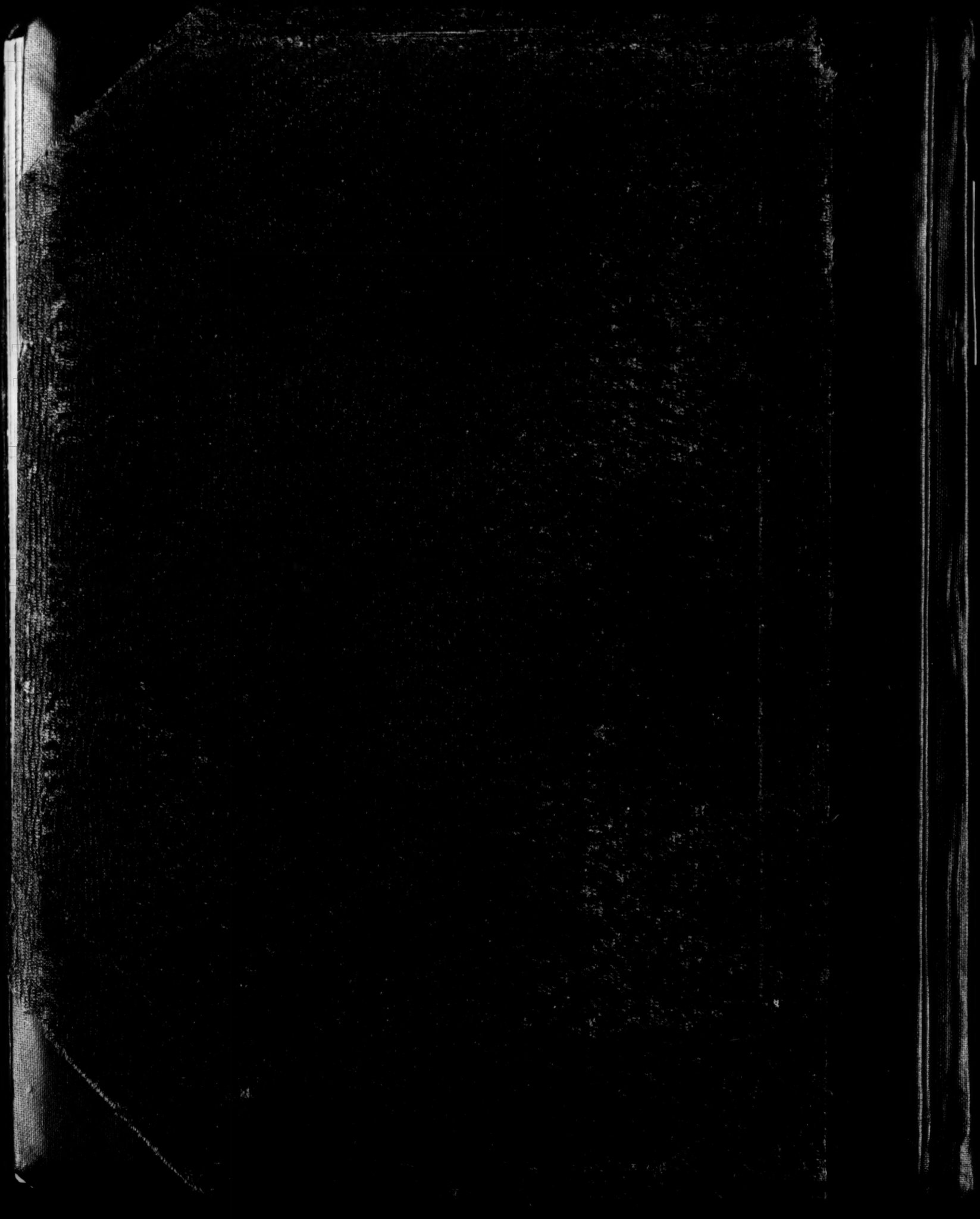
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